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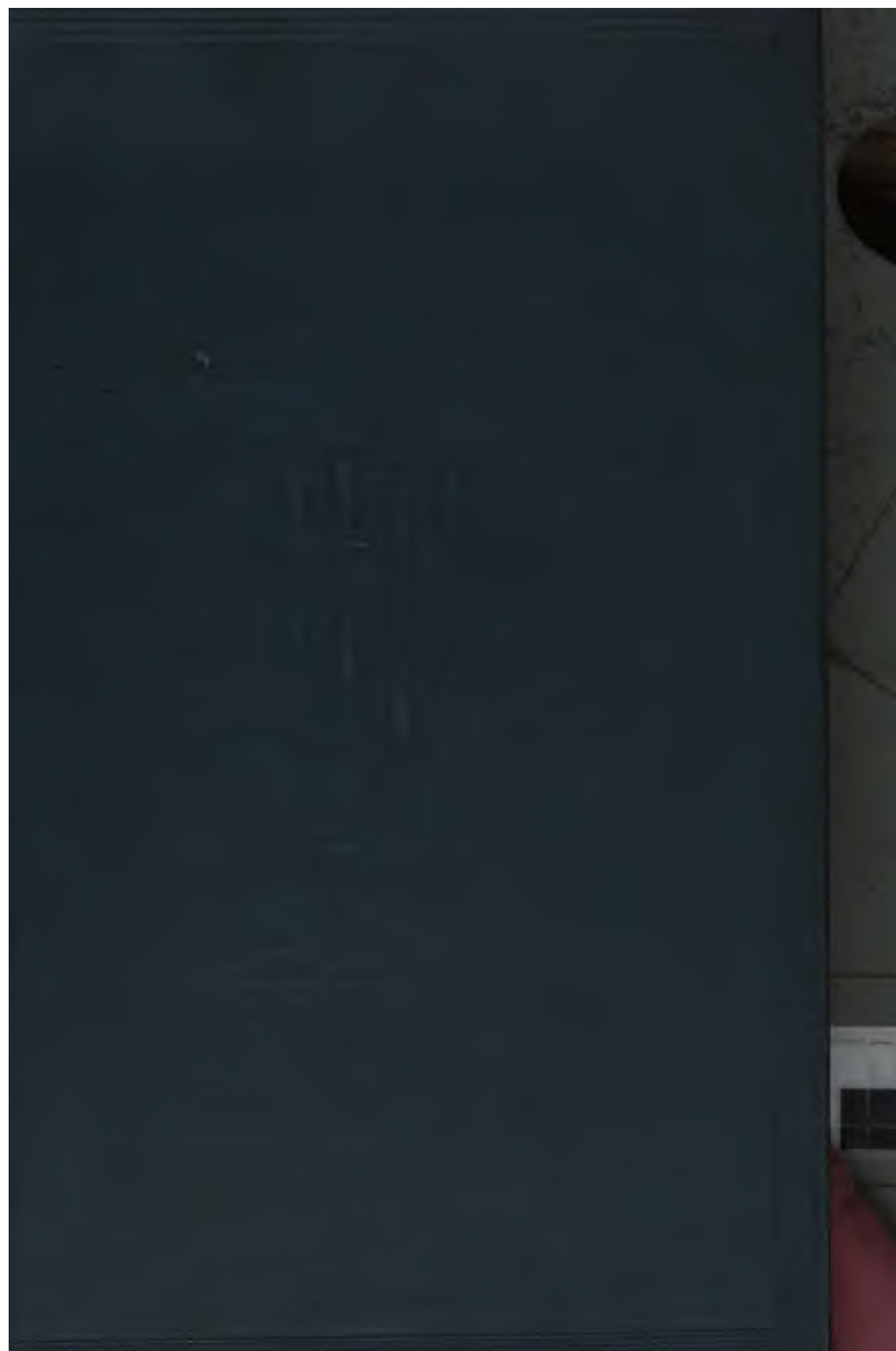
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**LIFE AND LETTERS OF  
HANNAH E. PIPE**

“ When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,  
Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,  
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load  
Of death, called life, which us from life doth sever.  
Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,  
Stayed not behind, nor in the grave were trod ;  
But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,  
Followed thee up to joy and bliss for ever.  
Love led them on ; and Faith, who knew them best  
Thy handmaids, clad them o’er with purple beams  
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,  
And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes  
Before the Judge ; who thenceforth bid thee rest,  
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.”

—JOHN MILTON.







1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, followed by a list of names and addresses. The list of names and addresses is as follows:

LIFE AND LETTERS OF  
HANNAH E. PIPE

BY

ANNA M. STODDART

AUTHOR OF 'THE LIFE OF ISABELLA BIRD' (MRS BISHOP)  
'JOHN STUART BLACKIE: A BIOGRAPHY,' ETC.

WITH

AN APPRECIATION

By LADY HUGGINS

*WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS*

STATIONER & PRINTER

William Blackwood and Sons  
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1908

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Wm

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УВАЖАЈ! ОРОУЖЈЕ

## P R E F A C E.

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So many of Miss Pipe's friends, teachers, and old pupils have contributed to this attempt to reconstruct the fabric of her life before it crumbles into oblivion, that I can only express my deep obligation to them all, without singling from the roll of their names for special acknowledgment more than those of Miss Pope, Lady Huggins, Miss Swindells, and Mrs Barber.

It is for them, for her old pupils and for their children, that the book has been written, and from the larger public I would venture to ask indulgence for its shortcomings, on the ground that it is primarily intended for those who knew and loved her, and therefore contains details and reiterations which they will pardon, and it may be, even value. Miss Pipe was my friend for forty years, and it is to this fact that I owe the request of her executors that I should undertake the editing of her Life and Letters. The task has been lightened by their sympathy,



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as well as by the generous encouragement of her valued friend, Lady Huggins, whose "Appreciation" ranks, it seems to me, with the best essays on "Friendship." It needs no apology.

To all who have lent me photographs I owe my thanks, and I wish to record all my debt to the interest and helpful guidance afforded me by my old and valued friends, Mr Blackwood and Mr George Blackwood.

ANNA M. STODDART.

*22nd August 1908.*



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# Life and Letters of Hannah E. Pipe.

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## CHAPTER I.

### PARENTAGE, CHILDHOOD, AND GIRLHOOD.

(*Circa* 1370: 1578-1847.)

FROISSART tells us that a Sir James Pipe, or de Pype, was present at the taking possession of Evreux by Lord Philippe de Navarre, and that he became associated with Sir Hugh Calvarley in the governorship of Melun-sur-Marne, and helped to repel the Duke of Normandy, who had surrounded the town and besieged it night and day with the primitive artillery of that time. On their return from the French wars, the de Pypes held lands in Derbyshire, Shropshire, and Staffordshire. Their name and arms point to descent from a royal herald.

The subject of this biography, Hannah Pipe, believed in her descent from the Staffordshire

branch of the de Pypes. She wrote from Bake-well in 1899: "The vicar acknowledges that I have a claim on him in virtue of my ancestors, whose arms are sculptured on the tower of his church high up amongst its battlements, and all over Haddon Hall. They were a Staffordshire family, and their name is well known as attached to places and persons round Lichfield, but, in the days of Henry VI., a lady of that ilk married Sir William Vernon of Haddon Hall, and brought estates to which she was heiress into the Vernon family, whence their association in name and heraldically in the dining-room and various other parts of the house. From that union descended the Lady Dorothy Vernon, of romantic memory, whose steps and walk are still pointed out to all visitors."

The de Pype arms may be seen at Haddon Hall over the entrance tower, in the fourth quarter of the shield; in the bay window of the drawing-room, which looks on the terrace; in the third quarter of a large shield surmounting a door near the mounting-block; in a shield on the north side of the dining-room, and in three other shields which decorate the same room. The heiress who married Sir William Vernon was Margaret, daughter of Sir Robert de Pype. She and her husband were buried in Tong Church, Shropshire, and there the de Pype arms may again be found,—a shield azure crucily and two pipes or. The crest was a camel's head bridled and ducally gorged sable.

These arms were used by Sir Richard de Pype, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1578, and who was descended from the Derbyshire branch. Of the later generations we have scanty record. Some of them maintained a portion of their lands and honours; others became a remnant, so far as their number is concerned, amalgamated with the educated middle class. But this remnant did not lose the distinction of feature and mind which was its heritage by descent. About the end of the eighteenth century there was a Mr John Pipe, a notable Wesleyan, an earnest adherent of the saintly reformer, and, like him, an itinerary preacher engaged in reawakening the religious sense amongst rural English populations. He was born in 1768, and became a minister, or rather a "travelling preacher," in 1790, living and working till 1835, when, as his obituary notice puts it, "he peacefully entered into rest," on July 21. He was the author of 'Dialogues on Sanctification,' much valued in his time, and translated into French. He kept a closely written diary in five books at the time of his death, but of these only a fragment survives, and twenty-three pages which begin a sixth book, and owe their preservation rather to the blank than to the written pages, for those are full of notes of lectures attended by his granddaughter, Hannah, long afterwards.

An extract from his record of July 15, 1802, may be quoted, not merely for its own sake, but also to illustrate the earnest atmosphere in which his

two sons were brought up and the inheritance of faith and spiritual reverence which fell due to Hannah Elizabeth Pipe, and was put by her to such far-reaching profit. He was preaching on that day at High Town: "A woman who sat under the pulpit while I was preaching last at Little Town was taken ill last Monday, and died in about an hour. My text was 'The end of all things is at hand,' and she was so blest under the sermon and afterwards as to be unable to sleep from the fulness of her joy. This led me to call upon them to prepare to meet the Lord. I have lately been struggling after God, and He has this day answered me by His powerful influence on my mind. He appeared as the altogether lovely. There is nothing in all His works or among His creatures that can justly be compared to Him. His glorious perfections infinitely exceed them all. My soul greatly longs for the living God. Him to know and love and serve, is life without end and pleasure evermore. O that my soul may be filled every moment with His perfect love."

At the end of 1802 he wrote: "Thus the stream of time rolls on, and we are constantly borne forward by it to the ocean of eternity. May my preparation for it bear some proportion to the swiftness of the stream and the capacity of the ocean. If I look for it to my gracious God, He will seal me by His spirit and fully establish me in His ways. I look not at things eternal unbelieving, but with confidence and assurance. I do not



dread the swiftly passing away of days and years. Why should I? My Saviour reigns above and orders all things well for me."

He had the saving grace of humour, and tells how an aged friend, who had walked with God for sixty years, had confided to him that "she had found the devil an arrant rascal, but that now he had given her up as a lost case!"

Of more general interest is his entry concerning the spring Conference of 1803 :—

"Mr J. Roberts gave a particular account of a design on the part of Government to compel the travelling preachers to take up arms and become soldiers. This was a sudden and unexpected affair, and it was discovered by him and a few respectable gentlemen, who went to hear the parliamentary debates. To their surprise they heard the Secretary of State announce his intention to introduce a Bill to the purpose. Nothing could have been more gratifying to the guardians of the public liberties. There was a general vociferation in the House, 'Ay, they'll pray for you; make them fight for you! make them fight for you!' Mr Roberts and his friends hearing what was going forward, retired immediately to consult what was to be done to counteract this persecuting spirit. The next day they waited on the Secretary and explained to him, from a document lately printed, the difference between the local preachers and those preachers who were absolutely devoted to the work, and had the charge of those societies

who had placed themselves under their pastoral care. This had the desired effect, and the vile Bill was thrown aside. Blessed be God who has not suffered those who hate us triumphantly to ride over us."

An entry of the same year gives some details of his work during two years: "I have been assisted to continue in the Lord's work two years more. We visited nineteen places in Bristol circuit, though only five chapels. We had six local preachers, and had help from others in the Dewsbury circuit. I preached 711 times. The Lord gave me many seals to my ministry, and though there was not that enlargement of the work we desired, yet the Lord blessed and encouraged us."

His wife, Hannah Pipe, dreamt about that time that Mr Pipe would be appointed to the Manchester circuit, and after preaching twice during the Conference of 1803, he was, to his great astonishment, requested to labour there.

In Manchester, therefore, his second son, William, was born, and in Manchester Mr John Pipe died.

His sons were men of deep religious conviction like himself, but unfortunately they also inherited his constitutional delicacy. They were fond of books: and some brief notes by William Pipe, made in the early 'Thirties of last century, indicate a wide range of reading: 'Lord Byron's Life,' Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' 'Homer,' 'Cardinal Wolsey's Life,' Babbage's 'Reflections

on the Decline of Science in England,'—all read within the space of three months in 1832. His brother John was by this time a Wesleyan minister as his father had been, and a man not only of singular spiritual endowment, but in his own way a poet and hymn-writer. He was especially the poet-laureate of his family, and in July 1830 had commemorated William's marriage to Susanna Spencer, the sister of his friend and partner, John Spencer—

“ May the Lord who joined your hearts  
Bless you when you join your hands ;  
May He, while He grace imparts,  
Rivet firmer friendship's bands.  
May your mutual love increase,  
May your piety abound,  
Till your happy lives increase  
With eternal glory crowned.”

So he wrote in serious mood, and then with sprightlier rhythm—

“ If William at last has gained his Susanna,  
Let all friends unite to sing an hosanna !  
If Susanna has found in her William a prize,  
Let loud hallelujahs ascend to the skies.  
Let all friends unite to implore from above  
The blessing Divine on their mutual love.”

Mr William Pipe took his bride to No. 8 Market Street, and here on Advent Sunday, November 27, 1831, their only child was born. She was christened Hannah Elizabeth after her two grandmothers.

One of these, the widowed Mrs John Pipe, knitted soft socks for her, and they were sent with some stanzas by the family laureate,—

tender and pious stanzas, if not welling from the source of Parnassus :—

“ Welcome lovely, charming maid,  
 Candidate for endless life,  
 Take thy place in earth's parade  
 Midst its complicated strife;  
 Troubles mortals here attend  
 As the active sparks ascend.

May the fountain of all grace  
 Bless her with His mercy mild,  
 Crown her with His heavenly peace  
 As His own adopted child;  
 Father, Son, and Spirit be  
 Hers and ours eternally.”

Next year, on November 27, Mr William Pipe wrote in his diary : “ H. E. P., twelve months old, just learned to say ‘ ta-ta,’ and to be bewitching.”

It was towards the end of this year that he and his brother-in-law, Mr John Spencer, entered into partnership as manufacturers. Mr Brazil—who is happily still living, although in far Omaha—writes : “ They were fancy manufacturers,—that is, they wove goods with patterns on them, some of the patterns being in colours and the ground white. But Mr Pipe had as a side issue a cutlery shop in Market Street under the present Exchange. I knew Mr Spencer, and Mr Pipe and my father were friends. Mr Spencer was a very handsome man, light-haired and of charming manners. His sister, Mrs William Pipe, was a beautiful woman, also light-haired and with clear pink and white complexion.”

It was from her mother that the little Hannah

derived her lovely colouring, her hair of soft, golden bronze, and her dainty manners. But from her father she inherited depth of thought, great seriousness, a sense of the importance of all things that concern right living, and a certain lofty idealism that was satisfied with only the highest standards, whether of secular or spiritual conduct. It was over the shop in Market Street that Hannah first lived, and on December 19, 1832, first put her little feet to the task of learning to walk, and achieved the whole length of the parlour floor, to her father's delight. There, too, her first impressions of the outer world were formed,—not very cheerful ones, for the Manchester atmosphere was sombre and Market Street was muddy as at the present time of writing. The little child used to flatten her nose against the window-pane and wonder what it felt like to be down there in the mud, and she remembered the unlovely spectacle all her life. Fortunately she did not stay there long enough to suffer from it.

Up to the early 'Thirties Manchester business men lived in the city, over or near their offices and shops. But about that time there began a gradual exodus to the suburbs. Mr William Pipe let his house and shop in Market Street and migrated to the new and pleasant quarter of Greenheys, of which Mr Darbishire has most kindly given me the following account: "About 1834 Burlington Street was a country road, stopped near its west end by a wooden swing-gate which

restricted the Greenheys boundary. From this gate on into Greenheys Lane the road was a cart-way with ruts. Greenheys was the name given to a wide field-tract, which at that time extended from Tuer Street to Boundary Street, between Chorlton-upon-Medlock and Hulme. There was a wooden bridge from the end of Tuer Street into an oldish street called Chatham Street, on either side of which were fairly fine residential houses, in one of which lived two old ladies, who kept fallow-deer in their large garden; and I can remember as a child feeding these fallow-deer. Boundary Brook, to the south-west of Greenheys Field, ran through the field as a black, dirty, dyed stream, and was called the Black Brook. It passed where now stands Trinity Church, and thence in a southerly direction past the bottom of Burlington Street, through farm-lands and fields to an ancient roadway called Moss Lane. Opposite the west end and across the brook stood a house called Greenheys Hall; this was occupied by a Mr de Quincey, after whose death Mrs de Quincey, his widow, lived here with young Thomas de Quincey, her son. When she died Mr James Darbishire, a wine merchant in Manchester, bought the Hall. He was an old English Presbyterian or Unitarian, and attended Cross Street Chapel, where, in 1828, Mr Robberds, the pastor, was assisted by the Rev. William Gaskell, who survived him, and continued to be pastor till 1878. Mr Gaskell lived in the neighbouring township of Chorlton-upon-Medlock,

and it was here that Mrs Gaskell derived her intimate acquaintance with the fine open country south of Greenheys, with its farmhouses and well-cultivated land—afterwards covered with streets of houses—which she has made the scene of her celebrated novel, 'Mary Barton,'—a novel written to assert, with all her fine sympathy and tact, the needs and calls of the cotton operatives. Like other suburbs of Manchester, especially on the southerly side, there was considerable land speculation in Greenheys for the purpose of what would afterwards have been called 'villa-building,' especially along a good street called Embden Street, which separated Hulme on the west from the Black Brook on the east. In 1835 and '36, we, who lived in Embden Street, used to gallop our ponies to the nearer side of the river Medlock, but the making of a great street from All Saints' Church southwards, called Stratford Road, checked this rambling.

"When Mr and Mrs James Darbishire died, the family broke up their lands for cottage-building. But before this the chief building took place along Greenheys Lane. This was then a retired district, and was used by a speculator for building handsome villas, which became the homes of a colony of German merchants. These are now swept away, and replaced by the streets of small houses characteristic of the district."

In the last years of George IV.'s reign, some streets were ready for occupation in the more easterly part of Greenheys, near to the ground

on which Owen's College was afterwards built. Amongst them was Wright Street, whose houses followed an architectural fashion of the day, being built of red brick, on a substantial plan, and decorated externally by open ironwork pilasters, porch, verandah, and balconies. Most of them have been taken down and replaced by larger houses or by open spaces, but four of the original buildings still stand, and serve to visualise for us the home of Hannah Pipe's childhood, girlhood, and first educational work. She must have been about five years old when her father removed to 46 Wright Street, Greenheys. The house was roomy and pleasant, and had some space in front and behind for garden-ground. The chief sitting-room was on the ground-floor, and was lighted by a large double window opening on the verandah, beneath which a plot for flowers stretched to the railing.

In the same street lived Mr and Mrs Brazil and Mr and Mrs Mayson, friends of the Pipes, and their children became little Hannah's playmates. When she was eight years old her father gave her a large manuscript book in which to write her most interesting experiences. It lies before me now, with its occasional entries in clear though childish writing, their spelling rarely wrong. We learn from it that she was already going to a small school in the neighbourhood; that she was learning to play the piano, and did not like it; and that she was even having lessons in Latin from her father's friend, Mr Taylor.



These last were interrupted by Mr Taylor's frequent absences on business, and it seems almost with a sigh that she wrote on April 9, 1840, "I wonder when I shall say another Latin lesson to Mr Taylor." Following this is a happy little record: "I was very much pleased to hear papa say that, though I was eight years old, he never heard me tell an untruth. I love to speak the truth." There is a quaint air of self-congratulation in this; but those who knew her will best understand the absolute veracity of her father's appreciation.

During that spring, too, she was learning to work in the garden, and to take that delight in gardens which never failed her. On April 15, 1840, she wrote: "A very fine morning in spring; walked with papa to Mr Raleigh's and breakfasted there. I was very much pleased with the beautiful large garden and a very pretty little arbour with a table in the middle. I was particularly pleased with the hot-houses; in one of them grapes are growing. I rode from there to the top of Moss Lane in their gig. Two wild geese on a pond in Mr Raleigh's garden, a field beyond the pond, a number of little lambs and sheep were there. Mr Raleigh showed papa and me a number of birds' nests in his garden."

Two days afterwards came the triumphant entry: "Papa said that the front garden should in future be mine."

So, in this home, where love and gentleness and

seriousness made the atmosphere, she grew, in the deep places rather than on the surface of life, a *happy* child, not gay, finding from the beginning joy in all things "lovely and of good report."

A great many entries are concerned with Sunday services and missionary meetings, with hymns learnt, and Bible study. On May 16 she wrote: "I am now going through the Bible, and I have read the whole of Genesis and twenty-seven chapters of Exodus." Amongst her relatives outside the home she loved best her Uncle Spencer; he had dogs and horses, in which she delighted, and he was fond of the gentle, serious child. Long after, she spoke of him to me as having had influence on her whole character, from his charm of manner and courtesy to all.

The Pipes and Spencers, the Maysons, Taylors, and Brazils were all Wesleyans, and their life had the chapel for its main centre and pivot: the chapel, not the minister, for there was a too frequent succession of ministers, while the services, meetings, societies, philanthropies preserved an active continuity. Inside the house in Wright Street, the life was regulated by the forceful motor-power of religion. Mr Pipe himself was one of the Local Preachers, and one of the most valued amongst them, because of his mental culture and refinement. In the later 'Thirties and first 'Forties he was sought after to take special services, and preached the Sunday-school anniversary sermon at Delph Hill, near Bolton-le-Moors,

for seven years before his death. He was characterised by great reverence for all that belonged to religion, and in this reverence Hannah Pipe was brought up. Along with this hallowed sense of the great sphere in which the Eternal Spirit moved, there grew in her an acute sensitiveness to her own shortcomings. It often seemed to her that, beside the radiance of the spiritual world which was so near her, her own little life was black by reason of her defects and impulses. She confided her introspective penitence to her diary, and we read sometimes of moods akin to despair.

On May 15, 1840, she wrote : "Miss Sowden was very much grieved because I had practised so little. I am sadly too fond of play." And in April 1843 there is a striking passage : "Could not say my Latin perfectly, wasted my time until 12 o'clock, then sat down to my drawing, did a few strokes, then idled the time. Then sat with as much bad temper as would allow me to sit, afterwards put away my drawing in as bad a temper. Then went upstairs and swung my bag, as mamma and Miss Taylor are always telling me not to do, and struck it in my eye. Thus I spend my days, to the unhappiness of myself and the annoyance of everybody else. Is this what I was made for? Who will judge about that? Who do I care for, if I have enough to eat and wear?" And then, in an access of remorse, she added, "That's a lie!"

This temper, which sprang from fastidiousness and perhaps a little from the tactlessness of her

teacher, was apt to recur, and gave her the greatest concern. From quite early years a certain haughtiness of mood would descend upon her, which we can trace to the ferment of a growing mind and complex character, to that strange awakening of qualities, sometimes only imitative, but often very real, mental and ethical, which the very young cannot possibly master and weld into harmony. In Hannah Pipe, at eleven years of age, fostered by her environment of older and very serious people, inheriting the strong intellectuality of her father, the charm and sensitiveness of the Spencers, there was an early struggle between the ideal of her aim and the shortcoming of her grasp, and this struggle lasted to her old age,—often to the astonishment of her friends, who found no fault in her.

The year 1841 was full of sorrow for Mrs Pipe and her little daughter. Mr Pipe died on June 18. He had been ailing for more than a year, and was obliged to spend a good deal of time away from home. This illness was the more distressing, because his partner, Mr Spencer, had fallen into a slow decline, and for many months was unable to attend to their business, which, owing to these and other causes, was not in a prosperous state.

Manchester was in the midst of the Corn Law agitation; the city and its population increased yearly; railways were begun,—that between Manchester and Leeds was just opened, that to Birmingham was just finished. Chartist riots and

strikes had been depressing manufacture for some years, but none the less an extraordinary activity prevailed. New sects, new churches, philanthropic institutions, musical festivals, concerts for the working people, were some of its signs. The introduction of power-looms occasioned an acute crisis amongst manufacturers. Those who were unable to replace the old hand-looms, lost the markets which railways were multiplying.

Mr Pipe and his partner lacked capital, and could not take the tide at its turn,—so they were forced by its pressure into the background. This and his brother-in-law's illness distressed Mr Pipe and increased his constitutional delicacy. He was in Cornwall during part of the winter of 1840-41, and went to New Brighton in April of the latter year, Mrs Pipe with him. On the 14th Hannah joined her parents. They returned in May; but there was no change in Mr Pipe's condition, and gradually he declined to the end.

Mr Spencer was by this time a confirmed invalid, and died four months later—on October 23, 1841,—and early in the following year his mother passed away, stricken by the loss of her son.

When the partnership affairs were settled, it was found that a sum of only £1500 remained for Mr Pipe's widow and child.

They had the house in Wright Street comfortably furnished, but the income to be derived from their little capital was inadequate to keeping it up. Mrs Pipe was a woman of great resource and

energy. She announced her intention of opening a shop. Part of Mr Pipe's property had consisted of the cutlery shop at 8 Market Street, and several of his friends bought it in, added toys, jewellery, and fancy work to its stock, and installed Mrs Pipe as its tenant. It was a long way from Wright Street, but she walked in every morning and returned on foot every evening when the day's labours were over. Her great desire was to keep up the home in Wright Street for her child, who loved it. An excellent servant, Anne, had come to them some years before Mr Pipe died. She could be trusted to take Hannah to school and bring her back in the afternoon. As the distance was great, and there was only an hour's interval between morning and afternoon lessons, Anne carried a little basket containing the mid-day dinner for her young mistress, and returned to her duties when both were safely deposited.

The school was at that time the best in Manchester, except the Grammar-School, which was solely for boys. Its master was Mr Charles Cumber, a member of the Society of Friends. It is now admitted on all hands that the education of girls was greatly stimulated by that Society. The Friends were amongst the very first to recognise the right of women to mental cultivation, and their schools were the best in England for both girls and boys. Mr Cumber was from Guernsey, and had some French blood in his

veins. He had been invited by the Society of Friends in Manchester to come over and open a school for their children. It was held in a building near the Friends' Meeting House, and close to the Town Hall in Princess Street. There were three schoolrooms—two of them large, and separated by a platform, on which Mr Cumber sat at his desk and supervised both. One was for girls, the other for boys. The third room was separate from these, but had a glass window opening on the platform, so that the master could see what passed inside. This was more particularly his own class-room.

The girls had a lady superintendent: and in Hannah Pipe's time this was a Miss Fessant—a very able woman, who taught grammar, history, geography, arithmetic, and writing, and made her lessons very interesting. Mrs King, who was at school with Hannah, tells me that there were about thirty girl pupils in their time, and that, although it was an elementary school, the training was excellent. She remembers her early schoolfellow well; for as she had to come all the way from Sale, they generally spent the dinner-hour and opened their baskets together. She used to admire the daintiness of Hannah Pipe's dinner and its accessories—the snow-white napkin, the shining silver,—and writes of the harmony between her person and such details: "She does not stand out in my memory as at all conspicuously clever, but as a refined and dignified girl,

probably about twelve years old; but I think there was something—perhaps it might be called a sense of superiority—that kept her from close intimacy. Her personality is clear and distinct to me as possible, and the remembrance of her a very pleasant one,—her slender, graceful figure, delicate colouring, and shining hair.”

It is cheering to learn that she was not always a model girl, and that she once ran round the schoolroom under Mr Cumber’s nose, but so lightly that he did not hear her.

Another of her old schoolfellows is also still in active and benevolent life in Manchester—Mr Broadfield,—who tells me that Mr Cumber conducted the higher classes himself in the third room, and that these included history, composition, physical science, and natural philosophy. The latter subject he taught by illustration: he had a solar microscope which threw pictures on a screen when the sun shone, and this he used for drops of water and flower-petals and other minute objects which helped his lessons on chemistry, electricity, and botany. The subject of steam-power was naturally of immediate interest, and he had a little model engine moved by steam to show its use in his lessons on pneumatics. Mr Cumber’s handling of all subjects in the curriculum was far in advance of his time, and was of real educative as well as instructive influence. Thus in teaching composition he insisted upon the use of words appropriate to their purpose in the



sentence : the writer had to make sure of the exact meaning and value of the words employed. He would read to his pupils some passage into which he had introduced three so-called synonyms, and would ask them to write short essays on any subject which pleased them, in which the three had to be presented each in its exact variation of meaning. It was a fashion of the pupils to relate some incident of school-life in these compositions, and Hannah Pipe was an adept in somewhat satirical anecdotes which delicately pilloried her companions, but she cheerfully submitted to be pilloried in her turn. From Mr Cumber she received the first deliberate guidance in the use of language — always with her a matter of great importance both for veracious expression by herself and for the training of her girls. Her early diary indicates the unconscious influence of home in her choice of words. Mr Broadfield remembers her as a serious, studious girl, about fifteen years of age, excelling in composition.

Summer holidays began in June, and Mrs Pipe used to send Hannah away in Anne's charge to a farmhouse in Cheshire called Kinsley. They went by canal-boat and coach or cart, and the journey was one of the holiday incidents most looked forward to, for the canal banks were gay with flowers. At the farm Hannah could run wild, feed the chickens and pigeons, ride on the plough-horses, gather flowers in the meadows. To

her old age she cherished memories of those happy days.

At home she gardened in spring and summer, and had a window-case full of flowering-plants, of which lists were carefully kept in her diary. She learnt to sew and knit and embroider, and overcame her dislike of music so far as to practise very carefully, often getting up very early to secure an hour's practice before breakfast. The daily progress through her Bible is recorded from time to time, and was begun again when the first reading was completed; and there is mention of books read in the evenings with her mother, amongst them, volume after volume of Rollin's 'History.'

Her chief friend and companion was Mary Brazil, with whom she spent many hours, and whom she dearly loved. She had a young cousin, Margaret Ewer, at New Brighton, whom she sometimes visited, and who writes: "I remember her, a thin slip of a girl, with bright hair low down on her neck behind. She was my mother's favourite niece and often with her. I was younger than Annie,—as she was called at home,—but I remember her sitting with me on a step of the staircase near the open door of our house, and showing me how to make a blue-and-white bead bracelet like one she wore. She used to superintend my piano practice too. My uncle died when I was an infant."

The June holiday of 1844 was signalised by a visit to Mr and Mrs Brailsford at Wath, her mother for once going with her. The diary grows enthus-

istic over this visit—its rides on Sam, a beautiful grey pony; her fall off his back the first time she ventured on, and her determined remounting immediately after, so that by the next day she rode to Wharnccliffe without mishap. “I rode on Sam” becomes a frequent entry; and once, proudly, “I rode to Swinton, two miles, by myself on Sam, and rode back on him in company with J. in the cart.”

But Mrs Pipe could spare only one week, and Hannah returned to stay a night with Mary Brazil, whose home seems to have been in the throes of a spring cleaning, for “Mr Brazil put the sofa upon four chairs and the bed on that between the bedstead and the bed and two mattresses on the bedstead, and on that we slept; we had not a wink of sleep all night, but we made no noise, neither did we quarrel, and at four o’clock in the morning we took a walk to our house and commenced weeding the front garden, and by talking very loudly we awoke all the others.”

Such incidents may be trivial, but in view of the strenuous life which began only five years later, it is well to realise that her childhood had many relaxations, that her character had the impulses and limitations of her years, and that it contained a multitude of germs, some already shooting upwards, others hidden beneath the surface, but all in safe keeping, ready in good time for growth in form and beauty, and all to be used for the Master’s service.

As she grew up into girlhood she became more and more conscious of the strain on her mother’s

health involved by the business in Market Street. Mrs Pipe was still a beautiful woman. Mr Brazil says: "Miss Pipe seemed too old for her years. She was always distinctly older than her mother. The latter had offers of marriage up to 1856, some of them very flattering indeed, both socially and pecuniarily. All these she steadily declined." A time came when the pretty dresses, grey and lavender, which she used to wear, grew shabby, and she would not buy new ones, but saved every penny to keep her child in comfort and at school, to give her lessons in music and French, and to assure the summer holiday. Hannah noticed the change and grieved over it. She liked to see her mother wearing pretty dresses and caps of real lace. She began to feel that she was in some measure responsible for the expense which so deprived the one whom she loved best, and substituted for her becoming gowns dull linsey-woolseys which wore longer and looked worse. She racked her brain in silence for some expedient to eke out their narrow income, and then she began to work at home, where no one could see her, at dainty embroideries and children's wearing apparel, and carried her little parcels to a shop where such things were sold, making a few shillings monthly in this manner.

It was the beginning of new inducements, new resolves, and of an eager determination to equip herself for work, for any feminine employment which would bring in money enough to keep them both and arrest the drudgery which had begun to sap



MRS PIPE.



her mother's health and cheerfulness. She worked so beautifully that for a time she thought of millinery as a possible undertaking, hoping to add pretty caps and bonnets to the stock in Mrs Pipe's shop, to join her there, and to take orders from the ladies who were customers. But in the meantime she was too young, and her schooling went on, supplemented by work at home. We have no records of the years that followed, except such as we can extract from her diary from 1845 to 1848, but its pages become crowded with quotations and reflections, and no longer narrate the daily routine, so that they are more a guide to her mental pre-occupations than to the circumstances of her life.

It was her habit to rise very early to practise two hours before breakfast and to get in as much reading of history as was possible till it was time to start for school. Miss Sowden still came to give her music lessons after school hours. About the end of 1844 she was far from well and was kept at home, but the invalid days were fully occupied, and we are told of much practice and study, and on one day of twelve hymns learnt. Sir Walter Scott's novels were added to her more serious reading: 'Kenilworth' and 'Anne of Geierstein' were devoured in four days, but as these were holidays, Rollin's weighty tomes were set aside to make room for them.

It is curious to read that she still played with dolls, had a dolls' house, and dressed its occupants. Her biggest and best doll was called "Mary," after her special friend. The chill of December continued

throughout January, and she was at home all that month, because "it was piercingly cold," but her music and reading were kept up steadily. By the middle of February she was better, but prone to take sudden chills. Some confidential lines, written cryptically in her diary of April 1845, prove to be outbursts of disappointment because a favourite aunt did not come to the chapel meetings. In the summer of that year the serious reading was D'Aubigné's Reformation. The entries for the whole year indicate a cheerful, busy life at school and at home, many little social occasions, and especially her birthday festivities, which even at the end of her fourteenth year had become important, occasional revelations of cap-making and other needlework, and, unhappily, the frequent illness of Mrs Pipe. Drawing-lessons and dancing-lessons began in the autumn.

The entry for November 27 may be quoted, for that day in every year grew to be memorable to all her friends:—

"Another year has flown, and I am now fourteen! In the morning Miss Sowden came. Mrs Brazil, Henry, Clarence, and Mary came to dinner. My cousins, Hannah, Maria, and Emma Pipe, came too, and Mrs Hunter came for tea. In the afternoon we played at draughts, spillekins, cup-and-ball, and other games. I beat Emma, Mary, and Henry at draughts. After tea we had some games at bagatelle. Clarence and I got the most: he got 28 once and I got 28 twice. Mary stayed all night.



My Aunt Maria sent me a Prudence-cap with long and excellent letter. Mamma gave me two handsome books called 'The Little English Flora' and a 'Manual of Philosophy.' Anne gave me a very pretty morning frock of lilac and white print. Henry Brazil gave me some ivory tablets and a beautiful little purse. Clarence gave me a pen-holder, and Mary gave me a sachet, lavender and silver. I enjoyed the day exceedingly."

The most interesting entry in January 1846 is her attendance at the Evangelical Alliance Meeting at Manchester, when Mr Fletcher presided; and amongst the speakers were the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, the Rev. J. Angell James, the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, and Dr Bunting. From the speech of one of these she gleaned the motto: "In things necessary, Unity; in things indifferent, Liberty; in all things, Charity."

The 'Pictorial History of England' was the standard work for this year's reading. Her attendance at Mr Cumber's school had become very broken, chiefly by frequent absences to York, Scarborough, and Bath, but also perhaps because only the lectures were by this time of any use to her. In August she went to Miss Walker's school at Frodsham, near Chester, where she had lessons in French, drawing, music, and composition, but does not seem to have remained there more than a year, and no details of the time survive. The eighth and last volume of the 'Pictorial History' was finished on November 16, 1847, and was

succeeded by Fletcher's 'Works and Life,' and Bigland's 'Letters on English History.' But the diary for this year is very scanty in detail, and indeed is almost neglected. On its last day a solemn reflection is entered: "Another portion of my existence is nearly emptied into eternity, and each moment has registered itself. Each one misspent or unemployed will add to my future misery, or diminish the bliss of Heaven."

She was now sixteen years old, and her mind seems to have somewhat suddenly matured into greater concentration and seriousness. We have only one month's records left, but these are in a new form, less childish, better written, and more interesting. The writing is notably improved, and has developed into great delicacy and legibility, so that it can be read like printed matter.

Some of the last entries are characteristic of this growth, mental and practical, and may be quoted as they occur, with deletion of the prosier pages. On February 17, 1848, she wrote: "My dear Diary, —I have to apologise for my great neglect of you latterly. But I intend to compensate for it by an assiduous cultivation of your friendship for the future. I have told you of my resolution in this respect, principally because recent events have informed me that I am deficient in firmness, and I hope that on reference to this open avowal of my intentions concerning you, I may be stimulated to perseverance. I spent last evening at Mr Lambert's, in company with Mr Bally, the famous

phrenologist. He remarked several defects in my cerebral development which it behoves me to remedy as far as in me lies: 'Want of eventuality, or forgetfulness of events; other forgetfulness; inattention to practical details; deficient business talents.' Now these may be improved by informing you of all the ideas or events which strike me. It may also serve the purpose of rendering my expression more copious. . . . In the afternoon of yesterday I went to see Catherine Cavannah's daughter. She is dying of consumption. Her wearied limbs are stretched on a scanty bed, without stocks or anything to keep it from the bare floor. It cannot be kept clean on account of her own and her mother's infirmities. Two miserable pieces of furniture that once were chairs, a shelf of broken pots and rubbish, and one little tray, are the amount of her earthly possessions. Catherine herself is so ill that the exertion of sweeping the three or four square yards of her room is almost too much for her. The town allows her 2s. Of this, 1s. 6d. a week is paid for rent! and 6d. for subsistence! They live in an unhealthy and densely-populated part of the city.

"Mr Bally says that my ruling principle is benevolence; in veneration I am very deficient, and what I have is acquired by education. He says I used to have a propensity to 'turn de back and shake de shoulders a little,' but that my mamma 'taught me de obedience.' And much else he said; amongst other things, in common

with most ladies, I am deficient in hope. I am also found wanting in calculation, individuality, and eventuality. The two latter I am to be very diligent in cultivating. In order thereto, I have passed four resolutions—viz. :—

“Never to read a book without acquiring a new idea.

“Never to take a walk without acquiring a new idea.

“Never to pass a day without acquiring a new idea.

“To commit them to your keeping as well as to that of my memory.

“I intend to remain, my dear Diary, Yours very faithfully,  
ANNIE PIPE.”

In the next letter she repeats a charming incident related by a friend at the tea-table: “Mr Tompkins told us of a Yorkshire metaphor employed at a meeting near Jewsbury by a weaver of that neighbourhood. As nearly as I can remember, his words (being interpreted, for he spoke in the Yorkshire dialect) were: ‘Now, my lads, I’ve got a good coat on, and I’ll tell ye how I came by’t. I used to go to church, and I thought I’d got a decent coat on. But when I came among the Methodists I found out it was all over rags and tatters, so I threw’t away, and got another, lads. It was woven in the merits of Christ, dyed in His blood, milled in His grave; He took it to heaven to put th’ nap on, and then hung it out in the Gospel. Blessed

be God, I grabt it, and it fits me as well as if I'd been measured for it. I've worn it forty years, and it's a better coat than when I began on't! There's plenty o' coats left in the Gospel, lads; ye've nought to do but ask and it shall be given to ye.'"

In 1848 Lord Lansdowne's Bill, proposing diplomatic relations between the Courts of Rome and England, was rousing a storm of opposition amongst evangelical Protestants in England, and this is frequently alluded to in the diary.

*February 19th.*—"Mary Brazil is here reading 'Coelebs,' to my extreme satisfaction, refraining from the tempting row of novels in the sitting-room bookcase." Other books were, Dr Johnson's 'Lives' and a 'Breviary of Phrenology,' and the former doubtless accounts for a certain majesty of style in the contemporary entries. Style constantly occupied her thoughts. She writes on the same date: "I think it is very difficult to attain a good style in writing. Miss Graham says that mathematics and a knowledge of Latin are important adjuncts. Good common-sense and a refined mind are certainly of primary importance."

Next day she was occupied with another of Miss Graham's suggestions: "I was much struck this afternoon with a beautiful thought of Miss Graham's, the delight she felt in using the words 'Our Father' in prayer, and in praying to God as the common Father of a large family, herself a member. Oh! how lamentably different I have been. I have even sometimes so far clipped the

beautiful prayer of Jesus as to say, '*My Father.*' Be it far from me ever to do so again. Oh! that I had more of the charity which seeketh not her own in *spiritual* things to the exclusion of others. Miss Graham said that one of her most exquisite pleasures was the exercise of 'praising, confessing, and praying for herself as one of this large family, and in feeling their joys and sorrows as her own.'"

This seed fell on good soil, germinated and grew to strength and fruit-bearing all her life. Who that had the inexpressible privilege of sharing her morning worship can forget those petitions, glowing with love to the Heavenly Father, fraught with revelation of that marvellous relationship to us all?

Young as she was, her meditations now were often on such subjects as belong to mature years. Thus on February 21 she wrote: "I often think that if we had certain knowledge that no more people would be born, and that the generation now alive was to be the last, we should set about preparing for that state into which a few years would launch us, with much more earnestness than we do at present. And yet there would be no more occasion. The earth may echo to the sound of footsteps a hundred years to come, but they will not be ours. The stillness of our sleep will not be interrupted by the turmoil of another race of beings. There is a hankering after something yet to come in the human breast, placed there for the best of purposes, but how perverted! We only eat one meal that we may be sustained until another comes. We toil

one day that we may spend the next in ease. One year is spent to make another year happy. One generation is wasted in heaping up wealth for another. But how seldom comparatively do we bend all our energies to lay up treasure in Heaven, to work while it is day, that when the night cometh, we may peacefully watch its shadows closing round us in the sure hope of a joyful awakening in the land where no bright future will be needed to shed a radiance o'er some present gloom."

'Cowper's Letters' and 'Howard's Biography' were the books now read in the evenings, as well as the 'Memoirs of Port Royal,' which interested her so greatly that she copied long extracts from its pages. This practice of collecting facts, thoughts, maxims of conduct, striking passages in poetry or prose, once begun, became habitual, and furnished her with a store of "counsels of perfection" for lifelong use. Her intellectual or spiritual growth was so rapid and so marked by seriousness of aim and principle, that she lacked nourishment and employment for her eager powers. Happily a new influence was at hand for their discipline and directing.

## CHAPTER II.

### HIGHER EDUCATION AND FIRST TEACHING.

(1847-1858.)

IN 1847 Dr William B. Hodgson became Principal of Chorlton High School. A year earlier he had received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Glasgow University. For eight years he had been Secretary to the Mechanics' Institute in Liverpool, where he had induced the committee to add a Girls' School to their other departments, and to purchase a separate building for its use; and he started a class for female teachers, as well as a Mental Improvement Society, designed for both men and women. He was only thirty-one years old when he left Liverpool for Chorlton, but had proved himself already to be a consummate director, inspector, and teacher. His interest in the higher education of girls was far in advance of his time, and he may well be regarded as a pioneer in all the development of classes, colleges, and high schools, which began a quarter of a century later, although he strongly disapproved of much in the funda-



mental organisation of both colleges and high schools for girls. The spirit in which he did his work of supervision is well described by his biographer, the late Professor Meiklejohn of St Andrews University. "His attention to the smallest details is something wonderful. He suggests to one teacher the propriety of showing his pupils how to fold and address letters properly; explains to another how geography may be made interesting; invents and prescribes sets of exercises for many of the classes; shows how difficult lines from Milton's 'Paradise Lost' may be best explained; teaches the French master how to teach French; cuts down the 'theory' of a singing-master, and induces him to give his class more practice in the art itself; gives valuable lessons in discipline to masters who are pedantic, lifeless, vexatious, irritable, or too woodenly strict; shows another how to invent and put questions; gives a lesson in the art of reading; maps out a Latin sentence; shows how drill in the accidence may be best conducted; introduces easy and workable pens; is equal to the highest and careful of the very lowest element. . . . He spends even his holidays in studying the profession of teaching and in picking up plans and ideas in other schools. . . . Everywhere strong and hearty humanity, the fullest sympathy with and understanding of all kinds of characters, and a persistent will to make education all through the school and in every subject an intellectual and not a routine process."

No wonder the Institute prospered in his time. "When he left it the day pupils numbered 1650; the evening classes had 400 pupils; the High School contained 250 boys; the Girls' School, 300 girls; the public lectures, which were given twice a-week, had an average attendance of 1200 persons; and there were between sixty and seventy teachers on the permanent staff." This was the man who came to Chorlton and took up the duties of Headmaster of its Secondary School for Boys. Other careers had been offered to him, but he thought that his true vocation lay in the direction of such a school.

Chorlton was close to Greenheys, and the fame of its Principal was soon universal in Manchester and its suburbs. He was there only four years, but those years were of immense benefit both to the boys in his school and to the girls outside it, whom he formed into special classes for mental training. These classes were for analysis, logic, language, and etymology—and for composition, based on all of these. Hannah Pipe was one of his pupils for three years, and was the pupil who interested him most and who drew forth his best and most efficient help. His mental vitality stimulated hers, and his fine and critical insight divined what she most needed. For some time their intercourse was strictly confined to that of teacher and pupil, but it soon became clear to her that here was amongst all with whom she had come in contact, the most penetrating, patient, wise, and helpful

counsellor, and that she could trust his advice on the pressing subject of her future career. She consulted him, therefore, and he at once responded by earnestly dwelling on her exceptional fitness for the profession of teacher, and on the inevitable disappointment and mental deterioration which she would suffer from a mere mechanical business. He sketched out for her a course of study, dwelling on the immediate sacrifice necessary for her training. Her interest hitherto had been especially attracted by History, and she was anxious to add to her knowledge of that subject, one in those days so little enlightened by research and so entirely arbitrary that Dr Hodgson explained to her the difference between acquiring knowledge from books, and preparing the mind to be a means of constant and growing use whatever study she cared in after-life to undertake. His arguments were a revelation to her of what true education can be. Her first impulse was one of indignant discontent with all the schooling she had received, and this was expressed in the words, "Then, I must not teach as I have been taught."

Dr Hodgson recommended particularly the subjects which would concentrate and discipline her mind, so as to make it penetrating and accurate,—grammatical analysis and logic first, and then the larger use and understanding of her own language. She set herself to these with unflagging ardour, and the preoccupation of the years between 1848 and 1851 accounts for the entire neglect of her

diary, to which she had so penitently pledged her fidelity. Not only was she immersed in her new and fascinating studies, but she had literally accepted Dr Hodgson's advice, and with his assistance in procuring pupils, had opened a little school at 46 Wright Street, had induced Mrs Pipe to give up her wearing business life, and was launched upon the great work of education, in which her amazing success justified both Dr Hodgson's advice and her ready acquiescence. But at first she hated teaching. The classes for girls at Chorlton were given on Saturday afternoons, so that they did not interfere with her school. Amongst her first pupils were three little boys, who came all the way from Sale to be prepared for the Chorlton High School, at Dr Hodgson's recommendation.

Another first pupil was Miss Lucy Smith, who died some years ago, and what she herself related of her school-days at Wright Street is so interesting that, although Lady M'Dougall has already quoted some of it in the 'Wesleyan Methodist Magazine,' it is too helpful to our realisation of Miss Pipe's first educational work to be omitted here, in the dearth of fuller detail. "I think," she wrote, "I was the first to present myself at Miss Pipe's house to carry on my lessons after the alphabet stage under her guidance. Older girls soon took up Miss Pipe's attention, and we little ones received our first lessons in reading, writing, arithmetic, and sewing from Miss Pipe. The only



DR. HODGSON.



HOUSE IN WRIGHT STREET, MANCHESTER.

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lessons we juniors received from Miss Pipe at that time were in her Bible-classes, and those who remember her Bible-classes in later times will easily imagine how vividly she pictured to us the beautiful Old Testament stories. The first short text I remember repeating to her was 'Even Christ pleased not Himself' (she had been warning us against selfishness). It was early in the 'Fifties that she removed to a larger house in the neighbourhood and received a few boarders, when I was promoted to some of the classes which she took herself. . . . The few music-lessons she gave me when my music teacher was absent were more thorough than any I ever had, till those many years later from Mr Walter Macfarren. Some delightful summer excursions stand out in my memory. She took us occasionally a short distance out of the smoky atmosphere of Manchester to study botany. . . . We all gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of the fresh air and the rambles among wild flowers, followed by tea in a clean, pretty cottage. We were all young together, she but very little older than the oldest of us. She was to me the embodiment of all that is womanly, graceful, and gracious, and I wept bitter tears when she left Manchester."

This leads us beyond our date of 1848, when she began her school in Wright Street.

As we have seen, her work did not prevent her from attending Dr Hodgson's classes, and she was

Dr Hodgson's reply came from Dovedale a few days later :—

MY DEAR MADAM,—Had not your very kind letter and present reached me just as I was leaving home for this place, I should have replied on the instant. Let me briefly say that one such letter as that which I have received from you would be a most ample recompense for much more than I have had the power of doing. That you should so value the aid I may have had the good fortune to give you in your onward progress, is no small consolation to me in leaving what I had hoped would be the scene of much more effort in the same direction. The present itself I shall most carefully preserve, both in remembrance of our intercourse, which has been fully as satisfactory to me as to you, and as a very pleasing evidence that your improvement has been by no means confined to those departments more especially within my range. With my kind regards to you and your mother, I am, ever yours most faithfully,

W. B. HODGSON.

These letters cemented the foundations of a friendship which lasted till 1880, when Dr Hodgson died.

A great friend of those years between 1848 and 1856 was Miss Sarah Needham, afterwards Mrs Palmer. She, Mary Brazil, and Miss Crowther were Miss Pipe's chief companions on holiday walks and in mutual visits. Mrs Pipe was always most anxious about her friendships, and would say, "I always think—what influence will she have on Annie?"

Miss Needham's brother was a devoted Sunday-school teacher, and when Queen Victoria visited



Manchester on October 10, 1851, it was he who proposed and helped to organise the welcome from 82,000 children, which her Majesty recorded in her 'Journal' as "a most extraordinary and, I suppose, unprecedented sight. All the children sang 'God save the Queen' extremely well together." Not only did this affect the Queen to tears, but most of the spectators were weeping in sympathy. Miss Pipe was present with some of her girls, and Miss Needham.

At that time she was greatly concerned about her Bible-classes, and would speak of them all the time that she was walking with her friend; and so spiritual and original were her thoughts that Mrs Palmer remembers going home with a sense of strong uplifting afterwards. Nevertheless there was a strain of doubt and difficulty sometimes; for the growing intellectuality naturally made a cleavage between the spiritual life discerned as the highest, and the common practice of professing Christians, and her habit of insisting on the higher and disdaining the lower aim gave rise to that distressing and anxious questioning. How often has this absence of the inward and spiritual grace in fussy worshippers startled sincere young minds into doubt? Miss Barrett tells us: "My father came to Radnor Street Wesleyan Chapel in Manchester as minister in 1849, and the first Sunday my mother attended the chapel, he asked her afterwards what she thought of the congregation, and whether her attention had been attracted by

any of its members. She said that she had specially noticed only two ladies, who seemed to be mother and daughter; but these two seemed to stand out from the rest, and she felt much drawn to them. Both had fair and delicate complexions, and Miss Pipe was tall and graceful. My mother described their appearance as one of dignified simplicity, purity, and refinement. My father and mother soon came to know them, and Mrs Pipe asked my father to allow her daughter to join a Bible-class that he held for ladies, as she thought it might help her. She was then in the midst of religious difficulties and struggles such as must often be encountered by a young, thoughtful, and earnest mind, and it is probable that she needed a wider outlook and a larger conception of truth than had as yet been presented to her. Afterwards she always said that it was through my father she was brought safely out of this time of difficulty, so that she came to walk with firm footing on the upward way; but, she said, it was not so much his words that helped her as his beautiful life. As she watched that life she felt full of wonder, and she thought, 'The Power that can produce such a life as that is an intense reality.'"

From that time, probably about 1851, she never doubted God, although she often wisely doubted men's words about God. Perhaps no purer faith ever glowed in saint or martyr than in Hannah Pipe, for hers was a faith that reached up to the

presence of God, whence came her aid, and rested there.

The day-school prospered, its classes grew too large for Wright Street; the mothers of her pupils, finding what her personal influence and example did for their girls, became anxious to entrust them to her entirely during the necessary years of schooling, and a sufficient number was offered to make it wise for Mrs Pipe and her daughter to seek a larger house. In 1852 they moved to 27 Acomb Street, close to Wright Street, and also within the suburb of Greenheys. The street still stands, and is near Owen's College. Here began a new chapter in Miss Pipe's life and work. The day-classes were continued, and the house was gradually filled with boarders. It was usual in those days to call such a school a "Seminary for Young Ladies," but her good taste rejected so pretentious an advertisement, and on the door-plate was inscribed, "Mrs and Miss Pipe's School."

In this year, 1852, Mr and Mrs Barrett left Manchester, and Miss Pipe lost one of the few friends with whom she could freely and fully converse on the subject of her educational plans and ideals. Miss Barrett says: "I have heard my mother say that in Miss Pipe's ideas of education she found, for the first time, the realisation of something she had been seeking,—found, indeed, a full expression of an ideal after which she had been feeling. My eldest sister, who had been so

far educated by our mother and father, was now approaching the age at which they thought it would be well for her to go to school, and when they left Manchester for London my sister was sent as a pupil to Mrs and Miss Pipe."

When Mrs Barrett called to bid them good-bye, she found Miss Pipe sitting by the fireside in great distress. She had been upset by the incapacity of her assistants to understand her conception of what teaching should be. It was impossible for her mother and herself to teach all the classes, superintend the class-rooms, keep accounts, and manage the house, so visiting teachers and a governess had been added to the staff, the best procurable, but entirely in the dull backwater of unintelligent instruction, not in the fresh current which was feeling its tentative way through stagnation. Her own watchword had been,—“I must not teach as I have been taught.” Dr Hodgson had opened to her a more excellent way, stimulating, not stultifying; guiding, not driving; enriching, not exhausting. It was the dawn of education, but few had hailed the light. In Manchester at that time it was next to impossible to wrest minds petrified in the old methods into apprehension, far less appreciation, of the new. Miss Pipe sat weeping over some crass mismanagement of a class or a pupil, and Mrs Barrett had hard work to comfort her. She entreated her and Mrs Pipe to leave Manchester and go to London. *There*, at least, were some who knew what teaching could

be made, and many who were discontented with what it was.

But Mrs Pipe could not consent to break up what had cost so much to establish, and preferred to work in patience at Acomb Street rather than to risk a removal which would involve them in great preliminary loss, and which might prove to be a disastrous venture. "We can take only one step at a time," she said. She had less courage now than her daughter, because she had undergone and suffered much. She urged that there was no assurance that those girls from Manchester and its neighbourhood, who had been entrusted to them, would be allowed to go with them to London where the increased cost of living, of visiting teachers, of house-rent, would entail higher fees. Mrs Barrett offered to correspond with the parents on the subject, but for a time Mrs and Miss Pipe felt the necessity of avoiding so precarious an experiment.

For four years, therefore, the school continued to be held at 27 Acomb Street, and prospered in whatever department Miss Pipe presided. She wrestled with her difficulties, but did not altogether prevail, and an enormous proportion of the teaching fell necessarily to her share. We have only too little information about these four years. Mrs Toyne tells us : "I remember very well what my feelings were when I first found myself in the schoolroom at Acomb Street, Manchester, and saw before me, not the conventional schoolmistress of

my past experience, but one who seemed little more than a girl herself, who was charming, graceful, and bright, and yet who seemed to carry about with her such an awe-inspiring influence. Such a new experience seemed to shake the foundations of all my old ideas of school. I felt almost frightened. Fear could not live long in the warmth of that genial influence. The only fear that lived was the offspring of persistent wrongdoing. Very soon the schoolmistress was merged in the school-mother, and the school became another home. The little school at Acomb Street was a perfect home, Mrs Pipe was so sympathetic, and took such a keen interest in everything and everybody. Miss Pipe seemed to be always teaching us and helping us directly and indirectly. Her questions seemed to make everything much more useful and understandable to us. . . . There were six boarders at Acomb Street. The day-pupils were girls, except two little boys; one was Moses Paul, a charming child, the pet and darling of the school. We all curtsied when we entered the room, and we used anxiously to watch for his entrance that we might afresh marvel at and admire the salaam of little Moses. We had a writing-mistress, and the copies she gave us were passages from Shakespeare and Wordsworth. We had Mr Leo Grindon for botany, and Mr Barlow for music. There was a Miss Chalk for very young children."

One teacher in Manchester had caught and com-

prehended a glimpse of the new light. This was Mr Leo Grindon, author of 'Walks and Wild Flowers,' and its companion volume, 'The Manchester Flora.' Miss Pipe had been a member of his Saturday class in the summer months ever since Dr Hodgson had left Chorlton, and with her friend Miss Needham shared its long rambles over moors and rough places, along the canal, by meres, ponds, and ditches, in woods and pastures, by waysides and hedge-banks. He would take his pupils to some fixed locality within a radius of eighteen miles round Manchester, seek, each in its habitat, plants, trees, shrubs, and flowers, point out the conditions needed by each, the family to which it belonged, its relatives, its structure. He had a special partiality for trees, and expected his pupils to note, name, and learn all that could be known about them, whether indigenous or imported. This feature of those delightful rambles appealed especially to Miss Pipe, and she transferred it to her own list of things essential to be taught.

During the winter months Mr Grindon gave lessons on botany at 27 Acomb Street.

In the spring of 1855 Mr George MacDonald was in Manchester, teaching and lecturing. Miss Pipe heard some of his lectures on Wordsworth, and was so drawn into comprehension and appreciation of the poet that she asked him to give her elder girls some lessons on his poems. These fulfilled her conception of what readings from the

poets should be, and not only enlarged her own gift for their fine and sincere interpretation, but, along with her reverence for Dr Arnold, whose life by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley she was reading, they became the incentive to a holiday in the Lake district at midsummer of that year, of which some reminiscences survive.

On June 12 the school broke up, and on June 13 Mrs Pipe and she started for Ambleside, where they found rooms in a charming cottage at the head of Windermere. Next morning they spent by Stock Ghyll Force, "mamma walking sedately on the grass, and I slipping and scrambling on the rocks and bushes below in search of ferns and flowers. In the afternoon we rowed on the Lake from Waterhead to Low Wood, whence we rambled home over the wooded slopes of Wansfell, calling on our way at a primitive farmhouse, where we drank some warm milk, and saw bread baked on a frying-pan over a wood fire. . . . The next morning, as we were going up the Keswick Road, we paused at Miss Martineau's gate to speak to her good-natured Methodist gardener, who seems much attached to his mistress. 'She's always behaved very handsome by me,' he said. In turning away, we asked if we were on the right track for Rydal Mount. 'Oh ay,' quoth the man, 'stright up the road to Rydal Mount; that's wheer Mester Woddsworth lived: great friend o' Miss Martineau's; ye'll ha' heard o' Mester Woddsworth maybe? He were



reckoned a very nice sort o' gentleman.' To this nice gentleman's house we afterwards went, and walked about his garden and on the grassy terrace, whence so many eyes whose light is quenched have looked on Winandermere and its beautiful valley.

"In going to Rydal Mount, we passed a spot of yet deeper interest to me, more beautiful than any other in the Lake district to all teachers who love and honour their work,—Fox How, the vacation residence of Dr Arnold, the home where he hoped to rest in his old age. And he would have rested there, but that the work which he did so nobly was finished sooner than he had expected, and he rested from it in one of those many mansions that are more beautiful than even Fox How. The greatest charm of the place lies in its associations with a *man*, a true *man*; one who realised the dignity and excellence of complete manhood, 'valiant for the truth upon the earth,' 'speaking the truth in love.' No feebleness or idleness of head or heart marred the power and symmetry of his character. He lived in earnest. He lived to purpose. The mountain, at whose foot his beloved home stood, was no inapt emblem of himself,—bold and steadfast, not to be swayed by winds or shaken by tempests, alike unaltered by the drear, cold mists of wintry weather and the flattering beams of a summer sun; and like the many springs that keep Loughrigg verdant and sylvan, there were in his nature springs of deep and

tender feeling that kept life always fresh and lovely with kind words and deeds. There are no valleys so lovely, no mountains so grand, no breezes blowing over them so refreshing, as a character like this. Moral beauty is more gladdening than physical."

Another entry reads: "Not even a daisy grew on Wordsworth's grave, but I have taken the liberty to plant some primroses there, and his favourite little spring celandine. We read Wordsworth with a heightened pleasure here, for some of his poems were probably penned in the very room in which I am writing. This cottage was occupied for three winters by his married daughter, and Wordsworth himself used to come over to see her every day and spend several hours, often bringing his friends."

On Sunday, June 24, she wrote: "To service at Rydal. Sat in Mrs Arnold's pew, in a corner corresponding to Mrs Wordsworth's. Mrs Wordsworth is a most interesting and venerable old lady. She cannot see to read, but she stood up whenever the service required and joined very devoutly in all the responses. Heard a foolish sermon about John the Baptist, in which it was inferentially enjoined upon us to take all opportunities of calling men of progress, who think for themselves, a 'generation of vipers,' since 'no language could be more fitting or more exactly descriptive'! Was privileged to hear the same sermon again in the evening at Ambleside."

One afternoon she "called at Fox How, found Mrs Arnold from home, left a card, and went into the garden. There I rambled about for an hour, under the very trees that Arnold loved, and on the grass he mowed, and saw from his own points of view the hills standing about his home even as other mountains 'stood about Jerusalem.' I would fain live as *he* lived, and die a death like his, sudden and serene."

On June 26 Mrs and Miss Pipe left Ambleside for Keswick, journeying on the top of a stage-coach and four. From Keswick they drove up beautiful Borrowdale to Grange, where they found comfortable lodgings, and revelled in Derwent-water, its meadows, and the fells. Miss Pipe was meditating deeply upon her work, and was at times overcome by its greatness and importance. On July 1 she wrote, "How shall I ever become an educator? Education appears to me continually more complex, a more vast, difficult, arduous undertaking. I have but an imperfect notion of the result to be attained, and as to the means which ought to be employed I am full of doubt. A boundless, unnavigable sea leading to an unexplored continent lies before me. 'After all, be of good heart, the affairs of the world will be conducted as heretofore by the foolishness of man and the wisdom of God,'—so said some Scotch bishop."

An entry for July 6 is a glimpse into her nature. "I hope I shall live a better life after

this morning's happiness. I cannot put my joy and admiration into words. Is not that a hint to me, a divine hint, that my gratitude must utter itself in something *higher* than words, in a meek, pure, devoted life? I felt as I stood under a tree by the Derwent some of the old *child's life* in the things around me, intimately, one with them, my own life absorbed and lost in *their* life, flowing in the river, resting in the mountains, stirring in the wind and wind-waved branches, and springing up and dancing in the flowers. This life is deeper than admiration and enjoyment. I made no attempt to enjoy myself, but simply existed.

'Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum  
Of things for ever speaking,  
That nothing of itself shall come,  
But we must still be seeking.'

Let me put down the things, however, to refresh my thoughts another day. The Derwent, spread out into a sort of small lake or pond, stretching away on either side through trees, some of them bending over it, almost resting on the 'bright blue river'; a small stream rippling brightly over stones entering the river; mountains in the distance gleaming indistinctly through the hot haze; beautiful hills, soft, rich, varied, covered with summer-leaved trees; the heather just purpling on the grey crags; morning dew still on the grass in shady places, glistening like white, purple, green, and yellow gems; little

webs full of dewdrops like fragments of a rainbow lying here and there on the blades of grass; a perfect harebell and a bud; St John's wort creeping from under the root of a tree, the root a canopy for it, and the little starry flowers glad of its shelter; a dragon-fly with prismatic gauze wings skimming over the river and up the rippling brook; minnows and a small trout swimming in the clear shallows; the clouds asleep in the sky, soft white clouds fast asleep; a pleasant breeze; wood-music. Amid such things the human soul is an Æolian harp, passive, stirred to sweet music."

"These holidays," she wrote on July 9, "have made me better acquainted with several great men, and have thereby made me wealthier." The great men were Wordsworth, whose poems she was reading and re-reading with delight; Coleridge, whose 'Biographia Literaria' was furnishing her mind with new and expanding points of view and deepening the intellectual bases of her faith; and Southey, whose acquaintance as a poet she was beginning to make.

She heard many open-air "preachings," saw a "clipping" of sheep, and was struck by the absence of drinking and swearing amongst the shepherds; rode often for four hours at a stretch on a Lodore pony; utilised rainy days for correspondence on school-business; drove Mrs Pipe twenty-four miles to Patterdale on July 18, and kept up with the mail-coach over the moors on the

. way back. The holiday ended on July 23, with a ride to Buttermere, Mrs Pipe being driven by their landlord. "We dined at the inn where Mary of Buttermere lived; after dinner rode past Crummock Water; had a magnificent view of the Vale of Lorton, with the Solway Firth and the Scotch mountains beyond, and over Whinlatter Gap. Mamma came back past the Vale of Newlands, and I rode round through Keswick, making inquiries at the coach-office."

Her reading during the autumn of 1855 included a 'Monumental History of Egypt,' Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson's series; Bunsen's 'Researches'; and Kitto's 'Biblical Literature.' Mr and Mrs Barrett did not cease to urge their friends to come to London; and finally Miss Pipe asked Mrs Barrett to fulfil her promise of writing to the parents of their immediate pupils. The answers were reassuring. Some of those who sent their daughters as day-pupils to Acomb Street, expressed their desire to send them as boarders to London; and all who had daughters with her decided to entrust them to her continued care. Miss Pipe fixed upon Clapham Park as the suburb which she preferred. In those days it was indeed a most desirable place of residence, full of stately houses surrounded by gardens and grounds which occupied large areas. As her pupils belonged to Wesleyan families, it was important that the school should be near a Methodist chapel, and that was to be found on Brixton Hill at a pleasant

walking distance. Her friends made inquiries for her, and found a house to let in King's Road. When the holidays of 1856 began, she went alone to London, drove out to see the house, found it suitable, saw the agents and opened negotiations for a short lease. At home there was much to do. Mrs Pipe was anxious about the change, but her daughter, not yet twenty-five years old, conquered every obstacle, secured a tenant for the house in Acomb Street, and effected with Mr Brazil's and Mr Mayson's assistance all the business arrangements necessary to their removal, which was carried out on June 27, 1856.

The house, called Latham Lodge, had at its back a good garden, beyond which were the fields and grounds of some large houses in Clarence Road, so that from the chief classroom nothing could be seen but vistas of lawn and foliage, little heard but the singing of birds in spring and sometimes the plaint of a stray cushat pigeon in summer.

As we have seen, Miss Pipe had read Dr Arnold's 'Life,' with ardent gratitude for the light which it sheds upon the government of a school. His manly and effective handling of boys was in accord with Dr Hodgson's and her own conviction that in order to eliminate what is crude, undisciplined, and wilful in the young, it is necessary to call out what is generous, energetic, and valuable, and to give it scope for

exercise. Dr Arnold's success endorsed this conviction, and she relied on his example then and always in cases of perplexity. Her reliance was no slavish imitation of what he did in similar circumstances. It was rather due to the habit of reflection and of aim which she shared with the great Headmaster of Rugby, from whose experience she derived the vitalising and fortifying revelation that he had trod the path before her in the same hope and with the same intercession, and that therefore she might venture to expect the same attainment in the lives of girls that he reached in the lives of boys. All this stirred in her thoughts now preoccupied with the new departure of her work. She wished to associate Dr Arnold with it in some way which would keep his memory ever before her. The name of the house meant nothing to her. She had amongst her powers one of seizing upon every detail and making it subserve the purpose of the whole. Latham Lodge became Laleham Lodge, in memory of the school at Laleham where he had first used his power of guiding character. There was meaning in her avoidance of Rugby Lodge, for she herself was still at the tentative stage, and her choice conveyed to herself a reminder not contained in the other name.

A letter written on July 16, 1856, gives us a deeply interesting account of what she purposed and planned. It was written to a lady who had



applied for a prospectus and for some information as to her proposed curriculum :—

MY DEAR MADAM,—In accordance with a note which I have had the pleasure to receive this evening from Miss Farmer, I beg to enclose circulars of my terms. The lady for whom these circulars are intended, would probably be interested in a statement of the principles on which my school is conducted. As I have no means of communication with her, perhaps I may take the liberty to request that you would kindly oblige me by placing this letter in her hands. My mother will have the domestic department under her entire control, and will pay great attention to the health of the young ladies. Education in all its branches is under my own immediate supervision.

In the literary department of English, I shall give lessons myself, committing the scientific to examining lecturers, men of mind and culture, whose intellectual influence shall be in itself powerful and vitalising, and this in a measure beneficial independently of the information which they undertake to impart.

In those branches which are under my own exclusive direction, I shall pursue and further develop the system which I have found to work well hitherto. Considerable attention is paid to composition. In grammar, a well founded sentence from some good author is written on the black-board, separated into its compound clauses and main assertions, and then further subjected to a minute analysis grammatical and logical. Various supplementary exercises too numerous to mention are gone through. No grammatical book is committed to memory, but reference is made to a collection of able works by the first grammarians of the day and other writers, for the elucidation of contested points. I teach ancient history in courses of lectures, and examinations on its leading events, taking up the chief nations of antiquity in succession, securing a clear and vivid outline of their history, and connecting the various lines of events by frequent lessons in chronology. Chronology I teach without the use of books, or any puerile system of

mnemonics. Readings in modern history are arranged for the pupils, and abstracts furnished by them—lessons in geography and chronology being given in connection with all historical studies. Geography—physical, political, modern, and classical—is taught chiefly by the help of excellent German maps, standard works of modern travellers, and diagrams, which I have been allowed to copy from the private collection of a scientific friend.

In poetry some poem worth studying is chosen for examination, such as Milton's "Lycidas," which one of my classes has just gone through. Involved constructions are simplified; mythological, historical, literary, and other obscure allusions rendered intelligible; figures of speech and etymological difficulties cleared up; imagery, thought, and sentiment developed and thrown into full, clear prose. When a passage has been thoroughly analysed and sifted, it is committed to memory.

To this lesson on poetry and to kindred exercises I attach great importance, believing that a sound and cultivated imagination has much to do with the happiness and right regulation of life. From a diseased imagination great folly and serious moral mischief may result. But it cannot be kept in health without full nourishment. Arithmetic and history, however excellent in training other powers of the mind, exert no influence upon this. [In later and better historiographical times, Miss Pipe partially revised this opinion.] Flashy novels, poor moral tales, sentimental autobiographies, and all such morbid trash tend to enfeeble and demoralise this noble faculty which was given us for grand purposes, but has been so mournfully neglected and abused that the very term itself comes often to be confounded with that of sickly, futile vagaries.

In some of our fine English poems, grandly conceived and exquisitely finished, abundant material may be found. The ideas contained in them, skilfully divested of obscurities that lie in the diction, will fire and fascinate the imagination, and possess it to the exclusion of meaner occupants.

These and all other studies are linked together by a weekly lesson on etymology—on the derivation, structure,

and history of the English language. All my own lessons I carefully prepare before giving them, and endeavour to combine them in such a manner that they shall be reciprocally corroborative.

A Protestant French governess of talent and high education is engaged to reside in the house to superintend preparation for masters, and to teach her own language, or rather languages, for though born and educated in Paris, she speaks Italian and French with equal elegance, being the daughter of a French father and an Italian mother. During the greater part of the day I am with the young ladies myself. Much of their time in the evening is spent with me in the drawing-room, where they read and work with me, or sing and play, and have a microscope at their service as well as other means of recreation.

To the accomplishments, as they are commonly called, I give due honour and assiduous attention, believing them to be of real and great value, and in their proper place a measure of most healthful influence. And I hold that it is possible to combine a serious and thorough education with the fullest attention to whatever things are externally graceful. But while these things are duly cared for, my energies and efforts are mainly concentrated on the training of those powers of mind and heart that fit a woman for the thoughtful and intelligent performance of her duties in life; the cultivation of judgment and imagination, the implanting of sound tastes and the formation of sound habits. The lessons of each day are preceded by a morning Bible-class. Through this instrumentality chiefly my school has been governed. The girls have studied diligently and conducted themselves well without the constraint of artificial stimulus—no prizes, good or bad marks, or medals, no stated rewards or punishments of any kind whatever. Several of the masters have said there must be something peculiarly excellent in the girls themselves, or else in the methods of their government, for they seldom find such pupils elsewhere, so set upon doing their duty just because it is their duty. That which I aim at in the Bible-class is to explain and enforce the bearings of Christianity on common life, with special

reference naturally to the duties and dangers of girls at school. They are taught to estimate events and actions not by their impressions on the senses, but according to the laws under which they range; to measure greatness by motive and not by result; and to ennoble and consecrate their daily doings from the greatest down to the least by Christian principle. Though the conscience be vital and the heart devout, many grievous inconsistencies may yet be fallen into unless there be clear light. It is to kindle this light that the Bible-class exists, and also to cherish those aspirations after excellence, and those solemn thoughts that stir within the heart, as childhood advances into growth and youth expands and blossoms into womanhood. Education in its widest sense I take to be a process by which all the faculties of our human nature are carried to full harmonious development,—a process conducted by manifold agencies human and divine, and continuing through this life into that which is to come.

The education of the nursery should prepare for that of the schoolroom, the education of school for that of life, and the discipline of mature life for the onward advances of eternity. Believing this, I aim at something beyond the giving of an exterior polish, or the bare impression of facts upon the memory. Instruction of all kinds is throughout subordinate to education. I trust that life, wisdom, and grace may be granted me to realise fully that system of education which has formed itself within my mind, and has been gradually assuming symmetry and distinction under the experience and meditation of seven years during which I have been employed in teaching. This work of teaching I love and honour. It is to me no dreary necessity, no mere mechanical routine. I am to some extent aware of its solemn responsibilities,—perhaps a full consciousness would be so overwhelming as to paralyse effort. And I am keenly alive to the sorrow of its occasional failures and disappointments. But all these things I accept willingly, remembering how often and how sweetly its hopes are fulfilled. I must beg you to forgive me for troubling you with the transmission of these details. I fear I may have

seemed diffuse, but I do not know how to give any definite notion of that distinctive character which I wish the school to maintain without entering at some length into particulars.—I have the honour to be, dear madam, most respectfully yours,

H. E. PIPE.

The school at Laleham Lodge did not provide classes for day-pupils. Her success at Greenheys led the chief Methodist authorities to propose that the London school should be a means of education—in her sense of the word—for the daughters of Methodists. Many members of that body in Yorkshire and Lancashire were engaged in manufacture or commerce, and were profiting from the extraordinary impetus given to trade in cottons and woollens by the substitution of machinery for hand-loom. Their homes were more affluent in comfort than in culture, and Miss Pipe was warmly urged to devote herself more particularly to the new generation of girls belonging to such homes. The suggestion appealed to her strongly, for at this time nearly all her ties, interests, experience, were connected with the Wesleyan Church, and she entertained the hope of helping its new generation to higher standards of the art of living. In speaking of those days long after, she said: "My ambition was to get hold of these girls with money and without refinement from their earlier years, and to open their eyes to all that is best in this life and in that which is to come. The inrush of wealth without the discipline of generations behind it was apt

to vulgarise their minds, and I desired to place before them, and to awake within them, their responsibility, their duties, their relation to the Giver of all things, their kinship with the poor, the worth of all things 'lovely and of good report,' the worthlessness of an existence which buys but does not create its life. I knew how important it was to train a generation of wives and mothers." All her first pupils, therefore, were Wesleyans, and all came from Manchester and its neighbourhood. Indeed, for many years Lancashire and Yorkshire were the chief sources from which her school was filled. Mrs Toyne was one of the earliest pupils at Laleham Lodge, and writes: "Sixteen happy girls found themselves in a new home. Every one was so good to us, and the machinery went so smoothly. Our one wish seemed to be always to remain only sixteen in number, so that we might get the whole of Miss Pipe to ourselves.

"There was such a delightful spirit of *camaraderie* amongst us. How well I remember one little instance of it. One Sunday Miss Pipe was not very well, and we wondered, as our usual time for being with her came round, what we could do to give her pleasure. A deputation was despatched to ask if she would like us to sing as usual. The answer came, asking us to sing as near to her bedroom as possible, and with the message came a programme. Precious little document! I possess it still,—in that

beautiful writing so characteristic of her. There were several hymns; a trio: 'Stand up and bless the Lord,' and it ended with Psalm cxix., many notes of exclamation following. The programme was gone through to the end of verse 176. We loved to try and give her pleasure. As our knowledge of her and our power to appreciate her increased, we felt more than ever that such a life and character as hers was a revelation of a possible life which we had not realised before, and this revelation led us to thank God then, as we have thanked Him through all the years since, for the benefit of this friendship." From Mrs Toyne, also, we learn the names of the teachers. These were the lady alluded to in Miss Pipe's letter, who taught French, Italian, and Spanish; Dr Hausmann, who taught German; Dr Nicolai, who gave lectures on physical geography and other subjects; Mr Cock, whose department was arithmetic and Euclid; Mr Sterndale Bennett (afterwards Sir William) for music; Madame Ferrari and Mr Monk for singing; Mr Monk for part singing and harmony; and Miss Chatterton for the harp. There were two other teachers for the younger music pupils.

Dr Nicolai was of great assistance to Miss Pipe in the carrying out of her plans. His lectures were most stimulating, and as he required and corrected abstracts of what he taught from his pupils, they were invested with much importance. His name lingered long after his work at

King's College compelled him to leave, and is still attached to the square sheets of abstract paper used at Laleham,—a kind of ruled paper which he introduced at the Lodge. Another pupil of those years was Miss Bousfield, afterwards Mrs Pickering. She writes: "I was at Laleham Lodge during the years 1858 and 1859. It was impossible not to be strongly impressed and influenced by Miss Pipe's teaching. Her starting-point was that our education was only then beginning, and that education was a business for all our lives. She always impressed upon us that the result of our contact with others should be that they would 'take knowledge of us that we had been with Jesus.' Her teaching as to 'Personal Talk' (with Wordsworth's sonnet as her text) made a deep impression on my mind, and has influenced my life. To Miss Pipe, too, I owe my delight in the study of history. She taught us—as far as was possible with the very limited means then at our disposal—*how* to study history, and she encouraged us to read all round a subject, and tried to help us to develop our own powers of thinking. This kind of teaching is happily within every one's reach nowadays, but it was not so at that time, and Miss Pipe was a real pioneer. She was herself strongly imbued with the ideas of Dr Arnold and John Stuart Mill, and perhaps we hardly realised how much we owed to this fact."

When Dr Nicolai ceased to lecture at Laleham



Lodge, George MacDonald took his place. He had already given an occasional lesson at Acomb Street while he was in Manchester; but now for a time he undertook a series of his wonderful readings of Shakespeare's plays, with the explanatory comments and ethical inductions which made them so fascinating. Miss Pipe used to say that, although she constantly read the greater plays, she never understood all that they meant until George MacDonald illuminated them.

But her labours did not cease with her daily home tasks and the many hours spent with her girls. She gave lessons as well in a house not far from Laleham Lodge, and calculated her work for every week-day at fourteen hours. Her great anxiety to pay back what was lent to Mrs Pipe and herself by some of their oldest friends in Manchester, in order to make their removal and increased expense for furnishing and starting possible, accounted for this accumulated work. Fortunately, the sixteen girls who filled Laleham Lodge not only never failed them, but one of their first difficulties was want of room. The great increase in terms, from thirty guineas at Acomb Street to eighty guineas at Laleham Lodge, was of immense help to them in paying both interest and capital on this debt, and by 1860 the whole was discharged, and Mrs Pipe wept tears of gratitude to Providence, who had not only opened the way for them, but had brought them through in safety.

Miss Pipe shared in her gratitude, but not in her desire to remain stationary. During the second and third years of their stay, every term brought far more applications than they were able to consider, and she felt that the same costly staff of teachers would suffice for twice as many pupils. She had great courage, both moral and physical, and at this time her health was unailing, one of its advantages being the gift of undisturbed sleep at night, so that she woke completely refreshed and eager for the day's duties.

Beyond the garden stretched a lovely expanse of ground, with lawns, wooded alleys, shrubberies, and gardens. On the lawns stood groups of trees planted by Cubitt himself, and behind them rose a well-built house of which he had been the architect. To Miss Pipe the place presented innumerable attractions. She would meditate on all that could be done with such space, seclusion, and accommodation. But, alas! this Naboth's vineyard was owned and inhabited, and there was no prospect whatever of its acquisition. Mrs Pipe was distressed at her hopeless and fantastic schemes, and would chide her daughter for entertaining them. She shrank from failure, and was content with their present success. She bade "Annie" thank God for that and give up her dreams. But there was more than dreaming in Miss Pipe's mind. Hygiene — at that time in its infancy, and abhorred of the "general,"

—had found at once welcome and understanding from her. Those fields and alleys and that amplitude of space appealed to the demand it had aroused. She saw them filled with girls at play or work; she pictured them clustered round her at botany classes, gardening, or enjoying happy breathing-times; she saw them running, swinging, playing at ball upon the fields, skating in winter upon the little lake, in summer grouped upon the lawns at archery and *la grâce*. To her the whole meant a development of her ideals—large lecture-rooms, studies and music-room, more bath-rooms, space for books, collections, maps, and illustrative pictures.

But while the place was occupied she pictured its aptness for her uses in vain.

Dr Hodgson had been the first to draw her attention to the study of hygiene. He had, in some interval of his now restless life, been giving lectures on "Health and its Laws," as well as lectures on "Wealth and its Laws." I cannot find out whether these were given at Laleham Lodge or whether Miss Pipe heard them elsewhere. It is certain that they were printed in the later 'Fifties, and that she possessed the little volume. It introduced her to Combe's 'Physiology' and cognate books, and it opened to her a new view of the immense importance of knowledge concerning health and what made for and against it.

All these years their faithful servant Anne was

with them, and gave to her younger mistress a devotion which was not the less valuable because it was sometimes expressed in criticism on which no other person would have ventured. As she brushed out Miss Pipe's waving and curling hair night and morning, she would say with Puritan directness, "Don't imagine, Miss Annie, that your hair is anything but red—just red." Anne was not gifted with the artist eye, which knew its colour to be pale golden bronze; but she was gifted with a loyal heart and a stern sense of duty which helped to carry Mrs and Miss Pipe through the stress of that time.

Miss Pipe always felt a great responsibility towards those who served her, and occupied herself with their needs, bodily and spiritual, as if they were her pupils. A touching instance of this is recalled by a note from Miss Sayer, who lived at Laleham Lodge for two years as a younger servant, and who tells us that during that time Miss Pipe used to take her to her room to read the Bible and pray with her. Miss Sayer, who was in later life to become of great assistance to Miss Pipe, and to whom we shall have frequent occasion to allude, left for another place in 1858, and received from her the following letter, written on the Good Friday of that year:—

MY DEAR GIRL,—I was glad to hear of you a few days ago through your old friends here, to whom you wrote. I

have often felt anxious to know how you were going on. I send you a little book with my best wishes, and hope you will derive some help and guidance from it. Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths. He will put you in the right place and give you the right work to do, and make you able to do it, if only you are willing to be His. Give yourself to Him that He may do what He will with you. Christ has, as on this day, made an atonement for you, that your Father, whom you have grieved, might be at peace with you and reconciled. Therefore you may kneel to Him and trust in Him without fear. Ask that His Good Spirit may come and dwell within you and make you like Christ. "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." Speak as He would have spoken, do as He would have done. You *may*. Christ died in order to make it possible for you. Commit your way to Him. Pray Him to guide you. Read your Bible, and believe every word in it. Tell Him that you need a Friend, a Comforter, a Teacher, and that you wish to serve Him and do His will; and you shall not trust and hope in vain. The Lord bless and keep you. Anne, Martha, and Ellen send their love and kind remembrances to you.—I am, your sincere friend,

HANNAH E. PIPE.

The year 1858 ended with the following entry in her diary: "I never felt so deeply interested in my work as I do now, or more determined not to rest upon my oars, but to go on unto perfection. Ten years' experience has brought no weariness, but greater freshness than ever. I do steadfastly purpose—commending this purpose to the help of His grace—to lead a life of simple union with God. Thus may He work and

not I. Thus may He work by me, through me, using me as an instrument, — no selfishness of mine complicating the simplicity of His work and neutralising the divine energy within me."

## CHAPTER III.

L A L E H A M.

(1858-1861.)

A LETTER from Miss Pipe to Oliver Wendell Holmes gives us a passing glimpse of her Christmas holiday at Brighton in 1858-59. She read there his 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' with such pleasure and profit that not only did she make extracts from it, but she ventured to write to its author after her return to Clapham Park:—

DEAR SIR,—Going down to Brighton a short time ago to spend a few weeks by the seaside, I took with me a box of Mudie books, and a friend did me the kindness to suggest that your 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' should be put into it. He told me I should find it "delightful reading,"—an assurance which has been abundantly verified. Your account of the monument "erected as a warning to all who love mutton better than virtue," reminded me of a legend which I met with last summer when travelling in North Devonshire. The identity of the legend I recognised immediately; but not remembering the erection of a monumental stone on the spot, I wrote on the subject to a friend residing at Lynemouth, and have received from

her in reply the following particulars on the authority of an antiquarian clergyman in the neighbourhood, the vicar of Martinhoe: "There is a large block of granite, which used to be the boundary-stone between the parishes of Combmartin and Trentishoe, that goes by the name of the Hanging Stone, and it was on or by the side of this stone that the man sat down to rest and was strangled by the sheep. This, Mr Scriver says, is supposed to be a fact. It is firmly believed in by the people, and is also related in Fuller's 'Worthies.'" You will no doubt remember whether this locality is that in which you yourself first heard of the sheep-stealer. Possibly the story may be attached to more places than one. I am glad that an accidental acquaintance with this story furnishes me with an apology for writing to you, and thus with an opportunity of thanking you for the great pleasure afforded me by your book. I read it with delight, and, spiritually speaking, took to "solemn black huckleberries" for some time after the book was finished, sympathising with your friends at the boarding-house in their grief at your departure. We, the public, who have enjoyed ourselves so much sitting round your landlady's table, are hoping very much that we may receive an invitation some day to meet you again elsewhere.

Mr Carlyle might consider that to ponder a book in golden silence, assimilating its wisest words and converting them into the substance of one's life, is a higher tribute to the excellence of the book than a mere setting forth of one's pleasure and profit in silvern speech to the author. I believe, however, that all such books as yours are received in both ways. Such thoughts will always make for themselves a golden silence in the minds of those who read them; and even Mr Carlyle, perhaps, would pardon speech when it comes in its proper place—namely, after due pause of silence and not instead of it. I will not detain you further with *speech*, only assuring you that I have read your book in much *silence*. To this I hope you will not be wholly indifferent, inasmuch as a human being anywhere and always is worth benefit-



ing. It is a privilege accorded to those who write good books that they shall have more friends than acquaintances—the usual way of the world being reversed in their favour.—I beg you to believe me, very sincerely, such a friend,

HANNAH E. PIPE.

Mr George MacDonald was lecturing during the autumn term at Laleham Lodge on the Lake poets, and more particularly on the “Sonnets of Wordsworth” and the poems of Coleridge, and of these lectures Miss Pipe took copious notes. Mr MacDonald’s ‘Phantastes’ had just been published, and she sent a copy of it to her old friend and teacher, Mr Grindon at Manchester, and was somewhat disconcerted by his reception of it. In a letter, dated December 20, 1859, she combats his depreciation: “You ask me what Mr MacDonald’s book comes to? I answer, How can it be ‘wonderfully rich in poetry and imagination’ and come to nothing. I grant you it does not wind up with a *q.e.d.*, but neither does a sunset or a cedar-tree, a cathedral or a strain of fine music. It is not a book of facts, maxims, or principles. But there are other things in the world worth having beside these three. What did those wild woods where you dreamed away the summers of your childhood ‘prove or come to’? I shall begin to think you are getting acclimatised to Manchester, that its smoke and cotton are telling upon a nature which I had supposed to be smoke- or cotton-proof. But, seriously, I will tell you exactly why I like the book, for I know very distinctly that I can give a

reason for the admiration of it that is in me. I love the book, because when I read it I feel as if I were seven years of age running about the fields and lanes of Kinsley, blown upon by such breezes as I never feel now, and watching bees, birds, flowers, everything bathed in transcendent sunshine, and all the dumb wild creatures, my dear and intimate friends, from the eyebright under my foot to the shepherd's dog that had more sense than I, and took care of me. When I read 'Phantastes,' somehow, in a manner that I can't explain, I am back again amid this fairy-land, and the cares of life seem less irksome and important. There lurks in the book some hidden subtle antidote to worldliness,—something which makes against selfishness and against the tyranny of the outward and the conventional. Now, just for the sake of contrast, think of Bulwer Lytton and his tales. When we read them the world is much with us. They are all gaslight, tinsel, and perfumery. They profess to 'prove or come to' a wonderful deal of philosophy and the like, but to my mind they are a lie from beginning to end. 'Phantastes' makes no such professions, and yet I trust the book. I yield myself up to it just as I would to the inarticulate teaching of things that I see and hear in a woodland walk,—ferns, harebells, berries, squirrels, dragon-flies, sound of leaves and water and wings, colours of the sky, shadows sleeping or waking on the path. What do these prove or come to? They have no *words*

at all, and yet there is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. And it is a good voice, pure, soothing, and full of exhortation. If the book does not teach me directly, at least it puts me in tune for listening to teachers, like the music of an organ before service. It is no sermon, but a sermon follows well upon it."

Surely this is a piece of singularly delicate criticism, reinforced by a vertebrate standard of the essential. One other letter of 1859 remains to be quoted—one of great importance, since it defines her personal attitude towards the religious dogmas of half a century ago. It is written to the Rev. Alfred Barrett, and is dated December 28: "I believe there are persons who can receive a creed entire from their teachers, and live in it without misgiving; live well in it, moreover, and die as they have lived. 'It needs not an architect to dwell in a house,' said Goethe, and this no doubt is matter for thankfulness. There is much to be done in the world, and no time for every man to build his own house. Many a man can find rest and shelter in a creed constructed by another than himself—by Luther, Calvin, or Wesley. But, again, there are others who must, by the constitution of their minds, prove all things for themselves before they can hold fast. They must ask many questions, and not till the questions are answered can they be at rest. Now, I myself do not belong altogether to either of these sets. I have not the full activity of thought which is in

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the latter, nor yet can I accept without inquiry all that comes to me by tradition from my fathers like the former. When quite a young child I remember asking myself, 'Am I a Christian and a Protestant because I was born such, or for some deeper and safer reason? What if I had been born a Catholic, a Unitarian, a Mohammedan?' And because I knew that whether I would or not, I must be biassed by my parents' belief, I listened with wariness to the teaching of my natural denomination, and with earnest heed to all that could be said against it or besides. Perhaps I listened even more carefully to strange doctors and doctrines than to those of my own circle, knowing that I must be naturally prejudiced in favour of these and against those. This prejudice I dreaded lest it should defraud me of any truth. But, thank God, I do not scorn the wisdom of my fathers. I receive it with reverent thankfulness and joy. Only because I hold it to be most precious do I sift it. I examine and muse and ponder, guarding as I best may against error that might impoverish my soul's life, and cause me to be worse and weaker than if I fed upon pure truth. I covet understanding that I may order my short life to best advantage and be unhindered by mistakes and ignorance from serving God and my generation before I fall on sleep. I do believe in God the Father Almighty: I believe in the incarnation of His Son, in the divinity of Christ, in His blessed mediation, atone-

ment, and intercession. I believe in the authority of His life as an example: in His death I see perhaps the cause, and certainly the proof, of God's goodwill to man. If I cannot use—on this subject—precisely and positively the language which I sometimes hear from the pulpit, yet still I can say that I rest my hope and assurance of salvation on my Saviour's agony and bloody sweat, on His cross and passion,—that I do habitually live at peace with God through the blessed knowledge of a Mediator who has in some sense made, and in every sense proclaimed, a reconciliation for us. I say *made* in some sense, because this is a subject that I have not fathomed, that perhaps no man or angel ever will fathom; and I am sure that it is not essential to salvation that our intellect should penetrate and compass this adorable mystery. Why Christ should suffer to release us I don't know. It is not plain to me as it is to some. I cannot see that the common forms of human justice make this clear. But surely I can believe that it was necessary, and that Christ did it without being able to throw all this into a syllogism or state it like a sum in the Rule of Three. I believe that He, whose name is Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, became a little child for us, and lived, suffered, died, was buried, and rose again, to deliver my soul from death and save me from my sins. Further, I believe in the Holy Ghost. To this article of faith I cling faster than to any other. I believe that all

goodness in the world is of His inbreathing, that without Him truth is barren and holiness beyond our reach. I hold that all philosophy, all discipline, thought, culture, all inward and outward safeguards, are vain and dead without the grace and life of God the Spirit. And I believe devoutly and adoringly in the doctrine of Divine Providence. Much of what I hear said respecting God's 'special providence' I hold to be unscriptural, unreasonable, shallow, and practically full of mischief, but I praise God seven times a-day for the higher doctrine of general providence, the laws according to which society and the individual are ruled. On these cardinal truths of our holy faith I repose as on a rock that no storms can shake. I am never harassed by any secret doubt of them. I think, too, that a spirit of unshrinking inquiry has helped me to completer views of truth and to a securer hold upon it. I have read 'dangerous' books and listened to 'dangerous' men not only without fear, but with eager hope of gaining some knowledge from them and of laying it up in my garner, while praying for discernment to distinguish between grain and empty husks that look like grain and are not. If it be said, 'Can any good thing come from them?' I would answer, 'Come and see.' It is not safe to assume that a man can be no prophet because he is called a Galilean. But amid all inquiry I would ever look up to the Father of Lights, pleading His promise, 'They shall be all taught of God.' If I demur to

opinions commonly received among us, they are chiefly on such points as these—the Fall of man in its effects on the laws of providence and nature; the effect of Christ's atonement on those who err from the truth; the resurrection of the body; the meaning of world and worldliness; the difference between religion and morality, involving the doctrine of 'entire sanctification.' Many notions, moreover, I hold interrogatively in my mind, without assent or dissent, to be considered at convenient seasons."

Miss Pipe was just twenty-seven years old when she wrote this remarkable letter to Mr Barrett, who was then Principal of Richmond Wesleyan College. It had been called forth by strictures on her mental and spiritual breadth, not only from self-satisfied ignorance, but even from some of the higher Wesleyan authorities, who demurred to her introducing the teaching of men like Dr Hodgson and George MacDonald into her school. It is difficult to understand the orthodox mind of fifty years ago, except on the premiss that it had not yet detached itself from hard and fast tradition, and that in the majority of Wesleyans and of other devout bodies, dogma was still a fetish, and stupefied or paralysed insight and spirituality. That a man so childlike and Christ-like as George MacDonald should have come under the ban of these worthy nobodies is a curious comment on a piety which had eyes, but saw not the vision of God; which had ears, but heard not His voice.

It is noteworthy that she did not even mention in her defence the subject of these two great teachers and men. Already her splendid gift of silence made her position unassailable. She recognised the right of parents to be unable to grasp her aim, to remove their daughters from her school if they had a mind to do so, and she also recognised their right to know what manner of Methodist she was, since it was more important to them than her growing spirituality; but she did not acknowledge their claim to dictate to her what the government of her school should or should not be, and who might or might not be placed on its staff of teachers. At Christmas 1858, three of her eighteen boarders were removed. None the less, she was immediately concerned with the important question of remaining at Laleham Lodge or removing. Amongst the new friends made in Clapham Park were Mr and Mrs Edward Corderoy, with the members of whose family she became always more and more closely associated in mutual trust and appreciation. Mr Corderoy was, as she often said in later life, one of the most finely honourable men she had ever known, and soon it was her custom to entrust all matters of importance to his judgment and experience. Thus a strong friendship was formed between them. Mr Corderoy was on the side of removal, and in a business-like little document, written by him, we are told in few words the arguments for and against this important step. Miss Pipe's reasons



for moving are clearly stated. For three years—that is, almost from the time of her arrival in Clapham Park—she had seen the necessity of larger accommodation, and by 1859 this had become a conviction. The dilemma was whether to reduce the number of pupils or to transfer the school to more suitable quarters. Her growing faith in the value of hygiene obliged her to face the fact that the crowded state of her school was prejudicial to the health and comfort of her girls. It was inconvenient for classes, and for the teaching of music and singing. There was insufficient room both in bedrooms and class-rooms, which it was impossible to furnish as completely as she desired with wardrobes, bookshelves, and cupboards. Then the grounds were too restricted, and not sufficiently private for recreation or study in the summer months. Every term brought new applications, and sometimes she was obliged to refuse from six to ten candidates for admission.

Mr Corderoy urged her to look over houses to let in the Park, as well as at Streatham, Brixton, Richmond, Sydenham, and the north of London. This was vainly done, with infinite pains, and even for a brief time she thought of building, and examined sites and estimates. But their cost deterred her from this project, and she fell back upon the possible purchase of a satisfactory leasehold. For a whole year she continued, at a great disadvantage, to refuse a larger number of pupils than fifteen, and to look over her small domain to

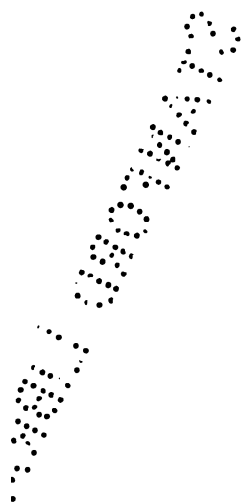
the beautiful grounds of Mr Cuthill's house with longing eyes. One day, passing along its frontage on Clarence Road, she saw a board set up announcing that the remainder lease was to be sold. She took down the agent's address, and went into town to his office. There she was informed that sixty-six years of leasehold were to be sold for £5500. It was a considerable sum, but she had reason to believe that it could be met in instalments, of which the first would amount to nearly one-half of the whole; for not only had the £1500 left by Mr Pipe remained intact, but the school in Laleham Lodge had paid off all debt and expense, and had realised £1000 of clear profit. Miss Pipe went to see the house, and found it most desirable. Large public rooms, with ample light, many bedrooms, big and little, kitchens, storerooms, housekeeper's room, excellent out-of-door coal and wood cellars, and above all, the beautiful lawns, fields, gardens, pond overstarred with water-lilies, made its acquisition most desirable. Mr Corderoy sums up its advantages as follows: "In the character of the building, the extent, form, and privacy of the grounds, the adaptation of both house and grounds to the purposes of a school, it is entirely suitable, and in the neighbourhood not to be surpassed."

Miss Pipe opened negotiations with the agent, and then told her mother what she had done. But Mrs Pipe was startled and full of misgivings. That very term they had refused ten new pupils,

and their number was just fifteen. Miss Pipe wrote to the parents of the ten, acquainted them with their possible change to a house which would accommodate twenty-five girls, and asked them if, in the case of their removal, their daughters would be sent to them. When most of the parents intimated their good-will, Mrs Pipe was somewhat comforted, and agreed to the venture, but with great perturbation at times,—so much so that Miss Pipe caught its infection, and at the last moment was on the point of drawing back. She wrote to Mr Corderoy, “Can I see you this evening? Mr Reece has just left us. He came to bring the agreement for signature. And now that the moment has arrived for concluding this affair, I am seized with a panic and cannot do it. All the calculations and negotiations of the last three weeks have utterly disconcerted and terrified me. I don’t think we can get a sufficient number of pupils at 100 guineas to meet the expenses of this new house, and I fear we have made a fatal mistake altogether. This will startle you, I dare say.” There is no date to this letter, but it must have been written in the spring of 1860. Mr Corderoy saw both Mrs and Miss Pipe, and so revived their courage and hope that they faced the agreement and signed it. Indeed, he guaranteed to a considerable extent the price to be paid. It was Mr Corderoy’s faith, insight, and generosity that made the transfer possible, and those who knew and loved Laleham will not fail



LALEHAM.



to bless the memory of a man to whom Miss Pipe looked as her most faithful and honoured friend until his death, and of whom she often spoke as such.

Some months elapsed before the new house was put in order, but the long summer holiday, transferred from June to August and part of September, gave opportunity for the fitting and furnishing. In September 1860, about twenty-two girls arrived, and the school at Laleham began. The name was not only carried over from the Lodge, but Miss Pipe ventured to write to Mrs Arnold at Fox How, to ask her for shoots of the willow-trees at Rugby, which, as well as those at Laleham on the Thames and at Fox How, were originally transplanted from a willow-tree at Slattswoods, Dr Arnold's early home. These were sent, and set round the pond, where they and their successors still flourish, in spite of the destructive grubs of the goat-moth, which injured some of them.

The reminiscences of those who were pupils at Laleham in the early 'Sixties will throw a better light on its work and discipline than any biographical platitudes, and we are fortunate in possessing several of these, one of them already included in the 'Laleham Magazine' for 1907. Miss Corderoy, although not a pupil, was to be a dear and intimate friend, and had just returned from a school where the deadening processes of wretched teaching and discipline, "which left

nothing to a girl's sense of honour," were in full rigour. She was invited to the first birthday party at Laleham, November 27, 1860, and was astonished at the contrast between what she had endured and her "earliest vision of Laleham life." "It seemed past believing that schoolgirls should be moving about and talking at their ease with one another, with their teachers, with dear Mrs Pipe, and with her who was the radiant centre of all, herself not much older than some of themselves, and full of that intellectual and spiritual vitality that attracted all that was most loving and most responsive, and at the same time inspired with something like awe, so that both reverence and affection grew from more to more, and things that were pure and lovely and of good report seemed the only things worth thinking on. It was this uplifting that came into the whole idea of school-life through the personality and teaching of Miss Pipe, and it is the value of this great emancipation that lives undimmed in my thoughts of her."

From the beginning, as we have seen, it was this wonderful combination of gifts and powers, this beauty of holiness through which shone intellect, purpose, courage, glowing with insight and sympathy, which framed and established her realm, evolved its code of laws by inspiration rather than by legislation, and won implicit obedience and loyalty. Rules there were, which provided rather for nice manners in bed-

room, study, and lecture-room than for restriction of liberty; but these were reduced to a minimum, and would have been repealed altogether had they not been more helpful than irksome. They formed a consensus of opinion on refinement of habits and courtesy, which was of value in its effect on new and unlessoned pupils. Punctuality was one of these, a primary law both of consideration for others and of duty towards oneself; quiet behaviour on staircases and in halls was another; reverence at all services, whether in church or at household prayers,—but such habits were catching in the atmosphere of Laleham. How Miss Pipe's personal influence brought about this silent inoculation of good manners will appear, as our narrative is enriched by spontaneous tributes from those whose lives it transformed.

Miss Lidgett, who was with Miss Pipe at both Laleham Lodge and Laleham, tells us in the 'Laleham Magazine': "There is a kind of school for which Miss Pipe had little respect. She never aimed at making hers a 'Finishing School.' She said we were and could be only at the beginning of things, that we could only lay foundations, and she hoped that after leaving school we might still have time for quiet preparation for the duties of later life. She knew there were many things well worth knowing that she would not try to teach in our short time. She was always opposed to what I may call competitive learning. In many cases it may be un-



avoidable. But she held that true education must be single-minded, and must aim without distraction at truth and exactness, and it must go with discipline of character; that she did not care so much that her girls should be noticeably brilliant, but that they should be true and dutiful, gentle and considerate towards each other and all others. While sternly set against slackness and carelessness, her tender respect for the conscientious effort of a backward girl was a thing never to be forgotten. 'Do your best. You may not succeed in this particular thing, but be sure it will turn to good at last.' How wonderfully she made us see that salvation was a matter for every day, that Christ was at our side in every conflict with evil, either in our own hearts or in outside things. How she tried to teach us to watch against worldliness, that we should never give way to vain excitement as to the impression we might be making on other people, but whether in company or alone, we should live simply in the presence of God; that we should not dream or scheme as to pleasant things that might happen to us, but be glad in all good that might come, and that we should learn to dwell firmly in the peace of God whatever might befall us. And again she would warn us against overstrain and worry in our proper work, pointing to the examples of men occupied in great affairs of State, who still had observed their hours of prayer and meditation."

Miss Barrett writes : " I wish I could at all adequately express in words all that belonged to that life at Laleham,—the wide and beautiful world of thought into which we were led, the fine way in which the intellectual life was developed and cultivated, the atmosphere of deep moral earnestness, the high, strong, pure, intensely living religious conceptions that were taught. It is difficult, indeed, by any description, to represent the powerful influence of her teaching in the daily morning Bible-lessons and the Saturday afternoon talks. There were times when I remember to have seen the most careless and thoughtless moved and touched by her appeal. She taught us in a way that made religion appear to us not only as something very beautiful, very wide, very high, but also as the one great reality that entered into every part of our life. . . . But there was nothing strained, nor was there ever in her teaching anything cramped or non-human, or touched with the phrasing and limitations of any particular school of religious thought."

Miss Pipe still taught several of the general classes, as composition, analysis, poetry, history, and botany, and she had an extra class on one evening in the week for a few girls who went through Whately's 'Lessons on Reasoning' with her. Her staff of visiting teachers was increased, but she attended every lesson given, and took notes of most lectures. Dr Gottfried Kinkel, a German exile,—who had taken a leading part in

the constitutional rising in Prussia which followed the troubles of 1848, had been imprisoned, and through his wife's ingenuity and courage had escaped to England,—was an acquisition on whom she specially congratulated her girls and herself. His lectures on physical geography were not only eloquent and stimulating to a remarkable degree, they were also full, accurate, and based both on the science of that time and on all that travellers had observed and recorded of the climate, physical features, natural history, and phenomena belonging to the lands they had visited. The subject was barely out of its infancy, but such men as Dr Kinkel contributed to its fascination and its study. Miss Pipe hardly considered the dry details of separate countries, their provinces, counties, towns, and manufactures, as belonging to a girl's first education. These were to be studied as occasion rose, and very specially and closely in connection with history, to which they belong. It was nature's world that she wished them to know first, before they studied nature's effect on humanity, out of which arose the conditions which developed national types and achievements. Besides these lectures, for which the classes were carefully prepared, and which were supplemented by readings from books of travel, Dr Kinkel taught the more advanced pupils German for some years, and laid a broad foundation for the keen interest taken in the history, literature, and



DR GOTTFRIED KINKEL.

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music of that country, at Laleham,—an interest which, as we shall see, the most famous of his successors inherited and deepened.

In every way this vivid teacher quickened the intellectual life of both schoolmistress and pupils. One of the latter, Miss Gibson, recalls his work and personality in a picturesque reminiscence: "Dr Gottfried Kinkel, the brilliant German exile, professor and poet, taught us much besides geography in its ordinary sense; and I have sometimes thought that it showed a considerable amount of courage, as well as a liberal mind, to invite such a splendid embodiment of the revolutionary spirit—six feet of vigorous manhood, with dark eyes and prematurely whitened hair—to lecture with a poet's tongue to a roomful of girls fresh from middle-class Puritan homes. I seem to see him very plainly, standing beside Miss Pipe with the red ribbon in his button-hole."

Mr George MacDonald still came for an occasional series of lectures, and sometimes Mr Huggins—now Sir William Huggins, K.C.B., and our most distinguished astronomer—would give the girls a talk about the starry heavens or about electricity, a subject just then raising amongst scientific men much tumult of discussion and speculative opinion. There is a tradition that he invited his class to come to his laboratory and to receive a shock from one of the electric engines, and that Miss Pipe took eight of her

elder girls to benefit by the practical illustration. Mr Huggins was anxious to make the shock as gentle as possible, but the whole party was so startled that its members fell in a heap on the floor, and between distress and laughter, the experimentalist was unable to help them up.

Dr Hodgson, whenever he was for any time resident in London, would come for a lecture on economics, on logic, or on the laws of health, but these were not part of the curriculum, and were only welcomed as an intermittent stimulus. But his advice was always at Miss Pipe's service, and she availed herself of it largely, in the matter of books, teachers, and practical suggestions.

Mrs Savery has preserved a charming reminiscence of her teaching of logic. "A few of us older girls had a delightful hour once a-week with her in the library. It was preceded by tea, at which Mrs Pipe was also present, and was specially charming and kind to us all. Afterwards we went through Whately's 'Lessons on Reasoning' with Miss Pipe, making an analysis of each chapter. I well remember that once or twice Miss Pipe did not think she quite grasped the meaning of a particular sentence, and after asking us if we did, she said with such pretty humility, 'It is not fair for me to keep you all waiting. I will study it when I am alone.'"

Her personal methods of governing and influencing demand a chapter to themselves, and shall

shortly be treated of more fully, so for the present I shall return to what may be called the chronological biography.

It was soon after her settlement at Laleham that Miss Pipe made the acquaintance of Janet Chambers, a daughter of Dr Robert Chambers, who had shortly before left Edinburgh for London. He and his family were on terms of warm friendship with Dr Hodgson, who realised Miss Pipe's need of a friend belonging to a larger world, and brought Miss Chambers to Laleham. Those who may still remember this beautiful and gifted woman, so conscious of duty to others in many ways besides the defined services and courtesies of personal intercourse, can perhaps visualise their memory of a tall, stately, golden-haired girl, graceful and gracious, carrying about her an aura of happiness for others, of tranquillity, understanding, and gentle radiance. She was then a few years younger than Miss Pipe, but looked older, perhaps, on account of her bearing and social experience. The introduction proved to be of two friends made for each other, rather than of two mere acquaintances. Alas! this friendship had but three years to run on earth, but it satisfied a great lack in Miss Pipe's life, and endorsed her sense of the nobility and helpfulness to be found in the world outside her own sectarian confines. Miss Chambers, before she left Edinburgh, had been doing much work in the slums of the Water of Leith, and had endeavoured to rouse



their ignorant tenants to the immense value of knowledge concerning health and its requisites. She had classes of the poorest mothers and their daughters, and taught them the elements of her subject with simple demonstrations and axioms, and she had reason to hope that the gospel of cleanliness and fresh air was becoming familiar to them. Already she had gathered together a class of poor London girls in whom she was interested, and whom she taught in the same way. When Miss Pipe heard of her work, she begged her to give some of those simple lessons at Laleham. She had been looking about for a lady to take up the subject, but it was so new to the "general" that she had failed to find one sufficiently instructed. Miss Chambers consented, and began her course of lessons in the autumn term of 1861. In a letter written shortly before the holidays were over, she says : " Good friend, you must really give up your misgivings on my account. I am only too happy to have such an opportunity for doing something in what would otherwise be my useless existence. I am conning over my opening address to your girls, a little every day, and when I have it written out, I should like to read it over to you, before reading it to them, to see if you think it will do. There are some general ideas which I must give them at starting, to awaken a generous and liberal feeling towards the details which will follow. I shall be very happy if the Miss Corde-

roys join the class, but I am afraid I can teach them nothing. I am only fit for either young, intelligent girls, or utter and hopeless ignorance."

Much of that summer holiday was spent by Mrs and Miss Pipe at Brighton, but towards its close Miss Pipe went back to Laleham to prepare for the new term. She received a letter there from her mother, the only one which has survived from their correspondence. It is so charming, and so illustrative of Mrs Pipe's bright, affectionate nature, that I venture to quote it:—

MY DEAR LOVE,—“All alone, yet not alone.” A thousand thanks for your unexpected but welcome letter. It is really full of interesting things, upon which I will not comment, because I wish to lay aside my pen as soon as possible. I have been walking and sitting on the Chain Pier most of the day, and then catering for my own dear self now that I have lost Miss Crowther, who did everything for me. Miss Elliot has favoured me with a visit. She is a good Jewyn Street Wesleyan, delighted with Mr Jackson and Mr Lightwood, but not so much pleased with Mr Lomas,—does not think his sermons suitable for young people! hear, hear. Bless dear Mr Barrett, and everybody else, who in any way helpeth or comforteth you, sweet love. How like you the cook and her cooking? I am tired of writing: good-night, dearest; perhaps I may add a line on Monday. See that you do not burn this beautiful letter, it would be barbarous: rather get it framed!

*Monday.*—Please thank Miss Crowther for her note and its enclosure. I went to Mr Vaughan's church yesterday morning, and walked to Kemptown Parade after dinner. My old teeth and my new ones have been quarrelling a little. Give my love to Miss Calvert, Mademoiselle, and to all the girls I know. And now, sweet love, let me beg

and pray of you not to be anxious about me or any one thing in the world. I have more hope for myself, and feel in better spirits.—God bless you, dearest, and grant you all the wisdom, grace, and strength you need.

YOUR LOVING MOTHER.

The term began with twenty-six pupils. Nicholls, the faithful and efficient housekeeper of many years, arrived at its beginning to relieve Mrs Pipe of increasing cares: Anne was still their devoted maid, and the younger servants were under her superintendence. In the garden old Wiltshire ruled, but somewhat slackly, and rigidly old-fashioned in his methods. Some word-pictures of Miss Pipe, revealing different facets of her administration, have reached me from pupils of 1861.

The first is by Miss Levick, who, when her years at Laleham were completed, found herself face to face with the unexpected problem of her future, and who bravely began one of the many schools which perpetuated the traditions and influence of Miss Pipe's methods, and which she used affectionately to call her "colonies." Miss Levick writes: "My first impressions of Miss Pipe were those of fear mingled with reverent admiration, and these were more or less maintained throughout my school-days. She struck me as hard and unsympathetic. I felt in her presence much like a snail that dares not put out its head, so that I then missed the closer friendship and companionship that might have been mine.

“The *Ideal*, which she unceasingly set before us, was well engraven upon our minds, and it was indeed our own fault if, after we left school, we did not strive to make it our *Real*. Her favourite character-pictures were taught us in Solomon’s ‘Virtuous Woman’ and Wordsworth’s ‘Perfect Woman,’ both of which we had to paraphrase under her severe but most interesting criticism. She ruled as a queen : her word was law : her look was an all-sufficient rebuke. Her personality was dovetailed into our studies, our leisure, our motives, our aspirations. As I look back upon those happy Laleham days, I realise what a splendid foundation she laid for the superstructure of a hard and difficult life, and how without her severe lessons of self-control the years would have been a sad failure. There has ever been a consciousness of her inspiring influence and reliance upon her example for organisation and the training of others in this her ‘daughter school.’ Never shall I forget one of the first Bible-classes I attended, when she depicted the love of our Heavenly Father, taking as the basis of her lesson the words, ‘I must be about my Father’s business.’ I was a child about twelve years old, with tears of home sickness very near the surface, and her words appealed to me with heart-stirring power. I knew that Sunday afternoon that God was not a far-off Deity, but a close embodiment of love. Rushing up to my room when the hour ended, and looking over the pretty, sheltered garden, I held

communion with Him who has ever guarded and guided my soul."

Miss Gibson writes: "I went to Laleham in 1861, when Miss Pipe was about thirty, and her slender figure with the delicate grave face, crowned with pale red hair, is very fresh in my memory, as well as her deep voice." Mrs Frank's recollections of this year and the next supplement those just quoted. She was one of Mr Corderoy's daughters, sent as soon as she was old enough to his friend's school. "It was my great privilege," she tells us, "to be admitted to Laleham at a time when Miss Pipe undertook most of the English teaching herself, when there were not so many girls as in later days, and when Mrs Pipe mothered us all in her sweet way, now and then administering a gentle rebuke. I was then one of the younger ones, but met with much kindness from those older than myself both in years and knowledge, and when I became an 'old girl' I was commissioned to look after and befriend new girls during their first term. I well remember my first morning at Laleham, for I spent part of it with Miss Pipe in her library, making out the time-table which was to regulate my work through the term. I owe my love of botany to her, and always looked forward to this class, and when, on two occasions, Mrs and Miss Pipe joined our family circle in the summer holiday, once in South Cornwall and once at Cromer, we had delightful rambles in search of new flowers and ferns. I think it was in 1862

that the 'Greenwood Treaty' was drawn up. A few of us were sitting one day in the summer-house at the end of the long walk, and talking of the future, wondering what it held in store for us, when some one suggested that we should all meet, if possible, that day ten years, and that in the meantime there should be an interchange of letters every year. The 'Treaty' was signed by about fifteen girls, and when the day came, those of us who were within reasonable distance met at Mrs Hoole's house in Russell Square, where we were most hospitably entertained and revived many memories of our years at school; then we all went by special invitation to Laleham, where we spent a delightful evening with dear Miss Pipe."

In 1861 Miss Pipe made all the time-tables herself, and in some of her older commonplace books there are skeleton drafts of these important and formidable documents, whose intricate manufacture occupied the first fortnight of every term. Every hour and every half hour were entered for each day in the week, and for each girl, and each girl's personal time-table was separately made. After a few years this task was handed over to the head English governess, and much tearing of hair and growling over the unreliable ways of visiting teachers generally distinguished its slow completion, delayed by courteous notes from eminent professors, which intimated an unavoidable and infinitesimal change of hour in their arrival.

Professor Sterndale Bennett gave the more advanced music-lessons, and was assisted by Mrs Taylor, his pupil, who was both an accomplished musician and fond of teaching. She was a harpist as well as a pianist, and for a few years taught the harp also. In time this old-fashioned instrument gave way to the violin.

Some first letters from Miss Pipe to the parents of her pupils indicate minor details, which supply touches in the memorial picture of Laleham. "Let me thank you," she wrote to one, "for your willingness to consult my wishes as to dress. I have none to express, however, that would not be in keeping, I am sure, with your own taste and judgment. We do not adopt a uniform, and my only desire is that the young ladies should dress simply and quietly, with no flowers outside their bonnets, no heavy jewellery, rich laces, elaborate trimmings, or other troublesome and showy things unsuitable to the busy, simple life of girls at school."

Already she was in correspondence with many girls who had left her school and all-embracing care. Letters of this year are witness to her pursuing tenderness and guidance. She was twenty-nine years old when she wrote as follows to a pupil who was in after years to become one of her most cherished friends: "Practise yourself in perseverance. Make up your mind deliberately to some purpose, and then steadily, tenaciously, in spite of all hindrances and discouragements, carry

it out. Every such effort made successfully will give you confidence and help you to other achievements. It often happens that people *naturally* deficient in some one quality become eminent for it. They are aware of the weak point and bend all other efforts to strengthen it, until they are conquerors and even more than conquerors. The impetuous and self-confident Moses becomes memorable for meekness; the fiery and revengeful John for gentleness. And so you, by patient, hopeful self-discipline will probably come to be firm and persevering. And bear in mind that every effort which you make *now*, in youth, is a seed, seemingly small and worthless; but it will bear fruit hereafter. The results of every thought, motive, effort in *youth* are wonderful. There is nothing like it in after-life. Take no holiday *at present*. Bear resolutely, earnestly on up the hill Difficulty. Do not turn aside to rest and sleep in pleasant harbours by the way. Be severe with yourself. This is your sowing-time. If you spend it wisely you shall not have 'to beg in harvest.'"

And to the same girl she wrote a few months later: "I write to wish you many happy returns of your birthday, and to offer you my earnest and affectionate congratulations on the twenty-first.

'Like the swell of some sweet time  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides onward into June.'

The joys and sorrows of life are henceforth deeper for you than heretofore, and its duties make larger



and more serious demands upon your thought and feeling. The God of your youth go with you through all the unseen years to come, delivering you in time of tribulation from despair; in time of wealth from all forgetfulness of Him, from being satisfied without His favour, which is better than *life*."

## CHAPTER IV.

## YEARS OF INCREASE.

(1862-1865.)

LALEHAM was now established a "city set upon a hill." Its light went out into a larger world than before, attracted attention, awoke interest. Twenty-five girls assembled for the first term of 1862, some of them daughters of enlightened members of the Church of England. The house could not hold more then, and Miss Pipe contemplated reducing rather than increasing that number. Some years later workmen, making an additional bath-room, had to break through a wall, and came unexpectedly on a large space comprising three rooms, hitherto unsuspected, probably walled-up by the first owner, and these rooms were utilised for another bath-room, a box-room, and an additional bedroom, so that the number of girls was increased rather than diminished. It was in fact impossible for Miss Pipe to reduce it. Laleham was the first of the greater schools for girls, and those parents who

could appreciate what that meant were too anxious to secure its advantages for their daughters to fail for want of eager and persistent entreaty. Such parents as were not Wesleyan readily consented to Miss Pipe's rule that all her girls should go to the Brixton Chapel. The majority were Wesleyans. On Sundays she made a point of being with them as much as possible, morning, afternoon, and evening; she walked with them to chapel and returned with them; in the afternoon she held a Bible-class, one of her most important means of personal spiritual influence; after the Bible-class all went to the music-room and sang hymns, in parts or singly, until the tea-bell rang. A certain number of the girls had tea with Mrs and Miss Pipe on that day, and after tea all, except those who were invalided, went again to chapel. There was no spirit of proselytism in this. She detested proselytism, and loved the Church of England as much as her own, but she honoured the Church in which she was brought up, and especially desired to be useful to the children of its members. She used to say: "I should just as deeply regret proselytism from the English to the Methodist Church, as I should regret proselytism from the Methodist to the English Church."

In a letter to Mrs Levick she explained her point of view: "We are, as you have understood, Wesleyans. Most of my pupils are Wesleyans likewise, but some belong to the Church. They

have all alike gone with us to chapel, however, although we have, close by, in the Park, a very excellent and able evangelical clergyman. We have attended occasional services at his church, and he is kindly willing to prepare for confirmation any of my girls who may desire it. As Wesleyans we are in full sympathy with the Church of England, differing, as you are no doubt aware, not in doctrine, but on immaterial points of church government. I should therefore be most happy to send part of my girls to church were it not that I prefer to keep them all on Sunday under my own personal care, which would be impracticable if we attended two places of worship." Another letter, written in 1862 to the mother of a girl brought up in the Church of England, goes into the question with still greater earnestness. This lady's daughter desired to receive the Holy Communion along with Miss Pipe and the majority of her school-fellows. The matter was laid before her mother thus: "Your daughter has expressed a wish to receive with us the Holy Communion, provided that her wish meet your approval. You will, during the holidays, have opportunities of conversation with her, and observation of her conduct while free and unrestrained at home, after which you may be able to acquaint me with your opinion as to the propriety of acceding to her request. I have myself no reason to offer which should set it aside. She is very obedient, diligent, earnest, and amiable. Her conduct is altogether irreproachable,

and everybody takes pleasure in her. There is nothing in her outward life inconsistent with the profession of a desire to rule herself by Christian principles. I believe many clergymen of the established Church agree with Dr Arnold in inviting young people who are religiously disposed to communicate even before confirmation. And I hope that the differences of ecclesiastical form, which distinguish our denomination from the parent Church, would not in any way affect my young friend, or cause her to be hereafter a less zealous and loyal Churchwoman. That her mind should be controlled and elevated by the highest motives which our holy religion can afford, I have earnestly at heart: to make her a Wesleyan Methodist would give me no satisfaction whatever. After you have considered and decided the question, I shall be glad of a few lines from you."

Miss Chambers was giving a weekly lesson on the structure and organs of the body and their care. In a letter to Miss Healey (afterwards Mrs Capper), Miss Pipe wrote: "The chief school news is that a course of lessons on the Laws of Health is being given here by a charming young woman of genius, beautiful, clever, and good, Miss Janet Chambers. I wish you could hear them. *This* is a subject which you must take up by-and-by. Dining at her father's the other day, I met, among other interesting people, Mr Charles Knight, a most amiable, quick, and cheerful old gentleman. He is trying to get Shakespeare's house turned

into a sort of Shakespearian Museum." Unhappily Miss Chambers was in such delicate health that the doctors forbade her finishing the course, and ordered her to Cannes. Before leaving she wrote to Miss Pipe :—

THOU DEAR SISTER,—My last grief is that I am forbidden to give another lesson at Laleham. I had hoped to have given the most interesting and poetical of all—the Circulation—next Wednesday. On Saturday I would like to come and sit an hour with you, if convenient, as I expect to leave next week. How deeply I feel your affection and sympathy it is vain to express or *try* to express except by eloquent silence. But one thing I *must* tell you is how much I love you, and how much I respect you. You have done me much good, and I am grateful for your friendship, and for the moments of highest, noblest exaltation since I left the dear old sphere in Scotland; I also lay at your feet my thanks. A grateful, peaceful memory of you will go with me abroad, and if our personal communion is indeed near its close, perhaps in the spirit-life our mutual influence may interblend, and living, actual fruit yet spring forth from out of our endeavours—however feebly—to realise God's best Truths in daily life. Perhaps, dear, our conversations may be of some good: interchange of ideas between two minds differently affected from without is always valuable, as the better showing us our parts and the length of our mental tether. The usefulness of your life, the sense of your responsibilities, and the calm, strong spirit with which you meet its various joys and sorrows, have always called forth my greatest admiration and reverence. That God may love and bless you and your kind, good mother is the most fervent prayer of your sister-friend,

JANET CHAMBERS.

Only two more of her letters survive from their correspondence,—one from Cannes, and a last from Verulam, Miss Chambers's London home, whither

she came next summer, to live only a few months longer, but in that short time to watch by her mother's deathbed in September 1863. Her own death followed on October 30 of the same year. So ended on earth a friendship which had gladdened and strengthened Miss Pipe more than any yet experienced. She was wont to say of Janet Chambers, "There are sane minds and insane; so there are people morally sane or insane. I believe there is a still higher conduct degree, and that Janet Chambers was a genius in matters affecting morals: she knew intuitively just the delicate differences in conduct which different circumstances required."

Early in 1862 Miss Pipe began to suffer from prostrating headaches, the unavoidable result of these crowded and strenuous years. She was laid aside for part of the Easter holiday, but revived to welcome her friends, Mr Corderoy and his daughters, who stayed at Laleham for some weeks while painters and paperers were in possession of their own house. Then was planned a summer holiday together in Cornwall, and this was happily carried out. In a letter to Miss Healey, dated September 8, Miss Pipe gives some bright details: "We enjoyed very much our rambles about the Land's End and the Scilly Isles. We were on the water a great part of nearly every day, steaming east and west, or sailing about the bay and landing at the caves and coves beyond it, — Mousehole with its exquisite ceiling of lady - fern and sea - spleenwort, Porth-

Curno, and so on. We fished and botanised and junketed and saw the proper sights, and made the proper excursions, and enjoyed ourselves very much. The Corderoy girls and boys went down into the depths of Botablach, and brought back wonderful stories, as behoved travellers into such regions; but I was proof against its attractions, and spent the afternoon upon the water." From Penzance Mrs and Miss Pipe went to the New Forest, and stayed a fortnight in a cottage at Lyndhurst,—a double change and rest which brought her recovery and recruiting. "We have come hither," she wrote, "for perfect rest and the quietness and beauty of these woods. We sit under the trees and lean against their mossy roots, listening to all the low, sweet woodland sounds,—bees humming over the heather, beetles that 'praise the Lord by rubbing their legs together,'—here and there a bird singing 'the vespers of another year,' and multitudinous beechen leaves talking in a low voice overhead. It is heaven to be so still! I find myself wonderfully soothed, refreshed, and strengthened by *friends* and *rest*, and am looking to the 17th with the old eagerness for work. I have got a governess at length. It is a lady whom Dr Kinkel calls 'the pearl of Bedford Square,' a place he considers the best institution in present existence for female education,—so I hope to be well seconded."

This lady, Miss Smith, now Mrs Fisher, gives us the following most interesting account of her introduction to Laleham and its staff: "My friend,



Mrs Macdonald, was a visiting teacher at Laleham. The teaching of mathematics to girls was just beginning, and she gave the lessons there. But her husband receiving his appointment at Oxford, she had to give up her lessons. Miss Pipe, Dr Kinkel, and Mrs Macdonald held a consultation on the subject of getting some one to take her place, at which Dr Kinkel turned to Mrs Macdonald and asked, 'What has become of that little red-haired girl who used to sit next you in my class at Bedford College?' I was then in Germany, but after some exchange of letters I went to Laleham in the autumn. Miss Pipe was then just over thirty and I was nineteen, but she looked old for her years. She was in bad health, overworked, thin, and very nervous. The school was in a most prosperous condition financially, and she felt the necessity of having more help. She taught many subjects herself, but not arithmetic or mathematics; but she knew how to get round her a set of first-rate teachers,—Dr Kinkel, Dr Hodgson, George Macdonald, Fräulein Heinrich, Madame Ferrari, Stern-dale Bennett. Dr Kinkel had been in prison and condemned to death, but he escaped through the ingenuity of his wife and Fräulein Heinrich. They sent him a piece of music in his bread, which contained in the notation a message that these two would be at the foot of his prison on a certain night with ropes. He was wearing hand-knitted stockings, and he unravelled them, tied pieces of bread as weights to the wool, and let it down to

his wife who was waiting below, who first sent up stronger cord, then files and ropes, and so he escaped. He went to England, and for many years could not have returned to Germany without risk of his life; and when permission was granted, he refused to leave Switzerland, where he spent his last years. It is difficult to give a clear account of my time at Laleham; many changes were taking place, Miss Pipe availing herself of every new light on education. Dear old Nicholls and Anne were the chief servants. I think it was in 1863 that the hall, study, and dining-rooms were re-carpeted with soft Axminster carpets, and I remember when Mr Cock came to examine some arithmetic classes in the following summer, Miss Pipe preceded him downstairs to the dining-room, where the girls were gathered. She opened the door and waited for him to pass in, when he bobbed down in front of her, exclaiming, 'Good gracious! real Axminster!' and very nearly caused Miss Pipe to tumble over him. Miss Calvert and Mademoiselle Golay were there in my time, and Fräulein Heinrich was also resident. Often when Miss Pipe was suffering from headache, Fräulein Heinrich or I, or both of us together, would be asked to play in the music-room with the door open, as her bedroom was close at hand. We used to play Beethoven's Symphonies arranged as duets, and Miss Pipe's favourite was No. 1. Mrs Pipe was a dear old lady, but hedged her daughter round with observances, and we sometimes felt it to be a grievance

that we could not freely approach her. It shows Miss Pipe's real greatness of character that she was able to grow out of and above this high hedge, and eventually to cut it down altogether. Professor Huggins used to come and lecture to us now and then on the Sun, I remember. I left in 1866 for my marriage; but ever after, and all along, she was our true friend, helping us in all sorts of ways. Dr Kinkel helped me much. I had a geography class which was a kind of preparatory class to his, and I always discussed my scheme of work for the coming term with him, and he gave me most valuable advice. It was my work to make the terrible time-tables at the beginning of the term. Mademoiselle Golay, a woman of sterling character, was the French governess. We divided the 'walk' between us, and I remember my dislike of it, especially on wet days, when an hour had to be spent in the gymnasium instead. I had always danced, and did not realise that dancing was anathema to the parents of many of the girls; so one wet day I started to teach them dancing during that terrible hour,—I thought it would be better for them than dawdling or strolling about. I soon taught them, and of course the girls thoroughly enjoyed it. One day I was playing a polka for them, and Miss Pipe came to the door and stood watching them for some time. She nodded to me, said nothing, and quietly vanished without having been noticed by the girls. Later, an injudicious person tried to make mischief about

the dancing, but I stuck to my guns, and was able to say that Miss Pipe knew all about it. One always felt that she wanted the best for the girls from every point of view, and as she never spared herself, we never shirked our work. I went to Laleham with love and enthusiasm for my work, but certainly from the intellectual side chiefly; she showed me how much more important the training of character was, and how we could help that in our work. Most of her girls at that time came from homes where money abounded, but no culture; and her great aim was to fit those girls for their future life in the world, so that they should be of value somehow, somewhere. Her health was very bad at that time, and she was not in a condition to take much interest in public questions. The war between the Northern and Southern States of America was raging, and party feeling ran high, and we thought she avoided the subject. In later years she took more interest in public questions."

Two letters to Miss Healey from Miss Pipe in 1863 supplement some of these most interesting reminiscences. Thus, in spring, she wrote: "As to myself, I am getting on prosperously. I never set to work in better heart than at the beginning of this term, and I was complimented on all hands upon my improved looks; but after a few days I was suddenly attacked by a fierce indisposition, which took me by surprise and whisked me off to the very edge of the world, and bade me look over down into the dark. I was soon out of danger,

however, but not so soon restored to vigour. Four days and nights of something like sea-sickness exhausted me. Mr Ward, dear old gentleman, was puzzled, but called in his clever son, who set me right. I went down to Tunbridge Wells to the junior Lidgetts for a few days until I was fit, and then came back again with red face and firm step to the confusion of everybody who had said I was dead and buried! I have a German and musical governess, a very interesting creature (Fräulein Heinrich), an excellent English governess (Miss Smith), Mademoiselle Golay, and good little Annie Calvert as helps, and I myself do less than of yore in *class-work*, though fully as much or more in the way of intercourse with the girls individually, and by constant direction and examination I hope to accomplish more than it was ever possible to do with my own hand."

That spring Mrs and Miss Pipe went to the Channel Islands, and in the autumn to Freshwater, within a walk of Tennyson's home in the Isle of Wight. "We are staying at a farmhouse, where we get transcendent eggs, butter, cream, new milk, brown bread, and capons, and listen to a perpetual chorus of sheep, kine, excited pigs, dogs, clucking hens, and forty gobbling turkeys. We are within three or four minutes' walk of the sea, wherein I bathe; which we visit before breakfast and by moonlight; whereby we walk and meditate at all hours of the day.

"Slattswoods, Dr Arnold's birthplace, is within

a drive. Alum Bay and the Needles are at the distance of a glorious walk, the finest I know except at Lynton. We go sometimes to a pleasant little rustic hotel there and return afterwards by the cliffs. 'Tis a pleasant life. . . . On the way home I shall probably spend one night at Tunbridge Wells, at Dr Hodgson's. He and his young wife are living there until September, when they will, I trust, remove to London. It is indirectly through an odd circumstance that we are able to take your sister Adela just now. So many of the girls took to the water last term, that I determined to have a new bath built, and the workmen, in boring for water-pipes, bored into a new room, or rather three new rooms!"

To the same correspondent was written the following criticism of George Eliot's 'Romola': " 'Romola' I have tried to get through. It is wonderfully clever, and the lesson taught is perhaps good, and yet I am not sure of this. I fear people might find in Tito on the one hand and Romola on the other, a confirmation of the theory that people are born good or bad and must of necessity live after their nature. But this may arise from the circumstance that she does not begin at the beginning. When Tito first comes before us, he is already capable of so base and fiendish an ingratitude that I put the book down in disgust and said, — Here is no room for development of character; the fellow is as bad

as he can be to begin with. Having promised to read it, however, I went at it again, and am glad I did, for it is exquisitely written, subtle in humour, profound in thought, perfect in that fine thing proportion, or, as Wordsworth calls it, *measure*. The command which the writer has over her feelings and imagination amazes me. She is helped in this, no doubt, by her fine taste and keen sense of the ludicrous. But all her books are such as a disciple of Socrates might have written. Even in her delineations of Christian character, there is a heathenish absence of Christian forces. Especially, she never loses an opportunity of showing you that she believes prayer to be merely one among the many equal activities of the human mind, having no relation to a supernal order of things. You will answer that it is not a novelist's business to teach religion. But she should either avoid the subject altogether, or treat it truly. . . . Part of the first volume of Edward Irving's 'Life' I read some time ago. We must not take too much to heart the aberrations of men like Irving, Newman, the great Pascal, Calvin, and others. I think if you notice you will find that these sincere and devout men are never suffered to go wrong in essential things,—in truths of life and practice, I mean. It is in scientific theology that they get wrong, and in science, whether theological or secular, infallible guidance is not promised us. They make blunders which cause

themselves and others much suffering, but why not? So long as they are kept humble, pure, and holy, the rest does not signify so much. All will come right hereafter. There is eternity before them wherein to learn. A *rest* remaineth, an *intellectual* rest. Think of that, my Lillie; is it not good to hope for?"

Such letters were written to all those of her girls who valued them after they left school. Perhaps her earliest pupils at Laleham Lodge and Laleham were those who got nearest her heart, for she was personally so occupied with them, that something of her very spirit entered them and shone with steady radiance in their morning of life. To her they confided their perplexities and opened their hearts. From her they sought counsel in the disposal of their time, in the doing of difficult duties, in the choice of books, and above all, in the ebb and flow of their spiritual life. She spoke of them long afterwards as a company of girls never to be forgotten, and never afterwards equalled at Laleham. A letter to Miss Gibson, written at New Year 1864, illustrates her continuous help: "I am by no means surprised to hear of your difficulty in finding time to read, nor can I say that I much deplore it, so long as you are well enough employed and are doing your work in the right spirit. Reading is not an end, but a means to an end. In so far as it tends to correct frivolity, anxiety, and worldliness,—to animate and fortify us with



true, wide, and noble views of life, character, and conduct,—it is a great benefit; but a *little* carefully read, and pondered earnestly, with humility and a sincere desire to learn, may serve all these highest purposes. I would advise you to get some single play of Shakespeare's,—say, 'The Merchant of Venice' or 'Macbeth,'—in Chambers's new edition, and read it over and over, and study it patiently, until it is your own. After a time get another. Have you seen Mr Charles Knight's 'Autobiography'? and made acquaintance with 'Pet Marjorie'? A little fiction of the satirical rather than the sentimental sort has its uses. To get laughed out of one's shams and weaknesses is a wholesome thing, and I know some excellent good people who would be all the better for a dose of Thackeray now and then, though they would shake their heads over me as a reprobate, or at best a very dubious person, if they heard me say so. You should read Stanley's 'Memorials of Canterbury,' by the way. I took up English history last term, Dr Kinkel keeping pace with me in art, and Mr MacDonald in literature. His readings in Chaucer were excellent, every line worth pages of history. In the evenings we read Stanley of the present, Froissart of the past, and many other books illustrating Plantagenet times. A course of this kind would be good for you at home, but it might require too much time. I think you have a copy of Sir James Stephen's lecture on 'Systematic and Desultory Reading'?"

Another letter to one of these old pupils, full of profound ethical and spiritual counsel, belongs to 1864: "*Do thy work*, and leave sorrow and joy to come of themselves. Do not limit the *work* to the outward activities of life. By work I mean not these only, though these certainly, but also the regulation of our moral feelings,—strive against pride, vanity, ostentation, self-righteousness, self-satisfaction and dissatisfaction, resentment, impatience, alienation, discontent, indolence, peevishness, hatred or dislike, inconstancy, cowardice, — untiring, hopeful effort after obedience to the will of God, and resolute, believing war with every temper contrary to the mind of Christ. It can be done, and it must be done. It is promised: it is commanded: it is possible. If you wish for something that you may not lawfully grasp, or cannot grasp, begin to fight, and never leave off until the *wish* is mastered and annihilated as completely as if it had never been once felt. This must be done not by desperate struggling so much as by calm, resolved, fixed faith. Do thus thy work, and leave sorrow and joy to come of themselves. . . . You see to obedience, faith, and righteousness. God will give you peace and joy in such measure as He pleases, and in increasing measure as the years go by. Until I was five or six and twenty, I think I had no peace or joy *at all*. Indeed, I never found any until I had given up caring for, praying for, hoping for, or in any way seek-

ing after comfort and feeling. I took up with just an historical faith in the Bible and said: He will not make me glad, but He shall not find me, therefore, swerve from following Him. I will do His holy will so far as I can, I will serve Him as well as I can, though not perhaps so well as others to whom the joy of the Lord gives strength. I will be content to do without these inward rewards, but with or without such wages I will do my best work for the Master. With this resolve, arrived at after years of weary strife, *rest* began for me, and deepened afterwards into peace, and heightened eventually into joy, and now from year to year, almost from week to week, an ever greatening blessedness."

Miss Pipe never confounded religion with emotional excitement. For her it was a stern combat, an arduous pilgrimage, in which one learned ever to fight better, ever to walk more warily and more resolutely, clad in the armour of God, girt and alert. There was no sentimentality in her spirituality. She knew the weakening effects of emotionalism, its tendency to relax discipline, the rank growths which it fosters, its spiritual pride and acrimony, its blatant and facile profession. *To be* what God had planned for her, made spiritually anew in *His* likeness, not neurotically in the semblance of His likeness, was her unrelenting aim. To the end her character radiated this likeness.

Another glimpse into the Laleham of those

the special privileges of the summer term. Often have I seen a group of girls round her on the lawn, absorbed in her accurate exposition of a flower, or a whole family of flowers, passing round to each other the blossoms and leaves and root, each to be examined, the first to be pulled scientifically to pieces, that its right to a family name might be duly attested. Sometimes a summer ramble would be taken in Kent or Surrey, to gather specimens and classify them; and it was Miss Pipe's habit, whenever she received a rare specimen from a friend, to bring it down to the dining-room after dinner and show it to the girls, writing its name and place on a black-board, and securing its claim to be hung on an already familiar peg in their memory.

The new girls were expected to learn the names of all the trees in the garden, and to bring her a leaf from each. She was often astonished to discover how little they knew of the beautiful home trees,—beech and oak, birch, fir and pine, ash, elder, willow, sycamore, mountain ash, hawthorn, and yew. Mr Cubitt had planted the garden of Laleham with groups of trees, native and acclimatised, and the girls soon knew them all,—ilexes, deodars and maples, deciduous firs, robinias, snowy mespilus, and every variety of flowering garden tree and shrub. In those days roses abounded, as well as lilacs, laburnums, flowering-currants, lilies and primroses, snowdrops, and for a few years even beautiful blue

gentians, and the teachers and girls had leave to gather them until the gradual outreaching of London and its smoke destroyed many varieties, and made gardening more and more difficult. In later years roses almost refused to flower, and frequent replanting scarcely availed. But trees and shrubs were at home and prospered. The house was clad in creepers—Virginian, ampelopsis, pyracantha, traveller's joy, a pale pink rose, hardy and lovely, jessamines yellow and white.

The same care to supplement all studies was taken in the matter of books, pictures, casts, photographs. What was called a "drawing-room" was held three times a-week for an hour after supper. Miss Pipe heard songs learnt, pieces of music which Fräulein Heinrich considered well practised, sometimes a duet, sometimes a part song. Between these she would read to the girls some passage in book or newspaper bearing on their history, geography, literature, or health lessons, often passing round engravings and photographs which illustrated the reading. The girls brought their needlework and listened, or at intervals chatted quietly. At the end Fräulein Heinrich played an exquisite little piece, which tradition held to have been composed for and dedicated to her by some famous musician, and which invariably closed the evening. Then came the "Good-nights" to Miss Pipe, which the girls valued above all things; the going to their rooms; Mrs Pipe's "tucking-up"; and a

peaceful hour for their teachers before they too retired.

Of Fräulein Heinrich—resident for a few years at Laleham, and afterwards for many years visiting teacher of music—something more should be said, and it can be said in Dr Kinkel's own words, when he introduced her to Miss Pipe: "Miss Augusta Heinrich is the daughter of a distinguished professor at Bonn, who was the editor of 'Juvenal,' with a celebrated commentary. She studied music after her first schooling under my wife, with a first-rate musician at Breslau; her school is the classical. She plays excellently (in concerts formerly), with more refinement than fire. As a teacher she will not easily be surpassed, for her musical training, also theoretically, is *thorough*. She has been teaching at Bonn and Breslau for above sixteen years. Miss Heinrich is tall, the face soft and yet full of decision; not beautiful, but without anything that could displease. She has had great sorrows, her family, except a sister, are all dead, and she has nobly fought the battle of life. She is gentle, and you will find her a lady in the full good sense of the word. She will be truthful to the last."

Miss Heinrich brought into the school not only her teaching of music and German, but a fine culture and deep interest in politics and the larger questions of the day. She was a woman of sterling conscientiousness, and her work en-

couraged not alone the love and knowledge of music, but also the sense of duty in her pupils. Some of them thought her too strenuous, and indeed she had a heart-searching Alemannic manner which sometimes eventuated in tears on both sides; but they loved her, and learnt to love her teaching both of music and of ethics.

A letter from George MacDonald, written in August 1864 from Oban, will indicate with what deepening spiritual influence Miss Pipe was now in contact, blending with that widening intellectual-atmosphere which men like Dr Hodgson and Dr Kinkel supplied: "You were most abundantly right in requesting of me what you did. And I don't think there is a phrase in your exposition of my views to which I would object. The fire of God's Love is indeed an awful one, and it will burn till the soul is made clean. Evil is the one terrible thing that God hates, and if nothing else will do He will burn it out of us, for He loves us. Can I say anything stronger? There *must* be a hell beyond, for there is one even here, though only occasionally does one become aware of it. Only with God Himself is there peace and safety. Death in itself can do nothing for any man. It is only as forming a part of the Eternal will and order of things, that *like Hell itself* it is good."

Miss Pipe's nervous health was slowly giving way, and early in 1865 it was evident that the continuous strain of all kinds threatened complete

exhaustion. A letter from herself to Miss Healey gives details of her constant suffering. Its date is March 16, 1865: "I know you would like a full, true, and particular account of me, and you shall have it. I am not well. I have been ill: first an intestinal spasm; then fomentations, ether, and a few hours' endurance of pain; then despair and opium; then a pleasant quiet night of utter and absolute sleeplessness; then a day of rest and sleep to make up for the lost night. Repeat the above often enough, and you get my story of the last two or three weeks. Meanwhile my doctor, who has examined me thoroughly, says that every organ in the body is perfectly sound; there is not even a tendency to mischief in heart, lungs, brain, or anything. But sixteen years of teaching have impaired my nervous energies, and I must either break down or get rest. Now I object to breaking down. I have, on the contrary, a very distinct intention of going on for fifteen or twenty years longer, until I am fifty or more. So I must take the alternative of rest,—but how? How? That is just the problem which presents itself for solution. If I can rest, the old energy will come back, and I shall be myself again; if otherwise, *not*."

On July 10 another letter tells of a temporary rally: "A true instinct guided you when you wrote to me, and led you to say just such things as would comfort me most. A fortnight at Wykeham Park did me great good. The kindness there



I can never forget nor sufficiently acknowledge. I began to eat strawberries there, at first forced, afterwards out of the garden. Strawberries in a basket accompanied me on the journey home. Strawberries grown here awaited my arrival. With little intermission I browse on strawberries till bedtime, and even afterwards, for being aroused by a savage application to the side on lying down, I rose up again, hopeless of sleep, and got a candle, the 'Spectator,' and a basket of strawberries beside me on the table. Thus I devoured near upon four pounds' weight of strawberries on the 17th of June. Next morning I was well, and have been well ever since, eating four basketful of strawberries every day, and five when I had time. Headaches, such as I had before this illness, are coming on again,—proof, if proof were needed, that the mischief is nervous. While ill this year, my head has been perfectly clear and strong—never a touch of headache since Christmas. I am not in a consumption, as Mr B. fancies, or falling a prey to any hereditary malady. As for my ancestors and collateral relatives, so far as their history has reached me, no two of them ever died of the same complaint, and I have had reason to give thanks for *mens sana in corpore sano*. But for the present I am fairly tired out. If I can get a good long holiday all will come right, I trust. It is much easier to do what has to be done now than what has had to be done in the past, and I think, if once well refreshed and thoroughly

rested, I may get on again for many years, as I fully mean to do, if able."

It was settled by the doctors consulted that Miss Pipe must go abroad for some months, and be absolutely relieved during her absence of all cares connected with her school.

Miss Smith was leaving at the end of the summer term; but fortunately Miss Bolton, a lady of admirable qualities and qualifications, had been engaged in her place to come to Laleham at close of the summer holidays. Miss Pound, qualified by years and experience, consented to come as superintendent during Mrs and Miss Pipe's absence, and for the rest, the staff of visiting and resident teachers was tried and known; the housekeeper and servants were unchanged; the regular order of every day was prescribed. Miss Bolton took up the secular lessons hitherto taught by Miss Pipe, and the time-tables, while Miss Pound took charge of the Bible-classes, supervision, accounts, and correspondence.

"It grieves me much to leave my girls, but it will not be so very long before I am again in the midst of them, and as a better-educated person!" So she wrote late in the term to Miss Healey, who was to go abroad with her and Mrs Pipe. They left early in August, and spent the remainder of that month, all September and part of October, in Switzerland, north and south; then travelled down to the Italian Lakes, and by slow stages to Florence, Pisa, and Rome. Miss

Pipe wrote regularly to Miss Pound—letters to be read aloud to the girls,—and frequently to her friend Miss Edith Corderoy. Many of these letters were copied and have been preserved, and they best reveal to us just what this tour was to her, and what she gathered and stored of its gains. A few of them belong to the narrative, and are of more importance to its accuracy and interest than any sketchy *résumé* can be. There is not space for all, although all are graphic,—and those introduced are specially selected as the most autobiographic in their character. The first was written to Miss Corderoy, on August 18, 1865, from Brestenberg, near Neuchâtel: “This is a hydropathic establishment, frequented by German and Swiss people. Here are just one Englishman, one Russian (a prince, chamberlain to the emperor), and the family of the D’Aubignés, Monsieur le Docteur himself, the historian, his English wife, mother-in-law, niece, children, and governess. There are bathing-houses in the lake, just off the banks, and I enjoy a good plunge every morning. In the evening we have good music—trios, vocal and instrumental duets. The Russian prince considers himself a good violinist, and one German girl has a lovely voice.” From Brestenberg they went on to Lucerne, where they spent some delightful days, and where they saw the Emperor and Empress of France, who arrived unexpectedly at the Schweizer Hof. “Eugénie looked very pretty; wore a silk dress, black and white plaid cloak,

black straw hat trimmed with green leaves, and a buff parasol. She made the most graceful little bows to the Luzerner folk, who lined their way from the station to the hotel."

At Lucerne they met John Gibson, the famous Scoto-Roman sculptor. "He has an interesting face. His manners are very simple; he talks well on Art, but seems to be, like most artists, rather one-sided and absorbed. He leaves Rome now for a short time in the heat of summer, though he has not always done so. He does not think people run any risk by living in Rome all the year round, if they take reasonable precautions against cold. Careless people take cold, and cold brings on fever. For twenty-seven years he was never in England. At the end of that time Mrs Huskisson—widow of Mr Huskisson, who was killed on the railway—persuaded him, after he had executed a bust of her husband, to accompany her home, and he afterwards visited her every summer to the end of her life. He speaks highly of Miss Hosmer as a sculptor, but does not think women likely to excel generally in sculpture. It is laborious, and needs great perseverance. For her last work Miss Hosmer asked 700 guineas; an English gentleman—Mr Guinness, I think—bought it at his own price of 1000 guineas. . . . Some people have taste, he says, as others have invention, or the power to see 'day-visions' (so the ancients called the conceptions of an artist), and this *taste* is to be cultivated by seeing beautiful things, by select

reading, and by hearing good remarks. The most beautiful faces, he says, are the most difficult to copy. The uglier faces are, the easier it is to get a good likeness of them."

From Lucerne to Ragatz, and from Ragatz to Chur, and then over the San Bernardino Pass to Hospenthal, were the succeeding stages. From Chur Miss Pipe began a letter to Miss Corderoy. "Here we are," she wrote on August 25, "at the foot of the Alps, hoping for a fine to-morrow and a fair journey over the Pass of the Bernardino. I have just come in from a ramble up the magnificent glen of the Schalfikthal, through which the young Rhine runs, chafing at the rocks which roughen its narrow bank and shallow bed, and hurrying on, impatient for a wider and more beneficent life. Here it is a mere brook. The hills rise high and steep on each side of this fine gorge, richly wooded. Vines and maize grow in the valleys. Elder and wild barberries are ripe in the hedges. All about the hillside woods grow beautiful mountain pinks, the veronica of our gardens, blue salvia, the small yellow foxglove, and an exquisite white flower unknown to me. . . . Nothing in Switzerland is so wonderful as the *illimitableness* of its beauties. . . . Here at Hospenthal (August 31) it is so misty that we cannot proceed to-day, the stretch of country immediately before us lying between the foot of St Gothard and the head of the Lake of Lucerne being quite too beautiful to traverse in a fog. So

while waiting for the weather to clear, we write our letters.

“From Chur over the Bernardino Pass, we had a glorious journey. Of the Via Mala everybody talks; of the Rofflischucht I never heard till we were passing through it, and yet it is not less beautiful than the Via Mala, though less stern in its grandeur. Fancy three miles of fernery on your left, three miles of cascades on your right, the Rhine rushing on stormily from ledge to ledge, leaping, roaring, dashing along, — three miles of pine forest above, their tops bronzed with ripe cones, and hoary mountains rising bare beyond them up into the sky! At the village of San Bernardino, 5000 feet above the sea, we paused for the Sunday, and an exquisite day we had, ‘so calm, so bright,’ but not ‘so cool’ as one would expect on the top of mountains more than a thousand feet higher than Snowdon. It was so hot, indeed, that we had to creep from one pine-tree to another, keeping under the shadow of green boughs and leaving the open spaces to the grasshoppers who made merry, and sprang and chirped. Cranberries and whinberries grew all about in profusion, and here and there were Alpine strawberries. A beautiful blue gentian is plentiful near the streams and several kinds of small rock plants, among them that which I have shown to you in the fernery at Laleham near akin to our Lady’s mantle, with an insignificant greenish flower, but a lovely compound leaf silvered underneath. Half

an hour's distance from the village lies a lake, small and still, dreaming in the sleep that is among the lonely hills. Grass grows, short and soft, to its very edge, and slopes away up into the fir woods on the hills, not lofty, which rise all around it, and beyond these hills you see the mountains with here and there a snowy peak, and you wonder how any ice can resist such sunshine. The only sound breaking the deep silence of this sweet spot is the tinkling of bells heard from over the water,—sheep bells, I suppose, or bells on cows, invisible happy creatures of some kind browsing among the fir woods. We left this charming nook, this wonderful ledge among the peaks of the high Alps, with some regret at 5 o'clock on Monday evening, in the diligence for Bellinzona."

From Bellinzona they started in a carriage to recross the Alps by the St Gothard Pass, but were stopped at Faïdo by a tremendous storm. They went on in a downpour next day. "We were huddled up in the body of the carriage, with windows closed, rugs, shawls, cloaks piled round us in most comfortable confusion. We were glad of a brandy-flask on the way, black coffee at the Hospice near the summit, and camphor at our journey's end, followed by hot soup and the rest of a good dinner at 7 o'clock here, in Hotel Mezerhof at Hospenthal."

They were at Interlaken, Berne, Glion, Lausanne, and Sion all September, but crossed the Simplon early in October, and stopped at Stresa, where,

leaving Mrs Pipe at the hotel, Miss Pipe and Miss Healey made a week's tour in the valleys of Monte Rosa. This is described in a letter to Miss Pound, dated Varallo, October 9: "Mists are coming down the mountains and threatening to keep us here until to-morrow. So I have sent into this quaint old town or village of Varallo for paper to write letters on. My mother is established as pensionnaire in the Hôtel des Isles Borromées at Stresa on the west bank of the Lago Maggiore while we are away. For these few days we have engaged the services of an excellent guide, who knows the district well, although properly he belongs to Mont Blanc. He ascended Mont Blanc with Albert Smith, and was his companion through five or six tours in Switzerland. We left Stresa on Friday morning and crossed the Monte Motterone on donkeys. It is not heroic to ride on donkeys, but it is less fatiguing than sitting still in an easy-chair. From the summit of the Motterone you see the plains of Lombardy from the snows of Monte Rosa to the white cathedral of Milan, and beyond it Maggiore and five other lakes lying at your feet. As we saw this glorious landscape on Friday lying in shine and shadow under a clouded and changing sky, the mountains stood robed in a purple fit for some dream of Paradise. These hues are seldom seen, says our guide, except far on in autumn. I hope they may never fade out of my memory, but keep me company for the rest of my mortal life. We descended upon Lake Orta, the



grandest of the lakes, much more imposing than Maggiore. Every one we meet seems to be disappointed with Maggiore. For me, however, its luxuriant and most graceful scenery has a singular charm. It is a land of refined outline, harmonious colouring, transparent air, cheerful villages and villas. Upon this you enter past the eternal ice and through the stupendous gorges of the Simplon. We slept at Orta, crossed the lake next morning to Pella, and thence came over the Col di Colena to Varallo. Near the summit of the Col we sat down on the grass to lunch on grapes, biscuits, and Alpine cream from a *châlet* near by. It was a beautiful spot, where we could have stayed for hours. Yesterday, Sunday, we spent a long morning on the Sacro Monte here at Varallo, with its forty-six chapels,—much husk of ceremonial and little grain of worship. Each chapel contains a group of figures life-size representing some event in the Life and Passion of our Lord. We saw, for instance, Him sitting on the well and talking with the woman of Samaria—apropos whereof we sat on the grass outside and read the 4th of St John, translating it for the benefit of our guide, who was much surprised and interested by this and other stories, which seemed for the most part new to him. Up the valley far and near come pilgrims to the Sacro Monte. They patter their prayers on the way from chapel to chapel, and gain a liberal indulgence if they mount a holy staircase of stone on their knees."

From Macugnaga, Val Angasca, a letter was sent to Miss Corderoy giving further particulars of this delightful detour, this time of Val Mastalone and Val Angasca: "The mountains are glorious to-day, even the lower hills having much snow on them. But the weather is still unsettled. On Monday, if it be fine, we shall return to Stresa. Perhaps this bad weather is the best thing for *me*. I was so excited with these glorious mountains, that I believe if unchecked I should have gone on to attempt things beyond my strength, and perhaps have come to some harm. I was ready to cross the Monte Moro and the Theodule, and should have gone up the Matterhorn between the two on very slight provocation! But the snow king lays his soft and silent veto on my wild plans, and coops me up in this most comfortable little inn, where rest, fine air, and the Monte Rosa close at hand, and seen through all three windows of my room, will be better for me than climbing around Zermatt."

On their return to Stresa they found Mrs Pipe well and contented, amongst pleasant people,— "some botanists, a lady who has found a large mineralogical collection, and another who has travelled in Africa, where no European lady had been before. She heard there that there were 'only lions' in a certain forest, so she went into it to spend a quiet Sunday!"

Their next halting-place was Lugano, where it

was very cold and rainy. "In a chapel close by is a beautiful picture of 1530, by Bernardino Luinó, a Madonna with the infant Christ and the Baptist. The Virgin has a face not symmetrically perfect, but full of most tender, pure, womanly feeling. She bends over the children with an affection deepened and chastened by some foresight of sorrow. I must go and see it every day while we are here."

Milan took some time, but they were perhaps less interested there than in Bologna: "This unique old town, the place of all others to do your shopping in on a rainy day, or a very hot one either. You need neither umbrellas nor parasols, going from end to end under continuous arcades, and the streets, as everywhere in Italy, are so narrow that in crossing from one side to the other you have scarcely time to get dazzled by sun or wet by rain." Here they rejoiced in Niccolò Pisano's wonderful sculptures, saw Raphael's St Cecilia, not altogether uncritically, and the Francia pictures.

On November 14 they left Bologna for Florence, where, after much vain inquiry at over-full hotels, they got two rooms in the Hotel Milano, where they spent a month. The weather was grey and cloudy, and the beautiful city never fully revealed herself, but they saw her treasures over and over again.

On December 13 they started for Lucca and Pisa *en route* to Rome, which they reached on the 15th.

“We crossed the Papal frontier about half an hour after midnight, and were there dragged out of the coupé to be fumigated. We stood shivering for some three minutes in a small room with chloride of lime, frowning or smiling at each other according as a sense of the uncomfortable or a sense of the ridiculous predominated. This over, we packed ourselves afresh into the strait coupé and rumbled on to Civita Vecchia. Here our boxes in their turn were fumigated and examined, my photographs of Miss Smith, Anne, and a few other friends being specially scrutinised, lest peradventure some profane caricature of the Holy Father should cross the frontier. We started again at 7.30 A.M. and very much enjoyed morning on the Campagna, the blue Mediterranean, the hills, the plains all radiant under a splendid level sun.”

After a few days at the Hotel Minerva, they found winter quarters at 51 Piazza di Spagna, and settled down comfortably to the fascinating pre-occupations of a first visit to Rome, with day after day of unclouded sunshine to favour them.

## CHAPTER V.

## RETURN TO WORK.

(1866-1867.)

IN these days, when so many of us visit Rome, prolonged descriptions of Miss Pipe's residence there might prove tedious, and her biographer may be well advised in noting but few of the incidents which she recorded. Amongst these is one described in a letter to Anne, her faithful maid. It is dated February 1, 1866:—

“We went to St Peter's this morning between eight and nine o'clock. The French troops stood in two long rows for the procession to pass between. . . . A little while afterwards singing began inside the church, but far off near the door. As it drew nearer we saw the procession advancing, cardinals, bishops, and other ecclesiastics, and in the midst of them the Pope under a canopy of crimson and gold. His bearers were dressed in crimson satin, crimson cloth, and white lace. He was robed in crimson embroidered with gold. At other times during the ceremony he wore white

satin robes and a silver mitre. He sat down upon his throne, and there he blessed the holy candles, for this is Candlemas-day. Every cardinal had a great candle given to him after kneeling to kiss the ring on the Pope's finger and his knee. By-and-by, when all the grand people had received their candles, there was another procession round the church. The Pope carried a lighted candle, and so did everybody in his train, and very brilliant it looked,—the candles flashing on the rich embroideries and uniforms, and lighting up the scarlet and purple cardinals, the white silk mitres of the bishops, and all their capes of ermine and lace. The Pope did not celebrate mass, but a cardinal in his presence."

Miss Pipe wrote to Miss Corderoy a few days later: "Mr Gibson, the sculptor, died this morning, about seven o'clock, very quietly. Yesterday arrived a telegram from the Queen inquiring after him. It was put into his hands, and when they sought to take it away he held it fast, and, keeping it, went to sleep. . . . Life here is indescribably fascinating: I am half-wild with pictures, statues, ruins, and sunshine."

She attended a reception at the Austrian Embassy, where Baron Hübner and the Princess Aldobrandini received the guests. Miss Pipe had a keen eye for pretty dresses, and describes in her diary what the great ladies wore, and hits off Cardinal Antonelli as "gay; his common mouth spoils an otherwise not despicable face; red cap,

gold chain, decoration (diamond star)." At this function "a skeleton lady paraded the rooms as a sort of ghastly joke."

During those busy weeks she was studying Italian with grammar and exercises, besides reading aloud to her mother all available books on what they saw—"The Ghetto," by Gregorovius, amongst them. She bought cameos, casts, bronzes, and silk scarves; went to Tivoli and Hadrian's Villa, and noted as in flower there, anemones, violets, and periwinkles; rejoiced in the wild maidenhair fern; visited numberless studios; saw every gallery, palace, and church, and finally left Rome on February 22 for Civita Vecchia, where they took the steamer to Leghorn, arriving early next morning, and travelling thence to Pisa and past Carrara to Spezzia. After a few days' rest they started for Genoa, where it rained for two days. Then by Milan they reached Brescia, where Miss Pipe saw in the church of San Mazzaro Moretto's Coronation of the Virgin, which includes St Michael defeating the evil one. This detail clung to her memory, and when she returned to Laleham, she wrote to a fine copyist at Brescia and ordered it to be copied and sent to her. It was hung over the fireplace in the inner hall, so that all entering could see this beautiful symbol of the fight with evil and its overcoming,—a fight which was very real to her, and on which she dwelt with constant pressure to the point.

Only one day was given to Venice, for their berths had been taken in the steamer *Marathon*, which they joined on March 8. The voyage lasted a fortnight, and on the evening of March 23, 1866, Mrs and Miss Pipe were once more safely home at Laleham.

The school was in good order, more pupils than ever were pressing to be accepted; Miss Bolton, with whom Miss Pipe had practically still to make acquaintance, had proved herself to be of sterling value in administrative power, dignity, and charm of manner, influence with the girls and tact with the teachers. Miss Pound had acquitted herself of her most difficult undertaking with due success, and had won the respect of the girls. It was a trying position for her to occupy even for two brief terms the vacant chair of their beloved "school-mother," and daring spirits amongst them, who sighed for the "Restoration," invented a conundrum which partially relieved their feelings: "Why are the Laleham girls inveterate smokers?"—"Because they would gladly give a pound for a pipe."

But Miss Pound surrendered her charge intact and unrebelling, and was rewarded by Miss Pipe's deep and grateful appreciation of a service to which she owed complete restoration to health. The absence of anxiety about Laleham had indeed been a main factor in her great gain.

But if anxiety had kept its worried brow and petulant interrogations in the background during



her absence, these were soon thrust into the peace and planning of the spring holidays. The renewed distress arose from an old contention, the pitiable one which is being for ever raised by ignorant and stagnant minds against those who "trouble the waters." Miss Pipe was again attacked on the question of doctrinal faith, and had again to give out no uncertain sound as to her attitude on cardinal points of Christian teaching. How deeply this grieved her is revealed in her letters on the subject. Either one of her girls had given some imperfect account of the Bible-classes which were so memorable a means of their spiritual enlightenment, or, what is more probable, some one to whom this girl was trying to describe their teaching, failed to understand, and promptly sent round the fiery cross. On April 17, 1866, a month after her return, Miss Pipe wrote to one of her old pupils as follows: "A friend has surprised me by the anxiety with which she inquired into the tenor of my teaching in the Bible-class, and asked whether I had lost my faith in the cardinal doctrine of our Saviour's atonement for sin. She named *you* in connection with this doubt in her mind. I concluded that something said by you must have been misunderstood and changed in the reporting. Or is it possible that I have myself been unclear in my teaching? Surely not so unclear as that any one who listened as earnestly and intelligently as *you* always did should be able to think me a believer in only

*half* the doctrine of last Sunday's Collect, which sets forth Christ as '*both* a sacrifice for sin and also an ensample of godly life.' Of one thing I am aware, that I deal less with speculation than with action, less directly with doctrines than with their application to practical life, but in the application of them they themselves are necessarily dwelt on more or less, and this truth of the Atonement, so vital and central, lying at the very root of the Christian life, comes before us continually. I have said to my Unitarian friends,—'Recommend no pupils to my school who are not prepared to hear me teach in my Bible-class the Incarnation and Sacrifice of Christ.' And to my girls I have taught that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself—not reconciling Himself unto the world: *He* was never alienated. It is *we* who have been alienated in our minds and need restoring through the adorable Atonement of Christ, our Mediator to the Father, who has loved us all through, as the father in the parable loved his prodigal son. We were too far gone to be restored by any 'ensample of a godly life,' or by any manifestation of unsuffering benevolence towards us such as He gives us in His rain and sunshine. By His *stripes* we are healed. I dare not attempt to explain to the logical understanding this mystery of Love as if it were a mathematical proposition. It is this bleeding Helper, obedient for us unto the anguish of Gethsemane and the bitter death of the Cross, whose dauntless and all-prevalent love

quells the terror, the enmity, the dark mistrust of God, with which the fallen mind is filled. Shall not He who has given us His Son, with Him freely give us all things? God forbid that I should glory save in His Cross,—not in the godly life, but in the atoning Cross, of Jesus Christ, my Lord. I have heard a complaint, not of you in particular, but of my girls in general, that they are impatient of narrow views and narrow-minded people. Such a complaint always gives me keen pain. I am ashamed of my ill success as a teacher. Better narrow-mindedness than *contempt* of narrow-mindedness. Anger on the part of narrow people against those *who seem to them* to be loose in their views, is almost righteous. But impatience on the part of the professedly tolerant is a weakness and an inconsistency and an unpardonable sin. For what is width of mind unless it be power of seeing truth and goodness widely spread in human creeds and lives? power to recognise truth under disguising forms and limitations? and this should surely widen our charities and our sympathies; increase and not lessen our patience; increase and not lessen our reverence and love for others. It is natural in the narrow-minded to be repelled by what they cannot understand. It is absurd as well as most wrong on the part of wider thinkers to stand aloof from those whom they profess to comprehend and tolerate. Capacity to understand widely is less than nothing and vanity, unless found along with capacity to love greatly.

Knowledge—the knowledge of the wisest—shall pass away, losing itself in a higher knowledge; that which seems to be knowledge *now* shall show hereafter as ignorance: but charity abideth for ever. Let us not flatter ourselves that we are tolerant till we have learned to bear intolerance. We must be able to love them that do not love us; to sympathise with those who do not sympathise with us, or we have not the mind of Christ, and our ‘wide views’ are but our condemnation. . . . I am sure you will be pleased to hear that I am quite well again; wonderfully refreshed and invigorated by this long and delightful holiday. Some day I hope to see you and tell you a host of travellers’ tales.”

In a letter dated August 5 of the same year, Miss Pipe resumed the subject with an added depth of feeling to the same old pupil, who was passing through the chill valley of wavering faith. “I have known too much of the anguish of doubt to be able to listen otherwise than with keen and tender sympathy to the voice of such as I hear ‘crying in the night.’ Still I listen with hope, because, though weeping endured with me for a night, yet joy came in the morning. And the light of a morning without clouds, brightening towards infinite noon, is sweeter by reason of that horror of great darkness which went before it. I have found truth enough to live by, and this is promised to all who set their heart on doing the will of God. Truth enough, I say, and this is all

that we must hope or need wish for. To absolute theological truth, probably the most rigorous thinkers are little nearer than the feeblest:—

‘In His own words we Christ adore,  
But angels, as we speak,  
Higher above our meaning soar  
Than we o’er children weak.’

This persuasion respecting the imperfectness of human creeds leads me to care less and less for religious opinions; more and more for religious living.

‘Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers.’

If we lived up to the narrowest of our narrow creeds, should we not be far purer and mightier persons than we are? Not that I would stifle thought or despise it. But it is not by the intellect alone—by any amount of ratiocination and argumentation—that we shall arrive at the truth. The logical understanding is destructive rather than creative, and if we follow it alone, it will eat away article after article of our belief, till not one stone be left upon another of the house which our spirit should dwell in. Divine truth is not to be taken captive by logic. A meek heart and an obedient life will help us more than syllogisms. It is wonderful to note how, after some struggle with a fierce temptation and triumphant victory over it, all the mind is flooded with sacred light, and truths standing in no immediate relation with the point for which we have been contending, come out like

distant mountains showing through the cleared air. Above, and beyond all, hold fast to meekness. 'The meek will He guide in judgment.' If we are in earnest morally, and not merely intellectually inquisitive, doubt will be pain. To a sincere soul, wrung with doubt of holy things, much talk is impossible. We suffer too much to be able to talk. I have passed through moments of awful doubt, in which I durst not speak even to my mother, who commonly shares with me every innermost thought and feeling. The horrible dread of disturbing her mind has sealed my lips in the sternest and loneliest silence.

"On the subject of eternal punishment, Tennyson, in 'In Memoriam,' embodies very nearly what I think and feel, except that his misgivings arise out of a contemplation of nature, mine out of the awful freedom of the *will*. On the inspiration of Scripture I cannot say much worth reading, having never thought a great deal about it: it is not a subject that has troubled me."

The summer holiday of 1866 was spent at Pontresina, whither Mrs and Miss Pipe travelled direct, and where they stayed till it was time to go home again. Of this holiday, the only memorandum which I can find occurs in a letter from Dr Kinkel, dated September 17, 1866. Laleham was to lose this great and inspiring teacher. He had been offered permission to return to Germany, and had declined it, but had accepted an invitation from the University at Zurich to fill the chair of

Art-history. He wrote: "I would not trouble you with any business during your glorious mountain stay, and so delayed writing. Your description of the Alps, so sharp in its outline, so glorious in its tints, makes me regret that the practical work of life turns you away from literary pursuits. Do not believe me such a barbarian that marmots should interest me more than edelweiss; but in teaching geography, I am afraid one excites less interest by botany than by zoology, unless we could throw into the former the powerful enthusiasm which prompted your lines on the Alpine flora. Meanwhile, I have been rambling in my own footsteps, having been to Cornwall again, and especially Tintagel. The mystery of early European life, where it begins to turn into history, — I am not speaking of the Lake people, — is Keltism, and more and more, as we separate ourselves from that root of our present existence, our Teutonism becomes dry, unpoetical, fancyless. The terrible materialism of the present Cornish race—the worse for being without joy and merriment—taught me the deep lesson that nations do not gain by giving up their own language and entering the circle of another nationality. I mean to apply this lesson to our German pretension of 'Germanising' the Slavonians. We leave on the 28th or 29th. My friends intend giving us a public entertainment, which I see advertised in to-day's papers. I hope I shall see you and Mrs Pipe again; but if not now, I come about New Year,

when some lectures in the north and a university examination will recall me to England. Here are some lines in answer to your last kind word about the Fridays :—

‘ Wenn Sie uns fehlen, geht es schief !  
Macht es nicht so gefährlich !  
Die Welt läuft wie sie gestern lief,  
Niemand ist unentbehrlich ! ’ ”

Mr Sonnenschein, whom Dr Kinkel had recommended, took his place, and when I first knew Laleham, was giving what were called the Physical Geography lectures and lessons in arithmetic. Miss Bolton, whose mother was German, and who spoke and wrote German perfectly, undertook that branch of the language curriculum, and for a short time Miss Pipe resumed her lessons in history. If Mr Sonnenschein did not inspire intellectual ardour as Dr Kinkel had done, he was a notable teacher, and a teacher of teachers, and his experience of German methods, as well as a positive genius for gradual and progressive mental training, —leading his class from step to step upwards by a logical gradient,—made him a valuable addition to the wealth of educative influence at Laleham.

On January 26, 1867, I went to Laleham to occupy an interim position between the formal staff of resident teachers and the girls, than whom I was much older. I desired to see the working of a great girls’ school, and to be taught how to teach, and Miss Pipe allowed me to come to her for these advantages, and to give in return some



time to the correction of abstracts, to teaching preparation classes, to taking notes of the lectures and copying them out for her,—all occupations which furthered my own purpose. Just released from a monotonous pressure of Edinburgh gaieties, of which I was heartily weary, longing for work sufficient to absorb energies hitherto wasted but not yet atrophied, my first contact with the school and its schoolmistress made an indelible impression which I would fain reproduce in all its original force and form. I had travelled from the north on a certain Thursday (the 26th January), which was appointed for the return of Miss Pipe's resident governesses, French and English. The drive from the north-west to the south-west of London, Clapham Park, so much more secluded and stately then than now, the turn from King's Road into Clarence Road, and through the gate to the front door of Laleham House, I still dimly remember, because of an almost stifling apprehension which accompanied me that I was a hopelessly inadequate person, little short of an impostor, who dared to seek admission into so lofty a sphere without a single qualification which could guarantee her fitness. For I discounted all the kind things said by the lady who introduced me to Miss Pipe, partly because the Scot in me held appreciation for far less than it was worth, and partly because, brought up in a then surviving discipline of Calvinistic depreciation, it never occurred to me as possible that there was any good

thing in me. I was only conscious of an immense desire to work; to try the treadmill if I could not climb; to be about some business which would annihilate my useless past, and initiate at all events wholesome drudgery, if more ambitious usefulness were out of the question. And so God sent me, through Mrs William Hertz, to Miss Pipe and Laleham. To Mrs Hertz, now passed away, my thoughts often turn with boundless gratitude. I was ushered that afternoon into what was called the morning-room at Laleham,—a drawing-room separated then from the large music-room by curtains, which were later taken down and replaced by screens. A moment later these curtains were lifted in the centre and Miss Pipe came in. She was dressed in rich black silk, with a sweeping train; it was made a little open at the neck, where was a frill of real lace, and she wore a locket set with opals, pendent from a narrow black velvet ribbon. I knew later that it held some of Janet Chambers's hair. She came forward with a welcome so courteous and sweet, that black apprehension spread its wings and fled. I remember her lovely colouring, her rich coils and ringlets of bronze-gold hair in waving braids upon the forehead, her clear, blue, penetrating eyes, full of kindly interest, and her questions about my journey, about the friends I had left,—just as if I had come to pay a visit instead of to undergo a crisis as acute as the sloughing of a serpent's skin, as radical as a reincarnation. She took me to the bedroom pre-

pared for me, saw to hot water and help in unpacking, and bade me come downstairs when ready to dinner in the library. There I found her and Mrs Pipe, a beautiful old lady who sat knitting by the fire, and Miss Levick, who had come for a few weeks to give help. Dinner was served for me alone, while Miss Pipe and Miss Levick made a list of articles so incongruous—I remember “child’s leg” and “primroses” as two of the items—that at last I laughed, and they all laughed with me. The spell of shyness was broken, and I felt if not yet admitted to fellowship with the angels, at least on terms of speaking acquaintance. One by one the other teachers arrived, and by the time we said good-night I was aware that the bar was crossed, that the ship stood out to sea, and that I was one of the humbler mariners on board an imposing frigate, captained, officered, and manned, and under an organisation absolutely complete and efficient.

Indeed, it was always as a ship, or a little kingdom, that my simile-seeking mind pictured Laleham. We were so shut in there, so unconscious of an outer world, so occupied with the discipline, service, and interests of our own world, so awake to their importance, so recreated by each other and by the routine of varied work; and above all, so bound in allegiance to our captain, in whom we had implicit faith.

It was this last condition which made the life of Laleham. That life was the breath of its ruler.

There was no detail into which her moulding and vivifying mind did not penetrate. It is, indeed, difficult, recalling those distant days, truthfully to present a conclusion to which all my observation, all my experience, in them conducted me. Miss Pipe was sometimes playfully compared to Queen Elizabeth; and perhaps, except for its superb purity, refinement, and spirituality, her character as ruler somewhat resembled that of the great Tudor queen,—but while Elizabeth wisely selected and sternly governed her servants, Miss Pipe's will *lived* in those who carried out the details of her government. There is no real analogy. Elizabeth ruled for herself and for the policy which concerned her,—Miss Pipe ruled for God and for His righteousness. We have already noticed that making for the highest, which was the motive-power of her compound character, mental and moral. This was so inevitable in its recurrence, that there was no smallest detail of the working of her school which had not passed through the most scrupulous investigation as to its fitness from every point of view,—paper, pens, study-chairs, the height of study-tables; and in more important matters—food, ventilation, drainage, the alternation of study with rest, and the insistence upon a daily interval of complete solitude for each girl. When this principle came to be applied to revising the curriculum of study,—as was essential after every few years,—it was felt in the stern and

laborious research made into the influence of that about to be abandoned or modified, and the painstaking acquisition of information concerning the reforms to be introduced. For this she called a council of her teachers, resident and visiting, and submitted her plans to their opinion; each was debated from every point of view; she held tenaciously to what her conviction approved, and altered willingly what their arguments proved to be in need of change. The one aim was to establish on a basis that could be trusted at all points, an integral course of work, whose parts supported each other, and made for education in its highest sense.

During each term there was a weekly gathering of the resident teachers on Friday evenings, when, after tea, notebooks were produced and details were given of the week's work and of the progress made by each girl in the classes discussed. Of all the more important details Miss Pipe made notes. Laxity, indifference, triviality on the part of a girl, she dealt with in her weekly half-hour with each alone, and that with such finesse that the girl found herself making confession of her fault, and, except in serious cases, unwitting the source of Miss Pipe's knowledge. These half-hours were instruments of their highest education. They were, I believe, delightful to the girls themselves, and ever more so, as they yielded to her influence. She made them the occasion of discovering what

really lay in each young nature, of drawing out and cherishing all that was best, of aiding powerfully in the suppression of all that was furtive, insincere, undesirable. Now and then a girl baffled even her penetration, and it took several terms to reach the foe lurking behind entrenchments, but she was rarely altogether foiled. Once a very difficult case cost her an illness, so distressed was she at the obstinacy with which a girl defended a position which only blindness to the right could have led her to occupy. I can remember her suffering, the tears which she shed, the physical collapse at last. But this was very rare; her appeal, her prayers, and her example rarely missed their mark, and generations of girls passed from her care with wills renewed and lives dedicated, who call her "blessed" now, and whose children in all parts of the world owe, under God, their maternal training to those "half-hours." It was almost a guide to a girl's growth in every kind of grace to note how her terror of the "half-hour" was gradually transformed into liking, and how liking quickened into delight. But this was not her only means of influence. What were called the Bible-classes became powerful in her hands. These took place four mornings in the week and on Sunday afternoons. At these Miss Pipe was alone with the girls, no teacher nor visitor was admitted. As a singular favour and kindness I was permitted to attend the Bible-classes during three

terms. On Sundays the subjects were wholly spiritual, and the minds of the girls were prepared for the class by finding and learning portions of Scripture which bore on them. But the week-day class, held in the morning for half an hour, had—if the same object—a different mode of accomplishing it. Often the meeting of teachers decided their particular tendency, and what Miss Pipe said—directed to no special girl—contained some clear exposition of the failings to which schoolgirls are prone, so delicately pressed upon the attention of all as to seem of valuable guidance to all. On other occasions a passage of lofty prose or beautiful poetry would form the text. These "passages" were copied and learnt by heart, and were repeated by the girls from time to time. Miss Pipe believed in the power of great thoughts, and the girls aided her in selecting them. "Day by day," writes Lady M'Dougall, "we were convinced of sin, of righteousness, of judgment here and now; and every day the way of holiness looked more attractive, and slow unwilling feet were constrained to follow thitherward."

Evening prayers formed another arresting and constraining means of grace. Morning prayers were taken by Miss Bolton, but in the evening Miss Pipe presided. "The girls came in and the servants, and the door was shut. After a hymn, she read the Scripture chosen with so much reverence and penetration that it seemed fuller

of meaning than before. All kneeled down, and quietly she poured forth her soul in prayer and confession of sin and weakness, and laid hold of Almighty love and power to raise us up."

One other passage from Lady M'Dougall's letter should be quoted as giving a graphic picture of her dealing with the individual.

"One girl had been only three days at Laleham when she was sent for to see Miss Pipe alone. She had been flagrantly inconsiderate, and had laughed at the wrong time. Miss Pipe received her quietly, and told her of her fault. The girl replied that she couldn't help it. 'Your father, I know, is a gentleman,' said Miss Pipe, 'your mother a lady,—but what sort of a person you are I don't know.' The words were trenchant, but wholesome. The girl left the room humble, contrite, and full of better resolutions. A week later she was again sent for. This time she had offended somewhat in ignorance; the principles of truth and sincerity were involved. She sat with Miss Pipe for over an hour, and there were such grief and gentleness, such explicit handling of the subject, that the girl got a new view of what goes to make up sincerity in thought and word and deed, and the blessedness of the first two beatitudes was hers. So the work went on. Character and conduct, as shown in each girl's life and work at school, were scrutinised, corrected, developed."

Miss Lidgett alludes to Miss Pipe's religious



teaching in her contribution to the 'Memorial Magazine' of 1907: "How wonderfully she made us see that salvation was a matter for every day, that Christ was at our side in every conflict with evil, either in our own hearts or in outside things. How she tried to teach us to watch against worldliness, that we should never give way to vain excitement as to the impression we might be making on other people, but whether in company or alone we should live simply in the presence of God; that we should not dream nor scheme as to pleasant things that might happen to us, but be glad in all good that might come, and that we should learn to dwell firmly in the peace of God whatever might befall us. These were frequently amongst the last words of her evening prayer,— 'May we all meet unscathed by the world, without one missing, in Thy Kingdom at last.'"

To secure freedom from overstrain the daily half-hour's solitude was decreed. It might be spent in the garden or in the bedroom,—in reading, needlework, or retrospect and meditation; but it was to be restfully spent, and no school-work might monopolise it. It was as carefully registered in each girl's time-table as was the most important class. For half an hour all work and worries were to be forgotten, and peace was to be invoked. Miss Pipe was too wise to *bid* her girls use this half-hour in prayer; but by all whom she had led upwards to the point

of finding peace in the presence of God it was used for prayer.

Another detail of her provision for their secular education impressed me with her scrupulous care. The library was stocked with every best book of reference, and yearly large additions were made to its shelves. This annual instalment bore on the lectures given during the year—whether Laws of Health, literature, physical geography, history, or art. There were opportunities for reading passages from these books to the girls assembled in the music-room, such as intervals during the “drawing-rooms,” at the mending-classes on Saturday afternoons, sometimes at what was called “Dorcas”—an evening in the week when the “drawing-room” gave place to a work-meeting at which the girls sewed garments for the poor, garments cut out and shaped by a skilful governess who superintended the sewing. The girls rebelled a little at solid reading during “Dorcas,” as there had to be much consultation and correction connected with their work; so a story was substituted, and in this way some romance of Sir Walter Scott’s, Mrs Gaskell’s, Anthony Trollope’s, Thackeray’s, George Eliot’s, or of other classic writers, would be read aloud during the sewing. There were many shelves full of such books, and the girls might borrow them for occasional relief from their harder work.

Mrs Pipe had a defined and important place

in the administration. She kept all the books, managed the servants, instructed the housekeeper, looked after the health of the entire household, and fulfilled many a duty which her motherly eye discerned. I can remember, in the bewilderment of my first weeks at Laleham, while I was still groping in the dark for a clear understanding of my work, how often in the hall, in corridors, in my bedroom, the dear and beautiful old lady would come to me and take me in her arms and cheer me, whispering an assurance of Miss Pipe's satisfaction. And this she did to all who needed encouragement. Between Miss Bolton and Mrs Pipe there existed a special sympathy, and they would often chat together and discover the fun in things and, too, the tears in things. Mrs Pipe was always present at the teachers' weekly meeting, and regulated its length. "She was apt to get a little tired, and did not suffer us gladly if we stayed late. So sometimes she slowly opened thumb and forefinger to suggest a yawn; and if that had not the desired effect she said, 'What month comes after February?' Whereupon we took the rather broad hint and our leave." The friend who records this gives us another brief glimpse of her. "I told her I was going to tuck up my *brats*. Her face became one reproachful note of exclamation; but I assured her I learned from Professor Meiklejohn's Grammar that *brat* was really a beautiful word closely connected with

*bird, brood*, and other charming things. Appeased, though a little doubtful, she observed, 'Then I wonder when *my* brat will come home.' Miss Pipe had gone out for the evening, and the thought of her coming back in festal garments and being called a *brat* was too much for both of us, and we parted with a guilty laugh."

The home staff in 1867 consisted of Miss Bolton, Miss Oldfield, Mademoiselle Méquillet, and myself. Of Miss Bolton, Mrs Armitage Bulley has given so true and appreciative a description, that I cannot do better than quote it: "Miss Bolton was a wise, strong, just woman, with a great personal charm, and we were very much attached to her. She was not a trained teacher,—were there any trained teachers in those days?—but she was both able and cultivated. In our intervals of leisure we elder girls loved to gather where she was sitting and talk out the questions which were beginning to stir us. She would drop in a word here and there, guiding or suggesting. Her conversation, if not a liberal education in itself, was at least a guide to a liberal education. Her familiarity with German and English literature 'brought us acquainted' with books and ideas, and gave a great stimulus to our reading. She was tall, graceful, and very dignified, and was a power in the school second only to Miss Pipe herself."

Miss Pipe admired and valued Miss Bolton,

and she remained at Laleham until her marriage to Mr Sonnenschein in 1873.

Miss Oldfield was an accomplished, refined, and sympathetic teacher, whom Miss Healey had recommended for Laleham, conscientious and gentle, with a gift of clear teaching. She undertook some of the teaching of music, all the teaching of the English language and composition, and courses of lessons on other subjects. She was too delicate and sensitive to exercise a powerful influence on the girls, but they had a sincere respect for her. Her teaching of sacred music was exquisite, and as all had to take turns in playing the tunes for hymns at prayers, all passed under her training.

Mademoiselle Méquillet, who came to Laleham in September 1867, became one of its most valuable assets, and remained there for nearly a quarter of a century. Miss Pope's reminiscence of her is so charming that it must be quoted: "My heart went out to dear Mademoiselle Méquillet, who was a barleycorn shorter than I. Together we could shed a sympathetic tear at having to bring up the rear of straggling girls with a partner five feet eleven (Miss Bolton). Who does not recall Mademoiselle holding up a patient cheek morning by morning for a score or so of sleepy damsels to kiss? And how punctually did she shut the door, to the grief of those who were on the wrong side of it! For twenty-three years once only was she missing,—

which says a great deal for the much maligned air of Clapham. She was always the same serene, composed, equable little lady, and in her hands 'Chardenal' became a fairy tale and 'Le Petit Precepteur' a golden legend. If her gentle spirit was ever ruffled, it was when some bold sinner trifled with her *cher Pottles*" (this was the cat). "Then did she arise in her wrath and give that sinner a *poésie* to learn."

Mademoiselle Méquillet gave all the French lessons, and had a special share in the superintendence of order. She was never known to omit or to forget a duty. She spoke her native language with a charm of diction and accent very rare amongst French governesses. And she bore herself with such delicate self-respect and with such courtesy to all around her, that her presence added the distinction of her breeding as well as the invulnerable integrity of her character to the staff.

For a short time Signor Pagliardini gave French lectures on the history and structure of the language, but these were superseded as unnecessary on further acquaintance with Mademoiselle Méquillet's teaching.

I remember Miss Chessar's admirable lectures on the Laws of Health, which included some careful physiological teaching. As it fell to me to write out these lectures, and to prepare her class in acquiring some elementary acquaintance with bony structure and organic mechanism, they

are impressed on my memory, along with some of the books which supplemented them,—‘*Le Petit Royaume*,’ ‘*Un Morceau de Pain*,’ Combe, and others.

The girls were drawn into the superintendence of order as they grew in experience and sympathy with its principles. There was a small committee of the older girls, on whom rested details of co-operation not so easily reached by the teachers, and membership was a distinction eagerly coveted. These girls exercised considerable influence over those younger and less docile, and they formed a small body of aides-de-camp to Miss Pipe and the teachers, and were employed to assist in sudden emergencies as well as in daily discipline. They had the privileges of their promotion, might walk out two at a time without surveillance, had direct access to Miss Pipe, and helped her in several matters. Many of them have kept the little notes which she would write to them from her bedroom or library, engaging them in some office for her, and these notes are charged with as fine a courtesy in petition as if they were addressed to some dignitary beyond the precincts. She never forgot the right of each and all to courtesy, nor did she ever forget the right of each and all to stern reproof when it was needed. This was very rare, but when there was a divergence from truth, from honourable treatment of others, then she spoke “as one having authority.” I can remember only one such occasion, when a

weak girl had erred both in truth and honour. Her defaulting came to Miss Bolton's knowledge, and so to Miss Pipe's. Next morning the latter came to her Bible-class her face almost petrified with pain and perplexity. In a low, stern voice she told the story to all, and then, without naming her, asked the offender to rise. She obeyed in tears, and bowed her head to the penalty, uttered in few words, but these charged with the power which convinces and converts. There was no possibility of our scorning her,—that had been guarded against; the impression upon us all was one of deep sorrow and ardent desire to lift her out of her weakness, to set *her* feet and *our* feet upon the Rock. But it cost Miss Pipe many days of suffering. From the very beginning, even before their arrival at Laleham, she felt herself responsible for her girls. Here is a letter written to one of them before she came. Her two sisters had been educated there, but had left, and Miss Pipe felt tenderly towards the younger girl who was to leave a very happy home alone: "I feel much for you in prospect of your lonely journey to school next Friday. I can only say that you must try to forget some of your own burdens in helping me to bear mine, which press me just now with unusual weight. I shall miss your sisters almost as painfully as you will. Never has there been a time, I think, when I should have been so glad of their help, unless indeed during my absence from England. Next term the Miss



Bancrofts are returning, and so is Miss Roberts. Besides these three there will probably be seven new girls, so this is almost like ten new girls, with only fifteen left of those who were here last term. I have only once before had so large a proportion of new girls, and I cannot face the difficulty of getting them all into a right mood and spirit without serious apprehension and anxiety. My chief comfort and hope (except, of course, the highest of all) lie in you and a few of your companions. Almost everything will depend upon the tone you give to this little society; so I must trust to you, dear child, to do your best. If you come back with a mind set resolutely on saying and doing the best things; giving yourself with settled purpose to your work in working hours; avoiding flippant and frivolous talk in free hours; trying to cheer and direct and support the new girls, several of whom have never been at school before, and will be quite confused and very lonely at first; and endeavouring all the day through to set an example of cheerful and thoughtful obedience, not merely to set rules, but also to the principles involved in them,—by this I mean acting not only so as to keep rules in the letter, but so as to carry out the general meaning and intention of those who have the oversight of you,—then you will do us all a great service. The new girls will fall into our ways, and we shall be able to keep party spirit, and backbiting, and silly gossip, and schoolgirl prejudices, and school-

girl nonsense, and careless, unintelligent work out of our circle. God bless you, my child, and make you wise, gentle, thoughtful, and tender, that you may serve Him early and serve Him much. I begin to look to you as I used to look to dear Sophie and Lillie, and it is a greater comfort to me than you would easily believe to think that you will really try to take their place."

Some letters, written in 1867 to a beloved pupil suffering from acute and sensitive introspection, indicate her constant care of the absent, and her yearning to help them. Mrs Pipe and she had spent the spring holiday in Bournemouth, and were just returned to Laleham in time for the summer term. "Writing to you in haste on the eve of leaving Bournemouth, I omitted to reply to your entomological question, and now I find I have mislaid your note. What was the sort of creature you found walking about on the water? Catch your spider, grant him *euthanasia*; pack him in a pill-box, send him by post, and Mr Ord shall tell me his name and nature for you. I would advise you strongly, sweet child, not to puzzle over 'questions dark' of theology, or morals, or providence just now. To every deep question there is, be sure, a deep answer, though you may not be able to find it all at once. When a perplexity seizes upon your mind take it to God, and say, 'Oh, Lord, *Thou* knowest,' and so leave it. He knows if we do not, and it is more important for us that He should know than that we should, because He

has all things to order for us. If He were perplexed and did not quite know what to do for the best, it might indeed go ill with us ; but it is not so, and we are safe with Him. . . . Whenever you feel vain or ambitious, remember that He is strong enough to put down that emotion, just as He stilled the restless waters of Galilee, and look up to Him for help. He will surely calm your mind, and fill it with a holy humility. But do not strive against things which are not distinctly *wrong*. It would have done you good to hear Mr Pearce preach yesterday against 'self-murder,' and against mistaking it for 'self-sacrifice.'

"Your last note pleased me much. It is calmer, and you seem to be aware that always there is some danger to be guarded against in everything of the nature of a reaction. One may only too easily swing from unnatural and unwholesome restraint into equally unwholesome carelessness, and a sort of unamiable and proud self-reliance. The remedy for both alike is simple, quiet, trustful, childlike hope in the Saviour-Lord, who so loves us that He will keep us from all wrong if we lean upon His strength and kindness. It was extreme nervous, physical depression which first taught me to rely on God rather than on myself, delivering me from the painful strife of self-righteousness into the rest of faith. If you learn to be humble and believing, looking upward oftener than inward, this illness may

mark a bright epoch in your life. Various things, which it is well to understand, will become plain to you through your present experience. And remember that experience always worketh hope when it is passed through with an obedient, patient, humble mind. It ought not to seem 'dreadful' to you that you have not yet attained to 'inward harmoniousness of life.' The fruits soonest ripe are not always of finest flavour. 'It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of God.' I am so glad that you are already reading Ruskin. Miss Baldwin Brown tells me that she read this book ('Elements of Drawing') twice through before beginning to do the exercises. Since then, in connection with the exercises, she has studied it till she knows it by heart almost; and its principles are in her mind whenever she looks at a landscape or examines a picture. . . . A very nice book for you to read along with Ruskin is Hamerton's 'Artist-Life in Camp.'

"In an account that I have been reading by Mr Simon of his friend, Mr Green—Coleridge's frequent host and very intimate friend—I find this sentence: 'Nothing ever seemed to take him by surprise, or to affect either his courage or his temper.' Of course, this is a great thing to say of any man. But now, dear child of seventeen, observe what follows: 'It is a memorable fact that his almost matchless presence of mind under circumstances of danger and diffi-

culty was not an original gift of nature, but was the fruit of gigantic diligence and self-control.' Observe that phrase, 'Gigantic diligence.' Every noblest, worthiest thing has to be laboured for. The greatest men and women are those who have laboured most humbly and patiently, and *waited* upon God. Sir William Herschel, Sir Isaac Newton,—all persons who have done any great thing in the world have done it by long patience. Even genius is vain and weak without long patience. But what will you say of a person who is building up a high, pure *character*, and gets tired, and gives it up in despair at the age of—seventeen!! A cedar-tree does not reach perfection in a night, though a mushroom may. God bless you, my child; it is against *His* enemies that you have to fight. It is *His* work that you have to do. The work cannot be done and the foe cannot be foiled *without you*. He calls you to His side to fight with Him and for Him.

"I rejoice in all gleams of divine courage and saving hope, which light up heaven above and the earth around you. Such gleams of holy light are from the Father of Lights, and spring out of the depths of His infinite Love, which faileth not nor fainteth, however *our* moods may vary. You may say to your Good Shepherd,—Thou restorest my soul. Trust surely in Him, my child, and fight His battles bravely, remembering how once He fought for you.

Her punctuality and patience must have given many a silent lesson to observant pupils." Madame Ferrari used to acknowledge herself greatly indebted to Mrs Dallas Glyn, who gave special and remarkable lessons in reading at Laleham. The exercises which she gave to the vocal organs in the interest of articulate and beautiful speaking and reading reacted on the singing, and assisted the voice-production at which Madame Ferrari aimed. I attended Mrs Dallas Glyn's lessons and worked hard for her, and realised then, as I do now, their perfection, their subjection of all emotional rendering for a long time to training of every vocal organ, to punctuation, to intellectual appreciation of what was to be read, or said, to a canon of supreme good taste. When the emotional was permitted, it was guarded by this skilful preparation, and the surcharge of unbalanced pathos, so trying at present-day entertainments, was impossible to her pupils. We were not allowed to use the pretentious word *elocution*; these hours with Mrs Dallas Glyn were called our "reading-lessons." Miss Pipe was always present at them, and took great pleasure in our progress. Sometimes, while Anne brushed her hair in the morning, one of us sat and read to her the psalms for the day, a poem from Tennyson or Browning, a few pages of George MacDonald's 'Robert Falconer,' an article from the 'Spectator,' or some interesting column of foreign news from the daily paper. Politics did not attract her: in later life,

when some great moral principle was involved, or when education was handled in Parliament, she would read portions of the debate, and she took a profound interest in the stir growing ever more insistent round the vexed question of the higher education of girls.

Miss Emily Davies was busy putting into execution her scheme of a College for Women, the curriculum of which was to be based on the curriculum for men at Oxford and Cambridge. Some years earlier, when she drew it up in its first form, a copy was sent to Miss Pipe, as to other school-mistresses, inviting criticism and suggestion. To this invitation Miss Pipe had responded as follows: "In so far as your scheme is a step towards securing some test of the possession of knowledge by ladies whose business it is to impart it,—governesses,—it would indubitably, if carried out, render good service to society. A governess is bound to offer some proof of her fitness to teach, and in so far as this fitness depends on knowledge, an examiner can speak to it. To such a test, be it observed in passing, a governess would submit rather for the satisfaction of parents and guardians than for any intellectual advantage to herself. Until something more complete can be done, it would be some satisfaction to parents and school-mistresses to know of a governess presenting herself to them for engagement, that she had passed the middle-class examinations with credit. Also this system of examinations might work against

slovenly teaching in girls' schools, and help to keep teachers steady and systematic; diligent in seeking and pursuing the best methods. This, no doubt, we ought to do for conscience' sake, making the most of the mind we have to cultivate, with a view to the 'glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate.' But as even those who most wish to do their duty are none the worse for being expected to do it, I set down the constraints which these examinations might exert upon teachers as a good feature in the scheme.

"Teachers, however, whether subordinate or principal, form but a small section of those in whose interests this scheme is proposed, and I must confess that I cannot feel equally hopeful of its beneficial operation upon young ladies in general. In the case of most girls the question simply is—Would they themselves be personally the better for it? And this involves a more general question. Is it certain that examinations are profitable *to any*, to boys or girls, otherwise than as a professional test, a means towards attaining certain positions in life? For such purposes they are undeniably necessary, but are they not, perhaps, a necessary evil?

"Does not all the *cramming* which must be done hinder that free, spontaneous growth of the mind which is, after all, as much better than knowledge, as 'life is more than meat, the body than raiment'?

"Possibly the intellect itself is sometimes blunted



by overwork. I am told that many of the men who have passed with most honour the severe medical examinations instituted of late, have disappointed expectations and proved but poor practitioners. But if the overstraining were avoided and the intellect not blunted but sharpened, yet still intellect and memory, with which alone an examiner can deal, are not the whole being. What of the soul meanwhile?

“Say it is an examination in literature. Have those preparing for it been feeding, or merely *botanising*, in the rich pastures of our English literature? Have they been listening humbly and earnestly to those masters of thought whom God gifted and sent into the world to teach such as have an ear to hear?—their imagination purified, their purposes ennobled, their inward life enriched with wisdom; or has it been all an affair of the hard intellect and laborious memory? Is their reading a labour of love involving its reward, or is it a labour through which they are sustained merely by a hope of distinction? The case of the lady-essayist proves little or nothing. She was one of those who will read and think without the inducement offered by a public examination. Perhaps her work would have been none the less profitable if done quietly in the shade.

“Say it is an examination in botany. Has the knowledge been gathered slowly but healthfully for mind and body amid sunshine, hill-breezes, and singing-birds? or got at painfully, perhaps by gas-

light, out of a book filled with hard words and drearily-stated facts?

“Is there not a fear lest a system of examination should tend to cultivate the intellect at the expense of health of body and peace of mind? And is it certain that we can make people even truly intellectual by such means? We have to confess that no amount of instruction will make a poet or sculptor, and I question whether instruction makes men or women intellectual. That they should have the means of gratifying artistic or intellectual tastes, if such exist, is not merely good,—it is essential to mental life and growth; but pressure from without seldom achieves the desired effect. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst, for they only shall be filled.

“But, above all, there is a moral mischief to guard against, and one to which girls, vain, excitable, and ambitious as they mostly are, would be even more generally exposed than boys. At present those who play and sing, dance and draw, get their share of distinction, while their sisters, whose skill lies in the brain, find themselves perhaps at a disadvantage. *Now*, however, these, the literary, the scientific, can vie with the others, can make their one little splash in another part of the water. And what effect upon the whole being must result from work done with hopes and reasons so poor?

“The noble-minded women who propose this plan propose it under a strong conviction that the

education for which they contend would go directly counter to this love of display and its concomitant evils. They rejoice in the highest and best results of education upon their own mind and life, and long to spread its benefits. But the education which they achieved they got by hungering and thirsting after it, and not through being beset with contrivances for compelling them to swallow that for which they had no appetite.

“Perhaps the good in this scheme might be found to overbalance the mischief: but that there is danger of more or less must, I fear, be allowed. Human life is getting more and more feverish, continually more full of hurry and excitement, and one may well feel shy of introducing new disturbances and urgencies into that region of it which above all others claims the shelter of tranquillising influences,—the youth of girls. From sixteen to twenty their character is crystallising, and they need less incitement than they generally find at that age. It is of knowledge merely that an examiner takes cognisance, and knowledge after all, except of one’s duty, is too poor a thing to be worth the sacrifice of anything truly precious. Moreover, we are all at present so much in the dark as to what education ought to be; in much that we do, and also in much that we leave undone, we are probably wrong. And while our knowledge of the mind, and consequently of the true processes of a sound education, is thus uncertain, I think we should be slow to systematise,

—slow to adopt such a measure as this, which, once in operation, would be sure to exert a wide and lasting influence. Business makes it necessary that new qualifying for the professions should be examined, but in the case of the great majority of girls we can afford to wait.

“Let me assure you, in conclusion, that if I am on the wrong side of this question, and I possibly may be, it is through honest perplexity of the understanding, and not through lack of earnest sympathy with you in your wish to advance the cause of education.”

What Miss Pipe felt in the whole movement was its rash delivery of the higher education of girls to the tutelage of a system, old and imperfect, tried and wanting in the case of men, who were bound in its lifeless mechanism. Since those brave women were about it, why not establish the education which they had in view upon deep-lying principles? Why not reform it first, and so provide for both men and women, not a decrepit code that was illustrious in the middle ages, but one born of modern needs, matured by modern wisdom, taking account of modern conditions, fostering the best in the generations of to-day? She preferred reform to experiment, and although her appeal was half-contemptuously acknowledged by the experimentalists, they suffered a great opportunity to escape them, and patching takes the place of growth.

Miss Pipe preferred Newnham to Girton, and advised those of her girls who desired collegiate experience to go there, but she did not hinder them from choosing Girton. Her own school remained immune from examinations, excepting those conducted by its teachers at the end of every term.

and one of the few letters of 1868 which have reached me is to her, dated April 9: "I quite understand what it is that you complain of; I understand it only too well. Continually this temptation besets me,—besets, perhaps, all of us,—to fall below the mind that was in Christ when He said, 'It is my meat to do the work of Him that sent me.' I get occupied and interested in my own private affairs, private joys and sorrows; taken up with them, so that I find myself musing on them when I ought to be thinking about my children and what should be done for them and said to them. In other words, I find myself constantly in danger of sinking into a mood in which the work that has been given me to do becomes secondary instead of being the grand excitement and first object of my life. I continue to care for it, but not to care for it more than anything else. Now in this, such momentary help as I may get from thrilling words of poet or 'eloquent orator,' or from intercourse with other and better persons than myself, avails little. I know nothing which does avail except just simply prayer to God. . . . You are redeemed, and therefore there is and must be help for you. Quiet concentration of mind upon the sure promise of God is necessary, and a putting away of all hopeless fancies. . . . The mischief and the pity is that all the time people are praying they expect their *praying* to help them, and not God to help them."

On August 4 Mrs and Miss Pipe started for the

Engadine. Some account is given of this delightful holiday in a letter written to Miss Healey: "A fortnight we spent at Samaden, and then went on to the *Kurhaus* at St Moritz, where we had lovely weather, pleasant rooms, and very enjoyable society, including that of the genial Archbishop of York. The other archbishop we met afterwards at Zürich, but with him we did not exchange a word. He mixed less freely than the inferior dignitary with common mortals. From St Moritz we travelled over a new pass, the Fluëla, to Davos, through the Prättigau and part of the Rhine valley to St Gall, and thence to Zürich. At these three places we stayed two or three days. From Zürich, instead of coming home through Basle, we went round by Neuchâtel, taking the Weissenstein, a mountain in the Canton of Soleure, on our way. At the top of this mountain we spent a week, botanising, rambling about, and drinking unlimited milk and cream. We broke the journey through France at Dijon and at Amiens, enjoying the cathedral at the latter place. I have been better and stronger this term than ever since I was ill. Miss Bolton is as charming as ever. I think Miss Oldfield has had better health lately; we are very fond of her. In the holidays several of us who teach here—masters, governesses, and I—are going to put our heads very seriously together in order to the concoction of a four years' course of instruction through which girls who stay here long enough might pass. What have you been reading

lately? All *my* reading has been professional, on education,—and much of it in reviews. How many of these thirty girls will remember me as long as you have done, and be as faithful and loving, and write to me ten years hence on my birthday? Those birthday letters become more and more precious to me every year, and always the girls that have been longest away seem dearest to me. There is a flavour of old wine about their friendship, of rich wine too, for the thinner sorts are soon soured. Besides, love to school means a sense of some good gained in it, and therefore helps one to hope that it has not existed altogether in vain.”

The birthday, on November 27, had passed off happily. It was always a *festa*, but grew year by year into greater importance. Miss Pipe had been rather distressed by receiving a jewel-box from twenty-nine of the thirty girls. It seemed to her that all of them could not have cared enough for her and Laleham to be willing donors, and she could not bear to have them taxed for a gift to her which might in some cases be insincerely given. That was the only painful incident. Some of them had translated a small play of Schiller's, and they acted it very cleverly in the music-room, using the morning-room for dressing- and retiring-room.

After a New Year's visit to old friends at Southport, Bowdon, and Manchester, Miss Pipe returned to Laleham on the 19th of January 1869, to prepare for the consultation on a curriculum for Laleham. A motive for this departure was to be





MISS PIPE.



found in the number of unusually young girls who were coming on the 22nd. Five of these were only thirteen years old, and it was felt that much time and brain-waste might be spared by taking them through a carefully thought-out and graduated course of instruction. Girls generally came from two to four years older, and then often so badly trained that constant preparatory classes were needed to accustom them to the most elementary conception of work, and a whole year of their brief stay at school was required to get them into a right attitude. These girls, once awakened, would bitterly regret this early neglect, due as a rule to home-teaching by untrained governesses, or to parental laxity, and the result of their two years at Laleham was discouraging to both teachers and taught. Miss Pipe hoped that by receiving younger girls, and inducing their parents to leave them at school for four years, a curriculum might be provided which would save both additional toil in the beginning and disappointment at the close. The meeting of teachers took place on the 21st,—Dr Bernays, Mr Meiklejohn, Mr Sonnenschein, and Mrs Frank Malleson, one of the founders of the Working Men and Women's College, assisting the counsels of the Laleham resident staff.

There was considerable difficulty in combining the course for older girls and that arranged for the juniors, and no syllabus of the attempt has survived, but a preparatory group of classes was debated and adopted in arithmetic, analysis, geo-

graphy, with admission to the lectures, but without the hard preparation which these involved for the more advanced pupils. The difficulty of carrying this programme through led to another development some years later.

Mr Meiklejohn, afterwards Professor Meiklejohn of St Andrews University, had shortly before this opened a day-school for girls in Clapham Park, and Miss Pipe took advantage of his neighbourhood to secure him as one of the visiting lecturers. He had been teaching English literature and giving some lessons in ethics during the last term of 1868, and both he and Mr Sonnenschein had already discussed with Miss Pipe this preparatory course for the younger girls. Mrs Malleson, too, had come to see Miss Pipe in October, and all had sent notes and suggestions before the meeting took place. As the school was intended for older girls, and the staff was selected for their benefit, only the despair which careless or neglected grounding provoked in the teachers urged this step,—for the inadequacy of a few pupils is derogatory to all in such a school. As it happened, the younger girls that year were eager and intelligent, and soon passed into the ranks of their seniors.

Dr Ord was still giving lectures on botanical and zoological subjects, chiefly with microscopical demonstrations, the last of his course being on chalk *foraminifera* and *cruciferous cotyledons*. It was fortunate that her staff was so ably recruited, for her own health was indifferent all the term.

A beautiful letter to an invalid pupil belongs to this time: "You must take unwearied pains to be patient. Never mind how much you lose. There is time enough here and hereafter to make it up to you, and all you need care for is to do your simple duty quietly from moment to moment. Keep firm hold of the simplest and most central truths of religion. How many refined, intellectual, cultivated men do I see around me, knowing some of them personally, who because they have let go the hope and trust of early life have found no rest anywhere in the world for their spirit, and are now drifting weakly down the stream of appetite and passion, given up to the lowest satisfactions. . . . I write with tears of longing. Sink restfully down on to the love of God. It is the deepest thing in the universe and the greatest. St Paul himself said it passed his knowledge. It passes the knowledge of all men. It goes beyond our highest thoughts. Be sure that He who has given you an eye, and made the earth and sky and human countenance beautiful to the eye; given you an ear and adapted music to it; given you bodily hunger and food,—knows how to minister to your mind. He can teach you whom to trust, what to believe, how to hope, how to pray, how to repent. He is at no loss. To Him nothing is impossible or even obscure. Hope and expect largely, and come with a child's weakness to Him who became a child for us."

To another invalid and over-anxious pupil she

wrote: "Do quietly and unostentatiously your simple, humble, straightforward duty, and *nothing more*. More than one's duty is always less. Conscious generosity is a sin. Never go out of your way to make sacrifices."

The former pupil recovered sufficiently to undertake the preparation of a younger sister at home, who was to go to Laleham in the following year, and on September 13 Miss Pipe wrote her an encouraging letter: "You are abundantly equal to the task *intellectually*: this answer I have no hesitation in giving to your question. I shall be most happy if I can give you any help. Ask J. to tell you how dictation has been taught lately to the younger ones here. You must not dream of teaching so much as four hours a-day. One day in the week ought to be altogether a holiday, moreover. Pray let me know how soon I can begin to help you: it will give me the greatest pleasure. If you can teach her to read as you read yourself, you will do her a great service. Such reading as yours is a rare and precious acquirement. Do not grudge time and pains on this point in teaching her. . . . Many things become plain by the experience which we win in obedient living. Experience reveals many truths that are obscure to the mere intellect, and for each revelation we must often humbly hope and wait and suffer."

A most interesting letter from Dr Kinkel belongs to the summer of 1869. He wrote: "I

must not delay writing to you before your school season closes, in order to scold you that twice you passed through Switzerland and did not call at our modest home. As I suppose you will come again to our Alps, I beg you most earnestly to come and see us. Between the sixth of August and about the sixth of September we are likely to be out of Zürich, but before and after that term we shall be at home. There are several things and views here that you do not know yet, and during the holidays I shall be free and happy to accompany you. My vanity would be much flattered if you came during the lessons, and came as guest to one of the lectures I am giving here to the students before the casts of ancient sculpture at the Polytechnic. You would see that I treated the young English ladies perfectly *al pari* in intellectual faculties with our young men. And you might come frankly, for our lady-students in medicine, from America and Russia, have accustomed even our medical students—a fearful sort in England and a fine sort here!—to the presence of ladies at the classes.

“Your friend Mrs M. wrote to me, and asked my advice,—as people always do, in order not to follow it. It gave me the greatest pleasure that on this occasion I again heard from you and Dr Hodgson: when you see him, pray thank him for his letter, and give him and his amiable wife my best greetings. When I came here I thought of founding a ladies’ college, with a good junior

school. There was a want and an opportunity for it. But my work gave me enough to do, and now I prefer writing a series of books on art and literature, which I could not think of whilst in England. This is a marvellous place to learn and become well-informed without much trouble. Old Keller's Antiquarian Society, meeting almost every week, with an address or an exposition at each meeting, is the most comfortable way of gathering information about anything novel in science. The public libraries are tolerable, in some branches good; but the reading-room in the British Museum is never to be forgotten.

"As a teacher of young men, I feel as comfortable in the saddle as with the ladies yonder. Speak of the differences of mind, feeling, heart between women and men, but intellectually there is no difference, and (except in conjugal differences sometimes) female logic appears the same as male logic. My students are very attentive, and one thing is true: ladies forget sooner what they have learned with you, while it seems to me that my youths keep up what they have begun. . . . That you, whose convictions spring from an underground so different from mine, should have ventured to give me so broad a field for influencing young minds, is a silent but high pride of my soul. May I venture to hope that you never seriously regretted having done so?"

But this year Mrs and Miss Pipe went to



Ilkley Wells and not abroad, so there was no visit to Dr and Mrs Kinkel. Much was being done to Laleham; the fernery was rebuilt and restocked, and a new sitting-room was being built and furnished for Miss Bolton, so that home cares required their constant attention.

Late in the preceding autumn Miss Pipe and Miss Bolton had heard Miss Alice Malleson, a sister of the lady who taught drawing, give a lecture on History at the Working Men and Women's College in Queen's Square. They were both impressed by her quiet mastery, her clear exposition, and Miss Pipe felt that if such a teacher could be secured for the girls, she need no longer be anxious about what she always considered one of the most influential lessons given, including, as it did, so much besides mere facts,—contact with the greater life of nations, their conditions, struggles, and destiny, with all that national life means of responsibility to each unit of the whole. Miss Alice Malleson was in delicate health, and the negotiations were prolonged, but eventually she began her course at Laleham in the summer term of 1869, and Miss Pipe was able to surrender the class.

At this time the school was as full as the house admitted. Amongst the girls, there were always several to whom Miss Pipe gave free board and education, the parents paying only for extra lessons, for books, washing, and seat in church. These girls were, as a rule, the daughters

of Wesleyan ministers, and Miss Pipe took great interest in their progress and subsequent careers. Her whole attitude to beneficence of action and expenditure was characteristic. She believed in practical benefit rather than in charity commonly so called. Her gifts in money were numerous and generous, but she took great pains to learn how the money would be used, and often, when some individual or society was doing what seemed to her valuable work, she would send to either an unexpected cheque in assistance of what she approved. The work was just as often scientific, pedagogic, or artistic, as conventionally charitable, and sometimes took the form of help in publication in order to preserve the author's aim from interference; of help in establishing schools, when she approved of those who ventured; of money sent for travelling when the need was educational. These and similar gifts did not interfere with a constant liberality to missions, church-schemes and expenses, to hospitals, work amongst the poor, and especially to such work as Miss Octavia Hill was doing, in which she warmly welcomed the high intelligence, the educative processes, the seeds sown for the future. To her own personal friends she was always and continuously generous, delighting to find out what they needed or wished, and to supply it. Some memoranda of her personal expenditure have escaped destruction, and indicate the splendid proportion of her giving to others compared with her purchasing

for herself. For instance, in one year she gave away £288, and spent £14 on dress; in another, while dress cost £90, giving reached £363; in a third, dress amounted to £58 and giving to £406; in a fourth, dress had grown more costly, reaching £100, but giving had increased to £485; and by 1880, dress had sunk to £71, while giving had grown to £789.

Not only was she keenly sensitive to such rational and right-minded use of money, but she felt strongly her responsibility towards her girls in this important matter. To her mind it was a principle of the art of living well, to apportion a share of what was entrusted to the care of each individual,—time, education, experience, money,—of every advantage bestowed, to those in need of all these things. That share was to be well thought out, and must in no way interfere with primary family duties, nor with personal duty in such matters as health, recreation, reading, and decorous home management and dress. All these things, and much more, she included in what she called “the art of right living.” Many of the passages committed to memory by her girls were chosen to emphasise what she meant and taught in this phrase. Of these, some may be quoted:—

“Yea, this in him was the peculiar grace,  
That before living he’d learn how to live.”

—BROWNING.

"He has not learned the lesson of life, who does not every day surmount a fear."—EMERSON.

"Pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness was in her and in her daughters, neither did she strengthen the hand of the poor and needy."—EZEKIEL.

"Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win  
By fearing to attempt."

—*Measure for Measure.*

The subject of giving arose frequently in the Bible-classes, but she felt that it was wiser to bring her girls in contact with great workers amongst the poor than merely to theorise on the subject. During the later 'Sixties and the early 'Seventies we find Miss Octavia Hill from time to time invited to Laleham to speak about her work in humane landlordism, and the girls were taken to some of her social gatherings. It was difficult to bring them often into contact with the London poor, because there was always risk of infection, so for a few years Miss Pipe was restricted to securing workers to speak to the assembled school, and to inviting a party of their charges to come and have tea and games in the garden on summer Saturday afternoons, but the need of closer acquaintance with the poor was present in her mind, until it eventuated in the Laleham Orphanage in 1874.

Mrs and Miss Pipe went to Ilkley Wells on July 28 and stayed till September 8, when they returned to plant the new fernery, and prepare for the autumn term, which began with thirty-two

girls. But the experiment of holidays in England failed, for Miss Pipe was racked with headache nearly all the term, and towards the end of October had to take a week's leave of absence and go to Edenbridge in Kent for constant open-air exercise, either walking, riding, or driving. The day after their arrival they walked into Surrey, past the Surrey beeches and over the Common towards Limpsfield, the weather lovely, the woods golden, the hedges dark-green, with mossy banks here and there grey with lichen and crimsoned with whortleberry leaves. The beeches were in every shade of warm yellow and brown, and the Common, with its wide, undulating landscape and silvery distances, its holly-bushes and its silence, refreshed her body and spirit. She found in her first walk to the school-room on Limpsfield Common thirty different plants, including the great mullein, golden rod, red lychnis, harebell, dog-violet, herb-robert, euphrasy, bryony with its berries, and stag's-horn moss. Walks to Westerham and to Limpsfield and drives filled every morning and afternoon, and she was sufficiently restored by November 5 to return and to resume work.

Miss Alice Malleeson's lectures were a special feature of the term, and one of its "events"—to use Emerson's word for new friendships—was Miss Pipe's coming into closer relations with Mrs Meiklejohn, and thus adding to the treasured company of her friends for life.

About this time Miss Malleeson was married to

Mr Goodwin the artist, and one of Miss Pipe's birthday presents in November was a picture by him from twenty-nine of her girls. Constant bronchial catarrh was giving her serious anxiety, and she seems to have brooded herself into a conviction that hers was a case of broken and failing health. Dr Ord did his best to cheer her, but it was difficult, and she was fain to cast herself upon God and believe that He would have compassion on her according to the multitude of His mercies. "God keeps His choicest cordials for the time of our deepest faintings," she entered in her diary on December 3: "Thou hast kept the good wine until now." A friend counselled her, "There comes a moment in the life of invalids when they should cease caring for their health and trying to get better, and should just say to themselves, 'chronic'; and, given a damaged existence, proceed to make the best of it." It was wholesome doctrine if Spartan, but as the term ended bronchitis set in, and Miss Pipe spent the last week of 1869 in bed. Dr Ord was friend as well as physician, and together they discussed books, plants, and theories. There is one entry of his attendance during the week which has no reference to cough, wheeze, and headache, but records a long and sympathetic "talk on the Holy Grail." There is a long list of the books which she proposed to buy in 1870,—some for the girls, some for the maid-servants, others for her own reading. Amongst the last occur: Newman's sermon on 'Watch'; Dr Vaughan's 'Plain

Words on Christian Living'; Lady Eastlake's 'Life of Gibson'; Pouchet's 'Universe'; 'Some Habits of the Working Classes'; Professor Maine's 'Ancient Law'; several works by Auguste Comte; the Siamese Minister on 'Religious Opinion,'—indicating not alone her interests of many years, but those new interests of intelligent philanthropy whose claim on her careful consideration she was so ready to honour. Mere philanthropic muddle she rightly estimated as injurious waste.

She was well enough by January 4 to go to her old friend, Mrs John Leigh Taylor (Mary Brazil), at Bolton, with whom she spent a fortnight, returning to Laleham in time to congratulate Mr Sonnenschein on the publication of his valuable book on Arithmetic, and to receive her girls on Friday, January 21. Amongst them was Miss Alice Gardner, one of her pupils destined to future distinction, in whose remarkable career Miss Pipe was to the last deeply interested. A new impulse was given to the term's work by three lectures from Professor Sheldon Amos on Law. Such rousing departures from the curriculum were now frequent at Laleham, and had a vivifying effect on young minds somewhat lethargised by habitual tasks.

This term was on the whole a singularly pleasant one, full of intellectual and artistic stimulus, the teachers in accord with Miss Pipe, whose admiration for them and gratitude for their help were often evidenced. She had by this time built and

furnished a charming sitting-room for Miss Bolton, and so lightened her attendance in the studies that she could use it for her quiet preparation as well as for rest and social purposes. The thought of taking this lady into partnership had occurred to her, but had been dismissed, because she was averse to all partnership, mainly because it might lead to compromise on matters which she had searchingly considered, and on which she held settled convictions. But she accounted herself deeply in Miss Bolton's debt for her intellectual appreciation and carrying out of all that was entrusted to her, as well as for her dignity, delicacy, and refining influence upon the girls. She increased in every way the advantages and emoluments of her position, and tried to make her happy. It was this year, in Lent, that Bach's Passion music was revived in England, and some of the girls accompanied Miss Bolton to St Anne's, Soho, to hear it. On their return Miss Pipe asked her if she had enjoyed it as much as she expected. "Very much more," said Miss Bolton. "I have always maintained until now that one can distinguish between devotional feeling and emotion produced by art; but now I am bewildered, I know nothing; perhaps the artist was really inspired."

I have not yet spoken of the concerts to which the girls were regularly sent—the Chappell concerts in St James's Hall, the greater oratorios, the orchestral concerts, and the pianoforte recitals. Nor have I mentioned the galleries and picture-collec-



tions to which Mrs Goodwin or Miss Bolton took them ; nor the visits to the British Museum, which illustrated their history lessons,—Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman ; but all these were as much a part of their larger education as the classes in dictation, or mending, or calisthenics, and were doubtless as obviously so to other schoolmistresses as to Miss Pipe at that time. She was naturally much interested in Mr Forster's Education Bill of 1870, and especially in that it did not seek to divorce religious from secular teaching. She wrote to Mrs Forster, to express her admiration of the spirit in which Mr Forster had drawn up a measure so important to the country, and a letter from her correspondent has survived, which adds to our knowledge of Miss Pipe's position on the subject. It is dated March 30, 1870 : "Your kind letter gave me great pleasure, for it is impossible not to feel that such appreciation of the great results to be hoped from my husband's Education measure, when it comes from one practically engaged in the work and carrying it on in the highest spirit, counts for much more than a great deal of newspaper praise or blame. You may well believe that it has been a great happiness to me to see my husband upholding in regard to this question the same standard which my dear father (Dr Arnold) defended against the so-called 'Liberalism' of his day, which professed to compel the severance of Education from the religious work and religious spirit of the country. I am sure that such a case

as you mention is not a rare one, and that a secular system would not only banish such men from our schools to more congenial work, but would also, as Bishop Temple lately said, deprive the ordinary and less devoted master of that portion of his work which most improves and elevates himself, and from which he learns while he is teaching. I trust the Bill may get through the perils of Committee without suffering vital harm,—but much must depend upon the course which public opinion takes in the country during the interval; and it is very disappointing to see sectarian animosities so powerful still for harm, and raising up difficulties and objections which have no existence except on platforms.”

The spring holiday was spent at Leland's Farm, near Wootton in Surrey, and there Mr and Mrs Bunting, with Mr Percy Bunting and his sister, joined them, and shared in the botanical excursions to Ranmore Common and the Chalk Pits, where they gathered orchises, cowslips, primroses, and wild hyacinths. A happy open-air time rested and renewed them both, and they returned after a fortnight to the excitements of the summer term. Miss Pipe joined the Laleham staff on the last day of April, and Mrs Whelpdale began to give her exquisite science lessons on May 2,—lessons continued at Laleham for thirty years.

Some excursions with the girls to Bletchworth, and one all the way to Bonchurch, to propitiate headache, and to collect plants and ferns; visits

to the Royal Academy, Westminster Abbey, Philharmonic Concerts, and a ride to the camp at Wimbledon, are mentioned in the diary of this summer term, at whose close Miss Pipe and Mrs Meiklejohn went together to Bognor for a week. Then Mrs and Miss Pipe journeyed to Harlech, and stayed in Wales till September 9.

A letter written from Dolgelly belongs to this holiday ; it is addressed to one of her beloved old pupils : " I have to thank you for two very interesting letters. Do not give up writing to me because my answers are long in coming, and short when they do come. I long to know from time to time how you are and what you do, and dwell upon every line of your letters as if you were my own child, as indeed you are. You were perfectly right in letting B. read the 'Arabian Nights.' The coarse things in such books are a dead letter to children, and do them no harm. I think you would like a short essay that I have been reading on 'Domestic Life,' by Emerson. It is one of a series on 'Society and Solitude.' Our blessed Lord and Brother, Jesus Christ, came not to confuse us with dogmas and systems, but to make all the old truths concerning God's love and power and holiness clearer and plainer, and easier to be laid hold on by children and simple people. We draw very near to our 'Eternal Father, strong to save,' when we keep that Living Way unto Him which we have in Christ. My dear mother is busy rolling bandages to send to the

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wounded in the war; she happens to be clever at it, having had much practice in the art. We are enjoying very much this lovely neighbourhood."

It was the time of the terrible Franco-Prussian war, and next term the girls were busy at leisure moments and in Dorcas-time making binders, Nightingale scarves, bandages, and flannels for the wounded soldiers, both French and German.

Christmas and the New Year's day were spent by Mrs and Miss Pipe with Mr and Mrs John Leigh Taylor, and the entries in her diary during this visit deal almost exclusively with meditation on Repentance, Reconciliation, Christ the Witness, the Confessor, the Redeemer, and the Example. One note refers to recent school experience: "Some girls come grieving over loss of home-comforts and some over loss of home-friends. The nobler sorrow is the sooner soothed. Selfish, spoiled children weep openly for weeks."

They returned to Laleham on January 13, a week before school reopened, and had their last quiet time together before the dread parting which was mercifully hidden from them, but was all too near. Miss Edith Corderoy was with them, an ever welcome guest to both.

It was on March 8 that neuralgia in the side attacked Mrs Pipe, and Dr Ord was sent for. It continued intermittently till the 10th, and kept her awake all that night. Then complications appeared, and by Saturday the 11th it was

evident that her state was very serious. She lay peacefully repeating aloud words she had conned and loved all her lifetime: "Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord." "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed my transgressions from me."

A few minutes before nine o'clock that evening she passed away, her last sweet smile lingering on her lips. In Dryden's words,—

"So softly death succeeded life in her,  
She did but dream of Heaven and she was there.  
No pains she suffered, nor expired with noise;  
Her soul was whispered out with God's still voice."

Mr Taylor and Mrs Brazil came to Miss Pipe at once and saved her all possible pain and trouble. When the funeral was over they took her to Oakleigh to Mrs Taylor, where Miss Corderoy joined her two days later.

Miss Corderoy has written a brief reminiscence of that time of sorrow: "It is touching to remember that on the first day or two of her last illness, Mrs Pipe tried to rise from her bed that she might dress her daughter's hair, as was her wont. Their lives had been so intimately one that the severance was a shock of more than common strength. Laleham without her mother was almost incredible. Her friends insisted on a pause for rest of mind and heart, and took her away to Oakleigh, Bolton-le-Moors. There healing and help came by slow degrees,—through the gracious care and loving hospitality of Mr and Mrs John

Leigh Taylor, the sympathetic services of the household, the visits of family friends, the letters from those who had themselves drunk deeply of the cup of sorrow, and the gentle ministries of nature beginning to put on her beautiful garments. One of the earliest comfortings came from the sight of the first fritillaries, which had been carefully reared under a garden-frame; and when, after some weeks at Oakleigh, Mr Taylor hospitably devised a sojourn at the Peacock Inn, Rowsley, there followed some never-to-be-forgotten weeks of recovery. Walks by the sloping meadows which bore down to the stream; 'hosts of golden daffodils fluttering and dancing on the breeze'; drives through some of the loveliest parts of Derbyshire, to Chatsworth, Haddon Hall, and Darley Dale; the voice of nature singing everywhere of resurrection and of life,—all had their share with deeper ministrations in the healing and strengthening so needful for the independent and strenuous life which awaited her."

Miss Pipe began to make entries in her diary about the beginning of May, and one of these reads: "Dug up forget-me-nots in Rowsley woods."

On May 10 she returned to Laleham to take up her task once more.

"Your dear mother is gone for ever," wrote one friend,—

" 'The crystal bars shine faint between  
The souls of child and mother.' "

And George MacDonald wrote: "So the dread something has come—so full of sorrow and loss and hope. The hope, I feel sure, has never left you. More and more I feel how dreary and hopeless existence would be but for that glorious tale of Him who taught that death was not what it seemed, and rose from the grave to prove that what He had said was true. There is no other comfort that can be given. His will is always good, and He would not teach us to love as He does and then put us with such a darkness between, except for some reason as beautiful as the consequent suffering is great. And it is a gladness to have a something to give a meaning to the words, 'Thy will be done.' You must be feeling very lonely, and missing every other moment the form, the very mere presence of which in the house was a continual comfort to you; but if He comes nearer by means of your loss, then with Him you are also nearer your mother than you were before. It is only in God that those who love each other the most can really meet. And if you are both in Him, then you are not parted."

From Dr Hodgson came lines warm with sympathy: "My first impulse was to write to you at once, but I felt keenly how vain are words at such a time. Nevertheless I will venture to say that you are much and vividly in my thoughts, and that through you I too suffer as if for the loss of one near and dear."

To Mrs Meiklejohn Miss Pipe had written a brief note from the Peacock Inn on April 27: "It is a deep sad pleasure to me to pay expenses that my sweet mother put me to. Ah, if I might only go on spending for her! What happiness it was to buy her pretty silks and lace! She costs me nothing now but tears and anguish. But I know I shall be brave enough for her sweet sake to face the changed life that lies before me."

A few months before her loss Miss Pipe had written a letter of congratulation to Mrs Meiklejohn on the birth of a boy: "'A wise son maketh a glad father,' and a glad mother too, no doubt,—so you and Mr Meiklejohn are much to be congratulated, for this new son of yours, whose name you have not settled yet, will have to be christened Solomon. And how do I know, you are saying. Proof irrefragable he has given already of rare wisdom,—fine discernment of times and seasons,—by putting off his advent until Advent Sunday, and waiting until *my* birthday to make his appearance in the world. How could he do better than choose my birthday for his own? I feel immensely flattered and gratified, and shall always take this young gentleman's part when he gets into scrapes hereafter. But he never will get into scrapes: he is too wise. You may expect him to do great things." The augury was happy,—for that boy lived to turn what might have been a defeat for the British arms at Elands-laagte into a victory, and for his wisdom and



prowess there he wears the Victoria Cross, the very first bestowed during the South African war.

On her return to Laleham, Miss Pipe found all in order in the able hands of Miss Bolton and Miss Pope. The latter began to help her in those details of house management, book-keeping, and general correspondence which had formed Mrs Pipe's province, and became her secretary. Miss Pipe spent part of August at Remagen and its neighbourhood, Bonn, and St Goar,—and the latter part of her summer holiday at Bertrich, returning to London by Luxemburg and Brussels.

During the years which followed her great loss, Miss Pipe more than ever devoted herself to the superintendence of her school, and to widening her philanthropic interests in such a manner as to associate her girls with them and gradually to accustom them to the inclusion of "the things of others" within their scheme of life. The new philanthropy had begun its rational course, and Miss Pipe followed its steps with close attention. Her aim was to discover in which of its inspirations there was most profit for those on whom it worked. Seeking, as ever, to build on a sure foundation, one which could not be worn out by experience nor wrecked by experiment, and at the same time one which would afford her the opportunity for which she longed of welding philanthropy into the daily education of her girls as a subject essential to

be studied both by instruction and by practice, she was in frequent intercourse with the more serious, thoughtful, and logical workers in the philanthropic field. These years were full of such preoccupation. Her school, too, increased at this time so rapidly that it became necessary for her to take another house, one at the end of the garden, looking on King's Road, and next door to Laleham Lodge. This step was taken for two reasons. The preparatory curriculum was hard to combine with that properly belonging to Laleham. Girls arrived term after term unsuited for the latter, and their parents were most unwilling to have them returned for preparatory training at another school. Miss Pipe felt that by increasing her accommodation, a preparatory school might form part of the whole, and if supplied with its own staff, might be conducted so as to leave the work at Laleham unhampered, and yet to share in such parts of it as were suitable for younger as well as older girls. By annexing Dover Villa under the name of Laleham Lea, she was able to accept many more girls, and to provide for their careful preparation up to the higher standard, and so to admit them to Laleham as they became sufficiently qualified. In March 1873 the new house was secured and a lady-superintendent installed, with resident governesses, a housekeeper, and maids. New music-teachers were added to the visiting staff; and some members of the old

staff went over to the Lea to give special lessons.

It was next year that Miss Bolton became Mrs Sonnenschein, and after some delay took the post of superintendent at the Lea, where she, her husband, and mother lived for a time. As the number of applications increased, Miss Pipe was fortunate enough to add the Lodge to her houses, as it came into the market in 1874. She placed a French lady in superintendence there for some time, and added governesses as they were needed. There is some difficulty in securing accurate dates for the events of these years, but the first suggestion of this expansion may be referred to February 2, 1873, when Miss Pipe entered in her diary: "It occurs to me that I might take the house which is to be let in King's Road at the bottom of my garden."

The diaries are almost blank for 1873, 1874, and 1875, and but few letters survive from this period of adventure and experiment. But there were losses at Laleham which she mourned. Two of her faithful servants died, Anne and Nicholls, and this made the time more than ever one of transition from the old to the new. One letter of September 27, 1872, survives, written to Miss Keighley: "Come when you can, you are coming to your second home and to your school-mother, so I will say nothing about the welcome waiting for you. Of my sweet mother, to whom you make tender and touching reference, I shall not

be able to speak much,—it is too soon. But there is light in this present darkness,—light falling on it from the past and light from the future. It is only a summer night that separates me from her. The day we spent together was long, and warm and bright, and at evening time there was light. Before the glow of that sunset has faded out of the sky, dawn will be here,—the dawn of a better day,—and joy shall come in the morning.” So Professor Meiklejohn had written to her when, in the spring of 1871, he felt to the depths her sorrow :—

“Thy mother’s gone into the World of Light  
Where Christ’s sweet presence makes the landscape bright;  
Fast comes for thee that fair and new to-morrow,  
That day-dawn which shall heal thy bitterest sorrow.  
Say not, complain not that thy heart is broken,  
Take the new leaves and bless the buds as token  
That neither Life nor Death can part you twain,—  
Faith too and Hope whisper the word *Again*!  
Let thy soul turn to the new life and light!  
Thoughts that disturb, longings that fret will flee,  
’Twixt thee and her lies but a summer night,—  
But one short summer night ’twixt her and thee.”

In Laleham itself there were now many changes. Miss Bolton’s marriage, the death of trusted servants, called for new helpers, for a new distribution of parts. Mr Meiklejohn was invited to St Andrews to occupy the Chair of Literature there, and Mr Tainsh was installed in his place, not only for literature and ethics, but for history, a subject of which he was a rare and masterly exponent.

A brief reminiscence of the early 'Seventies comes from Mrs Kent, the first of a contingent of sisters closely associated with the school and the beloved "school-mother" for many years: "Just writing in a chatty way, I can tell you one or two little incidents that stand out in my mind—not worth much to any one but myself. One day, about a week after my first arrival, one of my brothers came to see me and brought me a box of cocoanut ice, which I promptly took down to the north room to share with my then especial friend. We were much enjoying the dainty, quite unconscious that sweets were not allowed, when Miss Pipe came gently sailing through and stopped to speak to us. I offered her some, and she took a little piece and said it was certainly very nice, but she did not think it was very good for growing girls, and if I would give her what was left she would put something on my tea-table instead of it. What was my delight at tea-time to find a large basket of strawberries on my plate with 'Exchange is no robbery' written on a card attached to the basket! That was, as far as I recollect, the first time I ever came really into contact with her, and I can remember how much I was struck by her justice. My last term at school was spent in rather delicate health, and I was allowed only two hours' work each day, so she gave me the superintendence of the garden. That *was* a lovely term. She took me to two or three flower-

shows and to Kew Gardens, where we made copious notes of plants suitable to Laleham soil, such as clematis of different species. She was delightful on these excursions, and appeared so young and gay. But I only once felt her my equal, and that was when she took me into her room and asked me to help her to dress one day, and to select a pair of gloves for her to wear. Oh, that drawer! It was a joy to an untidy girl to behold. All the gloves were mixed up anyhow, and I felt so much sympathy with her, as that was exactly how *my* drawers looked, I exclaimed, 'How delightfully untidy!' and Miss Pipe could not get on with her dressing for laughter. She confessed that she was naturally untidy, and always felt much sympathy with girls who were the same. Twice in the course of the three years I was with her she blamed me for things I had not done, and each time she made most sweet and humble apologies for the misunderstanding, and made me love her more than ever."

As a matter of fact Miss Pipe had never kept her own drawers tidy, as it had been Anne's province to look after them; and as Anne could never be replaced, she had to learn this special kind of tidiness slowly and painfully for herself. She mastered it too, as her shelves and drawers in later life witnessed.

The little incident of her deft handling of the forbidden sweetmeat recalls another in which her gracious subtlety effected her purpose infinitely

better than grave lecturing would have done. Some of the girls had composed an important petition asking for longer holidays. The document was put on a slab in the hall where all letters and messages for Miss Pipe were placed. Next morning the answer came written, as follows :—

“ ‘It is the mynd that maketh good or ill,  
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore :  
For some that hath abundance at his will  
Hath not enough, but wants in greater store,  
And other that hath little, asks no more,  
But in that little is both rich and wise ;  
For wisdom is most riches.’

—SPENSER.

“To such wisdom I commend my dear ‘devoted pupils’—devoted as they plainly are! to work, to Laleham, and to H. E. Pipe.

“To the Petitioners.”

Mrs Waterhouse (Sarah Holden) was another pupil of the early 'Seventies. She tells me: “I found the dominant influence there to be the pressure on each of a *public opinion*, the origin and maintenance of which was Miss Pipe's standard of work, conduct, and point of view. Mr Tainsh taught universal history, and on his words, which were ‘wisdom acceptably put,’ the more intelligent girls hung. He taught it in great outlines,—beginning with Abraham down to modern times; continuous, as very few school subjects then were, arrested as they were by the incoming of new and ignorant girls. He also

taught literature, and would take a classic full of suggestions for further study, such as Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' and then some of Shakespeare's plays. The best girls felt the influence of a *mind* guiding them always further into *thinking*. He taught the importance of thinking,—clear, definite, laborious thinking. When Mr Tainsh was ill, Canon Troutbeck took his place for a time. Herr Pauer's wonderful musical recitals formed one of our most valuable aids and spurs to exertion in music. He took one musician at a time,—or two of the same character,—told us his history and comparative position, and then illustrated on the piano what he had appreciatively criticised. Mr Sonnenschein was teaching logical thinking about arithmetic, bringing his own new method into practice,—and the science teachers of my time were Mr Mattieu Williams and Mrs Whelpdale."

From Miss Rigby comes a brief but pregnant remembrance: "Never in all the years I was at Laleham did I hear any girl speak disrespectfully of Miss Pipe, or question her judgment. Once she blamed me for what I had not done, and never can I forget her sensitive distress and generous acknowledgment of the misapprehension."



## CHAPTER VII.

## THE ORPHANAGE.

(1874-1877.)

OF Miss Pipe's intellectual influence upon her girls at this time, no one can be better qualified to speak than Miss Alice Gardner, who sends me the following most interesting recollections:—

“The strongly intellectual bent of her nature was evident in her attitude towards the girls' studies, in her personal dealings with each one apart from lessons, and in her own incessant desire to acquire more knowledge and to correlate what she already possessed. If any girl had a particular intellectual taste or proclivity, she was certain to find in Miss Pipe both encouragement and guidance. If any seemed to lack intellectual tastes, efforts were made in all directions until some stimulus was found to which the lethargic nature proved sensitive, and by which it might be quickened to manifold activity. Certainly one of her chief objects with all the girls was to help them to think. I remember how she impressed

upon our memories a Buddhist saying to the effect that 'All we are is the result of what we have thought,' and how she told us to be thankful that a religion followed by millions of people contained so wise a principle. She was anxious that we should attach coherent notions to abstract terms in common use. She once had Professor Sheldon Amos down to give us lectures on the significance of *Law*. What he said was well driven home by her in supplementary conversation; and in later time, when I came to study Austin's 'Jurisprudence,' I found how clearly his main principle had been set before us. She also sought to give us clear notions as to passing events. I remember how, just after the Œcumenical Council of 1870 had passed the Decree of Papal Infallibility, she came down, as was her wont, with her newspaper while we were finishing dinner, and asked the French governess to read aloud the French text (in which form, I suppose, it had first been popularly proclaimed), in order that we might know exactly what it stated.

"In matters of discipline she was always endeavouring, not only to keep a good moral tone, but to carry the minds of the girls with those of the authorities. On one occasion, soon after I had entered the school, a slight breach of some school-rules called forth from her an address of a singularly direct and powerful kind. She analysed for us the nature of authority and of obligation in so perspicuous a way, that thenceforward any

girl who voluntarily neglected lawfully imposed rules, must needs have felt herself a sinner against the light. I am not eulogising this method, which may have been a severe one for tender consciences, but I do regard it as generally characteristic of Miss Pipe.

“It follows naturally from what has been said that in her religious teaching and influence Miss Pipe always kept emotional tendencies in check by practical and intellectual considerations. She assumed in the girls some desire for moral and religious progress, and she never wearied in setting forth the processes by which experience had shown such progress to be possible. Thus, whether she would have put it so or not, there was a strong psychologic element in her religious teaching. She would, for example, point out that prayer requires the same concentration of thought as one needs for mathematics. She would insist on the necessity of periods of calm and retirement for keeping the mind and spirit undistracted throughout the varied interests of life. She was capable of rising to high flights of feeling, but from her point of view feeling was useless unless it generated moral force. The passage of Scripture that will always, in my mind, be associated with her teaching is: ‘They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; . . . they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.’

“Miss Pipe gave a practical contradiction to the common error that a woman of great and manifest

piety, especially if she be a director of young people, is certain to work too much on their emotions. She also exposed another error,—that women of this kind *must* be proselytisers, anxious to draw their pupils within their particular Church or sect. Miss Pipe was singularly free from what goes by the uneuphonious name of denominationalism. She had a certain loyalty to the Wesleyan Methodist system, in which she had been brought up, and of which she had assimilated the noblest part. She was also attached to the Church of Arnold and Maurice, to whom she owed most of her general views of religion and of life. But I do not think she ever had even a passing desire that any girl under her care might be brought out of one Church organisation into another. Laleham was in a sense a Wesleyan school (in my time we were all obliged to go to the Wesleyan chapel, simply in order to prevent altercation), but the influence on non-Wesleyan girls towards the chapel was, I may safely say, *nil*.

“I have spoken of Miss Pipe’s later years, in which she was a wise counsellor to many old pupils. On one occasion, very many years after I had ceased to see her often, I felt myself in a practical dilemma, on which the judgment of a clear-seeing, disinterested outsider might be able to throw more light than could be afforded by any one near at hand. I went to Miss Pipe, and I recollect how clearly she grasped the situation, and how full of sympathy and of good sense was

her advice. She warned me against dwelling on certain considerations which might injure my sense of proportion. Her negative advice was, 'Don't do anything heroic.' I have no doubt that the same sterling sense, along with high principle, marked all that she said to those who asked for her opinion."

To this interesting criticism may be added a remarkable paragraph from Miss Gardner's contribution to the 'In Memoriam Magazine' of 1907, as it supplements and endorses what has been already said of the loftiness and thoroughness which characterised Miss Pipe's aims, and is, besides, valuable on account of the intellectual status of its writer: "My own Laleham career fell in the early 'Seventies. I always regret that I never had any experience of Miss Pipe as a regular and formal teacher. Yet from what she taught us incidentally, and from her whole tone with regard to our studies, it was easy to conjecture what her former teaching must have been like. In all that she did and said,—in her direction of our reading, her choice of our teachers, her whole-hearted interest in every attempt of ours to acquire any kind of knowledge,—I think that all her pupils must have been impressed with her respect for intellectual thoroughness, her ardent desire—on her own part and that of others—for a widened horizon of thought and a secure basis of ascertained fact. It is possible that, owing to the great attractiveness and strength of Miss Pipe's moral

character, her strong intellectual side may occasionally be overlooked, and therefore I wish to emphasise it here. She was one of those leaders whose word of command is not 'Go forward,' but rather 'Come on.' She always treated us as fellow-seekers after truth, and her influence in this respect was so stimulating that a very large number of Laleham girls were among the first to take advantage of opportunities of higher study at the universities. This is in spite of the fact that the curriculum at Laleham was (necessarily) not particularly suited to lead up to an academic career. Indeed, in the early days the girls were hardly able to assimilate very strong mental food, and were more in need of *stimulus*. But this stimulus she applied with great effect. I think that most of the girls—perhaps all—who continued their studies at college after leaving Laleham did so not from any very practical aim of utility, but because they had come to regard knowledge as something to be sought simply for its own sake."

It was in the early 'Seventies that Miss Pipe's private and personal life was enriched by the gain of two devoted friends,—Miss Pope and Mrs Huggins. Her old neighbour and friend, Mr Huggins (now Sir William Huggins, K.C.B.), married in 1874, and his wife was soon attracted by a neighbour whose life of duty and endeavour presented a parallel to her own, directed by very different circumstances, but vivified and exalted

by the same spirit. They appreciated each other from the first, and gradually their intercourse and correspondence matured into a friendship remarkable for its sincerity, loyalty, and generosity, for its depth and many-sidedness. Friendships are so various in character that they are impossible to catalogue, and they depend for their development so greatly on their mutual mental and ethical influence that this development cannot be recorded by any mere observer, nor indeed can it be traced through its labyrinth of active and passive experiences, even by those to whom it belongs and from whom it derives. Every friendship which Miss Pipe attracted was dear to her, and she discerned all that it brought and received, and mourned its loss, whether by death, separation, or change. She counted every new friendship as an "event," and, like Emerson, was fain to welcome it with sacring ceremonial. She would quote Ruskin, who esteemed it better to say of a man after death, "How many friends did he leave?" than to say, "How much did he leave?"

But, naturally, she was the chief giver in most of her friendships; and although she never shrank from the part assigned to her, but rather rejoiced in it, accepting affection as its rich reward, a friendship which met hers on equal terms—with intellect, ideals, faith, and principle duly proportioned to her own, but varying in central occupation, in attainment, in expression—was great gain, and was prized as one of God's best bestowals.

I find a letter written eight years after their first meeting, by Lady Huggins, in which she tells the story of her first dinner at Laleham :—

“I wonder if you remember as well as I do when you first asked us to dine with you. I had seen you once, but only once, before the dinner day. We had settled to walk down, as the weather was fine, and I had settled to put on the wedding-garment. A visitor called late in the day; I did not like to send her off, and when at last she did go, William pounced upon me severely, got up in his evening things, telling me he had never been late in his life, &c., &c., finally letting me off with an announcement of the fearfully small number of minutes he could possibly let me have to array myself. So I rushed to my room, and he followed to his dressing-room to keep an eye upon me and call time. I felt at once that the wedding-garment must be given up, with all its mysterious tyings and twistings, and making a hasty survey of what could be got into quickest, I chose an old black silk gown. There wasn't a minute to see to lace, so I could only tuck half in, half on, whatever came handiest. My plaits of hair were rough, so I smoothed them with water! washed my hands and forgot my rings, and then said I was ready, frightening William not a little by saying I felt pretty certain some part of me would come down or off. As we walked down W. told me a cheerful story of



how once he had been going to dine with you in summer-time, and while passing down the narrow passage which leads into New Park Road, thinking deeply of something, he suddenly became conscious he couldn't get on, and found himself face to face with a very black sweep with an extra bundle of brushes. And then he hoped Miss Pipe would like me, and did I *really* think some part of me would come down or off? At dinner-time I was very happy, and soon forgot all about myself. I studied Mr Percy Bunting's head most carefully, and decided it was a good one; and I had as many looks at you as I could, but somehow you always seemed to be watching me, and to be watched through spectacles or over them is an awful ordeal to go through. Upon the whole, however, I much enjoyed myself, and when we started for home I told William that *I* certainly liked *you*. And from that evening to this day, I know I have loved you more and more,—though I think for a time I rather went off into a side-path of valuing you for your power of mind rather than of loving you just for yourself. But although I don't value you less, I give you quite true love now without any mixture of feeling you can help me in my mental perplexities. I am sure you do not know at all what you have been to me, nor can I tell you."

Miss Pope's affection came at a time when it was sorely needed. After Mrs Pipe's death she

devoted all her spare time to Miss Pipe, standing between her and those cares and duties which harass the bereaved, bringing her comfort and consolation, and filling up otherwise lonely hours with her companionship, with unwearied sympathy, with the solace of her lovely voice and her bright laughter,—lying then so near to tears,—and seeming in very deed “one sent” with store of human tenderness and human ministering.

In 1875 Miss Pipe accomplished what she had meditated for years,—the bringing her girls into contact with the poor in such a way as to avoid danger to their health, and yet to make them practically aware of their constant responsibility to those bequeathed by our Lord as *His* representatives to His disciples. All her former experiments had been lacking in immunity from danger, and some outbreaks of measles and other ailments in the school were traceable to “children’s holidays” in the garden. But in spite of these disappointments, she had never lost sight of the fact that the maturing of compassion in the young must not be left to chance or impulse, but must be as carefully guided as any other of their mental and moral qualities.

After fullest consideration she decided upon attaching an Orphanage to the school, at a moderate distance from Laleham, which could be easily traversed by girls going and coming. A small house was found in Streatham, and

seven little girls were placed in it, superintended by a matron whose duties included teaching them all that pertains to service,—house-cleaning, cooking, waiting at table, laundry-work, and needlework. This first matron was soon replaced by Miss Sayer, who was the young servant at Laleham Lodge twenty years earlier, to whom Miss Pipe had written the treasured little letter already quoted. Since that time Miss Sayer had been a Bible-woman, and had qualified herself for conducting the Orphanage by taking courses of lessons at the London Sewing School and the South Kensington School of Cookery.

The first child accepted was the orphan child of a navvy called Jamieson, who with his nephew saved an express train between Glasgow and Paisley from being wrecked on a viaduct in the summer of 1874. This man noticed that a sleeper had started, and that the approaching train had no chance of escape unless they sacrificed their lives, which they did most gloriously. They are buried in a hillside churchyard which slopes down to the railway. The elder left a little orphaned girl, and Miss Pipe accepted her at once for admission into the Orphanage.

The seven children were increased before the end of 1875 to twelve; and three years later, when they were removed to Balham, a larger house permitted a maximum of sixteen little girls. The opening day was March 11, 1875, the fourth anniversary of Mrs Pipe's death.

This Orphanage in a sense belonged to Miss Pipe's pupils. They were privileged to contribute to its support, to help in giving clothes to the children, and, above all, to teach them. What was lacking in the annual expenses Miss Pipe paid out of her own pocket. But the first year's cost was already provided. On her birthday, November 27, 1874, Miss Pipe received from her girls a gift of £97, 9s. 6d. for the Orphanage, and to this was added by her personal friends a sum which raised the whole to £566, which not only maintained the children, paid rent, taxes, and other necessary outlay, but furnished the house in Streatham and left a balance of £150.

The teaching was perhaps what lay nearest Miss Pipe's intention. This was done by her best pupils, those who had earned by their work and character the distinction of being trusted to teach others. Only one hour a-week was permitted to each, so that their help could be given without injury to their own studies. Arithmetic, reading, writing, simple lessons in grammar, history, geography, in botany and natural history, were given by their young teachers, and a careful time-table was made every term and scrupulously followed. Although the teachers never sacrificed their own work, they were allowed to give up unexpected pleasures for the sake of the Orphanage. Miss Sayer gave the Bible-lessons, for which experience had ad-

mirably qualified her ; and once a-week the children went to the gymnasium at Laleham Lea and were drilled by the younger pupils there, and taught games and part-songs. Many pleasant treats, both in summer and winter, were provided for them by neighbours and friends ; and when the matron's time for a holiday came round, old Laleham girls took her place and made careful young matrons while she was absent.

As the children grew to serviceable years and were ready for work, one and another were sent to the house of a friendly teacher and placed for a few months under some old servant to acquire the efficiency which practice gives, and then a first place was found for each. But they were kept in close touch with the matron, spent their holidays with her, and came back to her if the first situation proved untenable.

Of course there were failures amongst the children from congenital defect, unworthy home influence, or natural frivolity ; but these were exceptions.

Miss Frances Martin, who was greatly impressed with the advantages of including wise philanthropy in a scheme of education, wrote a powerful and interesting article for 'Macmillan's Magazine' on the subject of the Laleham Orphanage, pointing out its immense advantage for schoolgirls in training them from the beginning to give of their very own, to have

patience and loyalty in well-doing, to think calmly and reasonably rather than to be whirled into disastrous charity by emotion, to account the things of others worthy of wise consideration and wise sacrifice, to think "before and after" in well-doing.

"When two people are hungry," she wrote, "one is not to eat the whole loaf. This is really what we want to teach children, and it must not only be instilled as a maxim, but the habit to give a share of the loaf and careful thought for the hungry must be encouraged by practice, and it will extend to every good gift. Education, well-being, happiness—all these belong to all, and must be shared by all. . . . A schoolgirl so trained, returning to her own home, will take with her willing hands for service, a loving heart to cheer parents who have toiled for her and are beginning to grow weary of the struggle in life, a possibility of unselfish devotion which has been called forth in youth and wisely directed, though the full development and the gracious abundance of it will be seen only in the woman, the wife, and the mother."

Miss Pipe's admirable practicality in the matter of her Orphanage shows itself in her condition that the relations or friends of each orphan were required to pay £10 yearly while she remained there. It was indeed her philosophy that there must be both taking and giving in every complete life, and that money is only one, peremptory and

useful perhaps, but one of the least of the good gifts we exchange.

An outbreak of millionairism has wrenched wise thinking on charity out of its orbit, and we can only hope that it will pass as it came, and that our social sanity will recover.

Concerning this and the immediately succeeding years at Laleham, Mrs Barber gives us the following valuable record: "When I entered Laleham in September 1875, the house staff consisted of Miss Pipe, Miss Pope, Miss Swindells, Mademoiselle Méquillet, and varying German Fräuleins. The visiting teachers were Fräulein Heinrich and Fräulein Trauwetter for music; Miss Easttie for Euclid, analysis, composition, and geography; Miss Ferrari for singing; Mr Sonnenschein for arithmetic; Mr Tainsh for moral science and history; Herr Ernst Pauer for musical lectures and recitals; Mr Ward for part-singing; Mrs Whelpdale for science; Mr Goodwin for drawing; Mr Winterbottom for calisthenics, and Mr Peters for archery.

"What shall I say of the aggregate influence thus brought to bear on a small, sharp girl of fourteen,—an influence summed up in the wonderful lady with her sweet low voice and quiet tread, who was a new revelation of womanhood,—to be loved in her tender moods as a mother, to be revered in her loftier moments as a very messenger of God? No true Lalehamite of my time will charge me with exaggeration if I write

down Major Stiles' appreciation of General Robert Lee as voicing our feelings towards Miss Pipe: 'He was of all men most attractive to us, yet by no means most approachable. We loved him much, but we revered him more. We never criticised, never doubted him, never attributed to him either moral error or mental weakness, no, not even in our secret hearts or most audacious thoughts. I really believe it would have strained and blurred our strongest and clearest conceptions of the distinction between right and wrong to have entertained even for a moment the thought that he had ever acted from any other than the purest and loftiest motive.'

"Her loving wisdom and weight of character on the one hand,—our unquestioning love and trust on the other,—were the secret of her unparalleled influence. Laleham rules were little short of conventual,—never a holiday during term-time, never a moment of work-time given up, even if an eager parent had travelled a hundred miles to pay a two hours' visit, never a word spoken after ten minutes past nine at night, though most of the girls were young women from sixteen to nineteen years of age,—none but a few committee girls allowed to enter a shop from beginning to end of the term,—what would the modern free and easy schoolgirl think of these restrictions?—yet Miss Pipe never relaxed her rules, and we never chafed against them,—because they were hers!

"The time she spent with us in those years was



surprisingly little. Morning Bible-class, a few minutes after mid-day dinner, drawing-room and evening prayers, were the only regular times of the day when we even saw her. But once a fortnight each girl spent half-an-hour alone with the school-mother in her sitting-room. It was our privilege then to ask her any questions on subjects which might be perplexing us, and in early days I took care to have a good number prepared lest when the gentle voice inquired—‘Have you anything to say to me, my dear?’ and I faltered ‘No,’ the voice should reply with a warning note—‘Then I have a good deal to say to you.’ What life-questions were settled in that room, what tangles of character unravelled, what tonic counsels given to those who had ears to hear! She was not of those who believe in giving ‘the dear young people a good time.’ She constantly placed holiness and not cheap happiness before us as life’s goal, and if at any time we tended to live below her standards, she did not spare us from outbursts of righteous indignation. We might leave her presence cast down, but we knew that we were not forsaken, but that her tender patience reached out to meet our feeblest upward strivings.

“I had come from a middle-class boarding-school, where giggling, whispered stories were by no means unknown among the girls, and the tonic purity of the Laleham atmosphere was unspeakably refreshing. Evil things died in it like bad

germs in sunshine. She worked deep among the roots of character, and so ensured the goodness of its fruit. She trusted to the 'expulsive power of a new affection' for the silent driving forth of evil, and she succeeded amazingly. I have never known wiser, better methods than hers of dealing with a possible danger in the minds of young girls. She would not crystallise and render permanent ugly things by giving them names and scolding at them. She drew our thoughts away to things so pure, so large, so beautiful, that we fell in love with goodness, and almost unconsciously grew to loathe the loathsome.

"She kept beauty before our eyes, in the grounds, by the reedy pond, and in the shady walks,—in the house, by dainty morris papers and carpets, and the simple, tasteful arrangement of our rooms,—in the study, by copies of the antique and reminders of Italy framed on the walls. Her own sitting-room was a sanctuary of beauty, and contrasted almost reproachfully with the middle-Victorian drawing-rooms to which most of us were accustomed. In turns some of us had tea with her there. Her table-talk was natural and flowing, full of suggestion and information, without a hint of lecturing, illuminated by witty little anecdotes and twinkles of fun. She had a wonderful store of commonplace books, which could be instantly referred to for facts or dates in dispute. Her mind was insatiable for exact knowledge.



LALEHAM POND.

MEMORANDUM

She hated half-truths, and she taught us to feel mentally dishonest if, in our reading, we passed over an unknown word without doing our best to understand it. To the last this tireless pursuit of truth was dominant in her character. I remember shortly before she left us, asking her if she knew anything of the language of jewels and could tell me the meaning of the amethyst. Her search lasted through days and weeks. I know not how many eminent authorities were consulted, but at last I received an extract copied from Ruskin's 'Deucalion,' which set the question at rest for ever.

"Miss Blanche Leppington composed a hymn for the beginning of the Laleham term, and it embodies so much of Miss Pipe's spiritual teaching that I am copying it here for you:—

"Our Father, through whose Fatherhood,  
By us is dimly understood  
The common tie, the common good,—  
Meet with us here who meet to-day,  
To tread together as we may  
A little space of life's short way.

From trust too slow and love too rare,  
From blindness to each other's care,  
From words that injure unaware,—  
From selfish pride and selfish fear,  
And all that maketh insincere,  
Deliver, Lord, Thy household here.

Be here to rescue from all ill,  
Be here to prompt the better will,  
To stir right thought and to fulfil  
Thus, day by day, while here we stay,  
Set Thou our footsteps in Thy way,  
And grant the things for which we pray.

That in the end with souls subdued  
To holy love and quietude,  
In looking back on all this good,—  
On fruitful hours of still increase,  
And work begun that shall not cease,—  
Thy household, Lord, may part in peace.'

"Should I be using too large a phrase if I said that the *immanence* of God was the thought which lay at the root of all Miss Pipe's influence and teaching? I find this extract from Ruskin in my old passage-book: 'We treat God with irreverence by banishing Him from our thoughts, by not referring to His will on slight occasions. His is not the finite authority or intelligence which cannot be troubled with small things. There is nothing so small but that we may honour God by asking His guidance of it, or insult Him by taking it into our own hands.'

"Everything we did and thought was lifted by her into heavenly places, and small, mean things suddenly found themselves in such august company that they shrank away abashed. Even our fun she sought to free from all sting. The jests of school have a flavour and pungency hardly known elsewhere, and the laughter of Laleham was one of its most refreshing memories; but we learned from her, 'Somehow clever things are hardly ever *kind* things,' and that checked many a joke which had some one else's weakness for its point.

"When I hear gentle-minded women mourning over our lost manners, my memory turns to her who believed implicitly that 'good-breeding is the

polished surface of Christianity.' She had a graciousness and queenliness which her angular followers rarely attained, but how patiently she strove to cure our gaucheries, and how quickly she succeeded, for we could not afford to forfeit her approval even for a moment. I remember a manish girl of fifteen, who wore a Newmarket and took long strides, hearing a gentle voice which said, 'Do you swing your arms, my dear, lest any one should mistake you for a lady?' That one comment cured her of the habit of years.

"Miss Pipe's voice was a wonderful organ, which made it a privilege to hear her read aloud. Sometimes at 'drawing-room,' when we wore our best frocks and did fancy-work, she would read aloud to us a political speech, or a bit of George Eliot, or a paragraph from the 'Spectator.' Never shall I forget her glee, when an ill-advised professor had been lecturing on the total submission of woman to her lord, and Miss Pipe replied to his teaching by reading aloud to us, without note or comment, Mrs Poyser's speech in 'Adam Bede': 'Howiver, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish, —God Almighty made 'em to match the men.'

"But nothing was further from her thoughts than to lead us in the paths of the 'emancipated.' I can recall every tone of her voice on another occasion, when she said with the greatest emphasis, 'My dear children, let me never hear of one of you joining the discordant chorus of women shrieking for their rights.'" As a matter of fact,

Miss Pipe upheld women's *duties* rather than their *rights*.

Mrs Barber goes on to say: "Miss Pipe has been spoken of as one of the pioneers in the higher education of women, and justly; but her methods were not such as every schoolmistress can follow. She herself was the source whence the educating influences of Laleham flowed. From the conning-tower of a middle-aged judgment I look out upon a large number of gifted women-teachers, but another of Miss Pipe's force I have never known. She educated a *class* of girls, which made it possible for her to go forward on her own broad lines without subjecting us to the feverish and narrowing influences of public examinations. The latter plan would doubtless have produced higher results in specialised learning, and had we intended to be teachers, it would have been unjust to deprive us of certificates necessary to a successful career; but as it was,—this wisest of women had her own way with us, and those taught, not the teacher, may be blamed where Laleham has failed.

"She poured out money like water in order to get for her school the most efficient teaching possible. I remember her telling me once that she paid hundreds a year to a well-known professor merely for correcting our papers. When the teaching of science was just struggling into being in the 'Seventies, we had our little laboratory at Laleham, and were receiving excellent lectures on botany, physics, and physiology. In music those old days



provided us with immense advantages. Madame Schumann was still to be heard, and Piatti with his quartette made St James's Hall memorable. The concerts there were doubly precious to us, because they afforded our sole chance of going out to an evening entertainment. Sir William Sterndale Bennett had died before my day, but Herr Ernst Pauer gave us lectures in quaint English on the life of some great musician, and played some of his most illustrative compositions. Such evenings were delightful. We had, too, helpful occasional lectures from special authorities,—as Professor Sheldon Amos on the Opium Traffic; Dr Humphry Sandwith of Kars on the Bulgarian Atrocities; Professor Parker on Evolution; Professor Williams on Waste Products."

The spring holidays of 1875 were spent by Miss Pipe and Miss Pope in Stuttgart and Venice, a week in the former and ten days in the latter; the autumn holidays more peacefully on the Rhine and the Mosel. Miss Pipe was captivated with Bertrich, where they made their longest stay. All the houses were full for the autumn term; some changes had taken place in the management at the Lea, but the preparatory school had proved its own *raison d'être*.

There was a departure this autumn from the customary observance of Miss Pipe's birthday. It was an ambitious one, initiated by some of the girls, and cordially assisted by the teacher of reading,—a pupil of Mrs Dallas Glyn's,—who main-

tained as much as possible the lines on which that remarkable teacher had developed and refined the speaking voice. They decided on getting up a representation of Shakespeare's "Henry VIII.," omitting its subsidiary episode. The occasion demanded much courage and much hard work from all chosen to take part, but they were inspired by the desire to give their beloved school-mother an unexpected and satisfying pleasure; and although scenery and costumes were simple in the extreme, they followed historical tradition, and completed the impression made by the finish and grace of the girl-actors, their sweet voices and clear utterance, their absolute freedom from self-consciousness and affectation, their delicate understanding not only of their individual parts, but of the cohesion and vivacity of the whole. Probably no one present on that first occasion has forgotten Queen Katherine's grace and pleading voice, nor the scene when, asleep, she dreams of angelic forms surrounding her in slow and stately dance.


The play, as far as Miss Pipe's pleasure was concerned, proved to be a great success, and was repeated at her request for a second audience of poorer guests. What she valued was not alone the joy of accepting a birthday gift costing time and pains, and embodying the best efforts of grace, accuracy, and harmony, but also its lesson in delicate bearing, in submission of the individual to the whole, the vivid acquaintance with Shakespeare's play, not alone verbally, but essentially,

the discipline to which her children so gladly submitted for her enjoyment. So for a number of years a Shakespeare play became a feature of the autumn term, and one of breathless interest to all concerned. What rescued it from conventionality was the absence of stage and footlights, so that no rouge and powder were required; the simplicity of costume which had to be made with cheap muslins and glazed linings; the ingenuity of the scenery, which the girls devised and painted themselves, fortifications built of wood and chalked brown paper, weapons contrived of pasteboard and foil. The play was made successful by something better and rarer than costly accessories, and year by year its rendering increased in charm. After the play came supper and speeches, and after that an hour's dancing in the gymnasium, where kings, princes, warriors and ladies, Plantagenet and Tudor, sometimes Roman and Greek, polkaed and waltzed to the strains of Strauss, Chopin, and Weber.

I have given reminiscences of Laleham, its life and its mistress, from several of her old pupils, but not yet from the point of view of her fellow-workers. Fortunately the story of the later 'Seventies is made almost complete by admirable contributions from Miss Edwards and Miss Ada Swindells, describing from inside the life and work in her preparatory school, in such a manner as is unattainable from without.

Miss Edwards writes: "I went to Laleham at

the beginning of the summer term of 1876, having been engaged as English and Latin teacher for the preparatory school. This was in a state of transition, and for my first term I helped at Laleham as well, and had thus a good opportunity for seeing the work of the whole school. What greatly impressed me was the importance attached to accuracy and thoroughness in all matters however small, and I realised daily that Laleham was a school where character-formation was the chief aim, rather than preparation for examinations, or attainment of the accomplishments of a so-called 'finishing school.' My work included attendance at Mr Tainsh's lectures on ancient history, and corrections of the abstracts made by his pupils,—and I cannot imagine any better mental training than these lectures afforded. They were forcible, clear, and interesting, and compelled undivided attention from the girls that they might reproduce as much of each lecture as possible. Mr Tainsh forbade all note-taking at the time, but occasionally gave them a few headings, and after the lesson was over, the class broke up into groups making notes. The papers were written either by the girls singly, or by two, sometimes three, together. I corrected them and talked them over afterwards with the writers, choosing out the two best and the two worst to send to Mr Tainsh. Once or twice I had to suspend partnership, where one girl seemed to do all the work, but on the whole the plan was successful. Some of the younger



girls, who had never listened to such lectures before, improved wonderfully in their mental grasp and in their ability to reproduce thought, while the excellent papers written by some of the elder pupils filled me with surprise, until I understood how much they had gained by Laleham methods. It was after one of these classes that I heard the beginning of a scolding from Miss Pipe. The class-monitors had failed to provide all that was needed, and the lecture was interrupted till the missing article was brought. Miss Pipe, who always attended these lectures, sat silent and took Mr Tainsh to the sitting-room at the close as usual, but she returned swiftly and shut the door after her. I was wedged in behind, but knowing that she never allowed one of the staff to be present when she addressed the girls, I escaped. But I heard her opening words,—‘Bad work! bad work! the world is full of bad work,’—uttered in such a rousing, ringing, compelling voice, that I was thrilled through and through, as I had only once been before, and that by hearing F. D. Maurice speak in a moment of strong, righteous indignation. I felt deeply for the culprits, and it must have made a great impression upon them. It set *me* thinking of all my sins of omission and commission in my own work.

“During that term Laleham Lea was used as an overflow house for Laleham, and was under Mrs Sonnenschein’s charge. The girls there used to go across the garden to Laleham for Mr Tainsh’s,

Mrs Whelpdale's, and Mr Ward's classes, but for French they had their own mistress, and for German the Laleham mistress used to go to them. The Lodge, then under Miss Ewer and Miss Parker, was entirely preparatory, and its girls went to Laleham only for the gymnasium, the Sunday hymns, and special occasions.

“But in summer the arrangement with Mrs Sonnenschein came to an end, and both Laleham Lea and the Lodge were opened in September 1876 as one junior school, the houses being connected by a large gymnasium and covered corridor, and the whole known as Laleham Lea. We opened with a resident staff of Miss Ewer, Miss Parker, a French governess, and myself. Later, Miss Ada Swindells came in the place of Miss Parker, and Mademoiselle Lasalle became permanent French mistress. Miss Pipe was our head; each of us was responsible to her for the work entrusted to us. This very happy set remained unbroken till I left in 1881, after the five years' training which I had promised myself before opening a preparatory school for boys, in which Miss Pipe took deep interest. We worked hard at Laleham Lea, but we had glorious free times. Once a-week each had her free day, from about mid-day till the house closed, and once in three weeks each had a free week-end. We were allowed a fire in our bedrooms on free days, and could invite friends to come and see us. One summer I had a little nephew, two years old, to

spend a week-end at the Lea. I took him over to Laleham, and Miss Pipe and he made friends at once. She put him in her big waste-paper basket and carried him round her sitting-room, while he shrieked with delight. She took him to see the little green frogs in the greenhouse, and he often asked afterwards to go back to the 'ady with the ickle hogs.'

"About that time Miss Pipe, Miss Janion, and Miss Metcalfe and her sister used to dine at each other's houses periodically for the purpose of discussing school matters. We teachers rather dreaded these occasions, because after them Miss Pipe, in her humility, would want to change her plans and try theirs, while we esteemed her own wisdom as higher. Once Miss Pipe took me with her to the dinner at Miss Janion's. The discussion was on the best way of keeping Sunday at school, and all through I felt a warm partisanship with Miss Pipe's liberal attitude towards the *encouragement*, not merely the unwilling endurance, of visits from the girls' friends on that day.

"Several times I went with her to Canon Barnett's Advent Sunday teas and evening services at St Jude's, Whitechapel. The long drive there and back afforded a perfect opportunity for talk, and I used to save up my subjects for months beforehand, as in term-time there were few such chances. At the weekly teachers' 'parliament' we discussed school matters, but that was not private. I was always oppressed by the difficulty

of taking Bible-class on my Sunday at the Lea, and during these drives I got hints, but Miss Pipe liked us to take the responsibility on ourselves. She left us very free in matters where she deemed our own judgment sufficient.

"She had great sympathy with our varying tastes, even in the matter of food. Some one teased me in her hearing about my liking for dates. Next day the housekeeper brought a dishful to our sitting-room and said to me, 'These are for you, and Miss Pipe says you are to be supplied with them so long as they are in season.'

"One friend she and I had in common, Dr Morrell, the grammarian, who had taught her at Chorlton, and who told me that Dr Hodgson and he used to speak of her as 'the golden-haired lassie' in those old Manchester days.

"Another vivid recollection is of her eagerness to bring every subject of interest before the girls. Finding that I was acquainted with Mrs Isabella Brander, at that time working amongst girls in India, and soon after made Inspector of Girls' Schools there, she asked me to invite her on her home-coming to address her English girls on the subject of their oriental compeers, and a very pleasant evening was the result. So also Miss Sarah Marshall, who had gone out to see the excavations of Troy, came to lecture on the subject in the Lea gymnasium, where not only all the Laleham girls, but many visitors besides, listened to her admirable address, made luminous by dia-



grams and illustrations. Scarcely a term passed without some such gathering, to bring the girls in touch with all that was of real interest in the life of the hour."

What Miss Edwards tells us is charmingly supplemented by Miss Ada Swindells, who writes: "Mrs Whelpdale held her classes in the gymnasium at the Lea, and the girls came across the garden from Laleham to attend them. I remember the delight with which I listened to her lessons, especially on *physics*. Her sweet face and gracious manners and her keen delight in all that she told and showed us, made each lesson a pleasure. As I corrected some of the papers, I heard her courses more than once, but I never remember any sameness nor any lack of vivid interest on her part.

"I was a young and absolutely inexperienced teacher when I began my work, and my preparation had been all too desultory and inadequate. Miss Pipe sent me Herbert Spencer's 'Education' to read before I came, and at her suggestion I gave my first term's 'free days' to attending a course of demonstration lessons at the Maria Grey Training College. I now see, looking back, that Miss Pipe helped me in many ways to widen my outlook. She introduced me to Mr Reginald Stuart Poole, and sent me to a course of lectures on Assyria, given at the British Museum by Miss Harkness. I was invited over to Laleham to meet her friends, and was present

at one of the schoolmistresses' dinners, given in turn by Miss Janion, Miss Metcalfe, and Miss Pipe. I recollect that the talk turned on Cavagnari, and Miss Metcalfe electrified me by swiftly turning on me and asking if I knew who he was!

"The Lea teachers went across every Friday evening to talk over the work of the junior school. I remember how often on these occasions Miss Pipe had a bad headache, and was evidently tired out, but she tackled her duty bravely. We had supper with her, and a rubber of whist afterwards on these evenings.

"I do not remember her asking me what and how I was teaching, but no doubt she knew. She came herself on Saturday mornings to give the Bible-class and to speak to the girls of matters needing special notice, and she always told us teachers what she had said to them after she came out. From these words I gathered a valuable harvest of suggestions in dealing with girls. She always supported us in matters of discipline, and advised us when we had difficult characters to guide. She looked into minute details of management, such as how girls were to sit in chapel, a draft being always submitted to her. Mr Sharr superintended the Brixton circuit during my early years at Laleham, and Dr Punshon, Dr Jenkins, and Dr Pope occasionally preached. Dr Davison, then a tutor at Richmond, preached two or three times a-year,

and many of his sermons as well as Dr Pope's come back to me with clearness still. Dr Pope was a frequent visitor to Laleham, and would take prayers and sometimes Miss Pipe's Sunday Bible-class. I was never allowed to attend her Bible-classes. She admitted the resident German governess,—'because she cannot understand, my dear,' she would say. I have a picture of her in my mind's eye walking back from Brixton Chapel on Sunday mornings. She always walked specially fast on that occasion, probably because her feet were easily chilled. A girl was selected to go with her,—never a teacher. My most intimate and sacred memory of those years is of one evening when, in some way that I cannot recall, we were alone together in the music-room without a light. Probably I had consulted her about some personal difficulty. The talk passed to Bible-classes, and how best to help girls through their means. We were speaking of deliverance from evil, and I shall never forget how, from her own inner life-history, she gave me her experience,—of something recognised as evil, and therefore something from which deliverance might be expected, and how by prayer and fasting of the spirit the thing had passed wholly from her life. This direct testimony, so generously and so opportunely given, I can never forget."

Dr Pope's visits were always seasons of refreshing to Miss Pipe and to his sister, and several times he accompanied them on their Continental

wanderings, as in August 1878 at Freyburg, Feldberg, Höchenschwand, where they communed of "abiding in Christ" and of "divine wrath," the while they walked or drove.

One brief note of his bears the date December 25, 1877: "Christmas greeting and benediction. I made my endeavour to see you on Saturday, but you had fled. May the Lord imprint His image on you, that all who see you may think of Him."

Another note of 1877 is from George MacDonald, who was at Nervi, near Genoa, at the time. It contains the words: "If God is, then all is well, and in Him I hope more and more as the years grow slowly heavier,"—but it is otherwise occupied in answering questions asked by his correspondent.

Of her own letters I find only two, one describing her autumn holiday to Mrs Watson, and dated Zermatt, August 20, 1877: "Your charming letter followed me here, and amused and interested us all very much. By *us* is to be understood Miss Pope, Mr and Mrs Chambers, Mr and Mrs Buxton Morrish, and Miss Newton. So you see we are a large party, including three old Lalehamites, two of them with husbands attached. We have been travelling for two or three weeks with Mr and Mrs Chambers, staying at the Eggischorn, the Bel Alp, and the Riffel mostly, and now they go home; Mr and Mrs Morrish meet us here, and in a few days we propose to cross the Theodule Pass into Italy and spend the rest of the holidays at Courmayeur."

The second is to Mrs. Lidgett, whose mother had just died. It is dated Lonsdale, December 11, 1877. 'I heard from Peter Bunting yesterday, and again I hear to-day from your dear Son, of the great loss that has befallen you. This is great indeed, and the one grief of all that I can perfectly enter into and best understand. I have my little bit-of part in it. After my measure I bear it with you. Pray accept from me that sympathy which is all that your friends have to offer. Consolation you do not ask is for it is not wisdom that we seek in the first freshness of such trouble as this, but rather leave to weep. And we are to weep with you. We are not to argue against your tears. Your mother has full of days and honour. She was not suddenly cut off before her time. She has endured all the discipline of life, rendered us tale of service, taken her share in its joys and sorrows, and Death comes to her peacefully and in season. But all these great mercies notwithstanding, the parting is hard. To speak, and get no answer: to look into the face that has with swift, sensitive sympathy answered to our every varying mood, smiled in our joy and quivered in our grief, and watched us and watched over us since our life began,—to look into this tender, dear face and find no comfort in it when we need comfort so sorely,—to see that face for the first time unmoved by our suffering,—rigid, 'changed,'—this is anguish indeed, and we were meant to feel it.

“But while Death takes our dear ones from us, the love they called forth and cherished in our hearts defies him. This love is stronger than Death, and remains with us, a precious, enduring possession, when he has done his worst. Over the graves of the ‘greatly beloved’ the shadow of Death cannot linger long. It is chased away by the Light of Life. Your mother is gone to God, to her own God,—to Him who is the God of the Living, not of the dead. Have we not here spiritual proof of the great, blessed doctrine of immortality? For if He truly loved her, would He let her *die*? To Him she lives. We cannot hold a soul in life, but He can, and if He can, *will* He not? If we believe in His love, we must believe in the Resurrection of the dead. Thus, indeed, are we truly living on together, as St Paul teaches the Thessalonians,—they on that side the veil, and we on this. The separation is not even now complete, and partial as it is, it will soon end in the surprise, the transport, and the untroubled peace of reunion for ever. I am very faithfully yours in intimate sympathy, and in the bonds of our common faith and hope.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

## HAPPY HOLIDAYS.

(1878-1881.)

A VERY beautiful letter, written in February 1878, illustrates Miss Pipe's deep and sympathetic interest in the wifehood and motherhood of her old pupils. They wrote to tell her of their engagement, their marriage, their motherhood, and included her in all their joys and sorrows. One of them to whom she was much attached had given her news of the first-born.

"It is nearly a month since I received your beautiful Idyll of the King,—king of your heart your husband plainly is, as he ought to be, and you are queen of his. Into this holy kingdom a little subject child is born,—happy child of 'a good mother.' This at least may be safely said of him. Very near you all three are to the kingdom of heaven! For all 'love is of God,' and 'he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.' But it is perfect peace also that you are called into as well as perfect love, perfect

little child is set in the midst, father and mother learn out of their own heart how the Lord pitieth, comforteth, and is patient. He bears with us His foolish children, and waits long for our love. He shall have it at last, and the sooner we give it the sooner we enter into the blessed life, which is one with the life of Christ."

Miss Pipe, indeed, concerned herself greatly with the marriages of her old pupils, rejoicing when they were true unions, grieving when they failed to expand and ennoble the lives joined together. "Girls nowadays put more seriousness into the choosing of a summer hat than into the choosing of a life-long companion," she once said, in distress at an ill-considered mating. I have heard her decry with horror the frequency and growing facility of divorce. She looked upon marriage as a true and enduring sacrament,—a state of glad self-denial, of surrender on both sides, if impulses and habits hindered perfect love and union; a privilege unspeakable, when those wedded maintained the sancity of their home, and were "kings and priests" unto God in bringing up their children to His service, and so to the service of their country and its welfare. That it should be regarded as a mere refuge from poverty and hard work, as a condition nominally sacred but without the sacring fire, as a fair façade upon a house divided against itself and inhabited by dissension, distrust, and selfishness, was, in her opinion, not merely wrong in itself but at the root of a myriad



fast-generating evils, whose unholy contamination was for the wrecking of nations. To Miss Pipe it presented one of God's perfect means of educating human life into the pattern designed as its consummation.

Offers of marriage had come to her again and again, but she had refused them, because she was wedded to her work, and brought to that the loyalty and delight with which other women can make home precious, and all the opportunities given by her school-motherhood of guiding and inspiring young lives were her great reward. One of her old girls in the later 'Seventies writes: "My time at Laleham was the inspiration of my life. I learned there that life has a purpose, and that God is our goal. I believe the inspiring influence of our beloved school-mother was her life of prayer. I well remember at the Lea she told us one day how she had been praying for us all in the early morning. In after years I told her what I owed to her at Laleham, and her humility and surprise were wonderful. And she went on to say that if she had her time over again, she would talk less and pray more. Surely over the world, in many spheres of life, hundreds of us her children 'rise up and call her blessed.'"

A note from Miss Pipe to Mrs Palmer gives some account of the Orphanage up to 1878: "What a kind and lovely thought it was of yours to send me that money for my little Orphanage! And never was gift more welcome.

I do thank you with all my heart. This year our expenses are dreadfully beyond our income on account of moving to a new house,—where drainage (as *everywhere*!), gas, fixtures, furniture, all entailed outlay. For nearly four years we have kept just narrowly within our means, but this year we shall be £80 out, I fear. If many people knew that thirteen or fourteen lives can be made happy and useful for about £220 per annum, there would be more such orphanages. I should like to see such a little poor school attached to every rich school throughout the land, where maid and mistress might grow up within reach of each other, and learn to love and care for each other before the time for rule and service.”

It was usual to send Miss Pipe subscriptions and donations for her Orphanage on either St Valentine’s Day or on her birthday. The main income was derived from the girls at Laleham, present and past, but unexpected gifts were in those years one of her special causes for rejoicing. Some of her pupils sent large piles of beautiful cloth on her birthday for winter frocks, and bundles of warm petticoats; and they kept up this habit long after she had left Laleham, when the Orphanage was surrendered to the management of her successors, and these gifts were gladly transferred to them. Medical care was given gratis, and not only did Dr Burgess find time for this, but he and his partners sent medicines, often expensive, without fee or other reward than

warm gratitude. The new house was in Rossiter Road, Balham, better in every way than the first, and containing two schoolrooms apart from each other. The first report was drawn up by Miss Hoyle, one of Miss Pipe's oldest pupils, and initiated the practice of confessing failures as well as of recording successes. But if here and there one of these children was slow to apprehend order of life and conduct, and occasioned trouble, and even bitter disappointment, such cases were exceptional, and there was no failure in the other purpose aimed at. The interest taken by her pupils was almost in excess of Miss Pipe's hopes, and the honour of becoming an Orphanage teacher was a stimulus to effort of all kinds at Laleham.

Miss Pipe insisted on the accurate record of failures, because she had often felt checked and discouraged by its absence in reports of charitable work, and knew that such smooth sailing on troubled waters could never be her experience. She felt that even in the drawing up of reports truth and only truth could be influential and encouraging. Miss Pope and she spent most of January 1878 at Swanage. "We are deeply enjoying the perfect peace of this 'place apart,' eleven miles beyond the nearest railway station. Sea, sky, rocks, and downs are all glorious. Next Friday but one we set to work again. I think I am looking forward to it with still greater pleasure than ever before in my life, and with a deeper sense of gratitude that my chances are not yet all

gone of teaching to young girls some Truth in which they may rejoice and act. But the years, if gladder, are also more solemn as they go on. I am coming in sight of the time when my work must be finished, and if more be not accomplished in the time yet remaining than in the time already gone, the final retrospect must be more saddening—I was going to say more awful—than I should know how to bear in peace.”

Another letter of May 18, 1878, was to Mrs Broadbent, who had asked her advice in teaching children to read: “*Letters* ought not to be taught—the names of them, I mean—until their powers have been learned. The right thing to begin with is not letters but syllables. . . . I was to tell you if I went on with the Drinking Fountain Scheme at Banff. Thomas Edward seems very proud and happy to think of living on by this means in the remembrance of his townfolk. I am afraid I cannot spare more than £100. And it is likely to cost more. Water is scarce there, and the only places where it can be had are sites of wells that cannot be diverted from household use. Provision must therefore be made for all manner of purposes, and the fountain would have to be rather large and important. All the better as a monument that would be, but more costly.”

A happy spring holiday at Arundel belongs to 1879, with excursions to Deepdene, Leith Hill, and Holmwood. The annals and letters of this year are few and fragmentary, but it had signifi-

cance to Miss Pipe from a curious correspondence with Mr Ruskin. She had taken for some time an interest in the sculpture of Signor Fabi-Altini, and had received from him photographs of his "Galatea," a statue exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in the spring of 1880. Desiring to interest Mr Ruskin in this work and its artist, she ventured to write to him, fortified by an excellent introduction, and sent him photographs taken of the sculpture. His letter is undated, but was written at Brantwood, Coniston, probably in January 1879: "I am sorry to disappoint you—but cannot allow you to remain under any impression caused by my silence that I concur in your views of the genius of the Cav. Altini. It is impossible that anything could be more contrary to everything I ever taught, or more different from everything I have praised, than that statue,—which is nothing more than a good and laborious example of modern Italian Academy students' work.

"Be pleased to remember also that I never confuse criticism with alms, nor poverty with genius. To be poor does not make a man an artist. Most people are willing to give praise instead of money. *I* have given away all my money, but never a word of undeserved praise. Be pleased also in future to remember that *I* belong to the 'Papal Party,' and detest all Italian Liberals with whole heart and soul, as well as Liberals of *any* nation."

To this somewhat exasperating exasperation Miss Pipe returned, with consummate tact, the answer that quenches wrath, and Mr Ruskin's next letter testifies to her success:—

“I am really *very* grateful for your kind answer and for the justice it does to me. Am I ‘illiberal’ beyond pardon in thinking that if—as I supposed—you had been of the Anti-papal party, you would have judged otherwise, and thought me a monster of prejudice and iniquity? I wrote in no other expectation. I would now write you at some length the reasons for my judgment,—if that would do anybody any good,—but I think without any length of statement you may feel the main fault, and worse than fault—stupidity—of this idea of the most lovely Greek myth of *Art-creation*,—as if it were a new slave showing herself to Haroun Alraschid. Putting the name and thought out of question,—the statue is a good and careful piece of modelling, and means the spending of a vast quantity of care and labour to show—what a cast from life of any pretty person would show,—if such show be required,—in a yet more conclusively satisfactory manner,—and with no trouble at all. All Gibson's works are rubbish of the same sort,—and have been fatally destructive—because so attractive—of the popular taste and intelligence of English and Americans at Rome.”

This correspondence extended to a further exchange of letters. There was an evident misunderstanding in this letter as to Altini's

"Galatea," which Mr Ruskin had confounded with the statue endowed with life by Venus in response to its sculptor's prayer, and a third letter was written to him indicating this, and at the same time pleading for some guidance for those of her pupils who showed marked capacity in drawing and modelling. One of these made Laleham her home at this time, and accounted its school-mother *in loco parentis*, and for her especially she desired a "counsel of perfection." Besides this, Miss Pipe had long been dissatisfied with the decoration of her music-room, consisting of two circular bas-reliefs of Thorwaldsen's "Night and Morning," lovely in themselves, but not in touch with the uses to which this beautiful room was dedicated. She saw in her dilemma a possibility of receiving from Mr Ruskin some suggestion which, if carried out, would pay the double debt of harmony with the one art and standard in the other. To her petition for advice he replied: "I like your letter immensely, and wish I could write enough to reply to your special difficulties,—but I have written enough to set you in the way to answer them—if you will get the books. The Nos. III., IV., and VII. in the enclosed list are essentially school-books—and contain the most valuable truths I know about art. And if you will read the eighth lecture in the 'Eagle's Nest,' I think it will touch most of the points in your letter. Where did your little obstinate pupil get her idea of Turner? He was the only man in England of his age who

knew what Greek mythology meant, and the only man *I* ever knew who really cared for English History. All good art is the work of universally mighty men. That is its DEFINITION. The work of a fool or a rascal is always bad. This 'Galatea' (whose cockleshell, if I had looked long enough, should have told me it was meant for Acis's) is the work of an ambitious fool, amiable probably, industrious certainly,—but a man with no brains and much conceit, or at least conceited *hope*,—the notion that he can do great things if he would. Whereas he has not wit or feeling enough to catch the line and feel the love of a sea-wave,—let alone a sea-nymph! The best thing you could do to teach your girls what sculpture means, would be to put a photograph from Luca della Robbia in every room in the house. There are enough different ones to be had now to be endlessly delightful."

The result to Laleham of this advice was Miss Pipe's ordering and securing a large and very fine cast of a group of Luca della Robbia's "Singing Boys," and having it raised up on the wall at the end of the music-room.

Another friendship had entered and enriched her life during the two preceding years. In the summer of 1876 she and Miss Pope had visited Scotland, and particularly its West Highlands, where they spent a few days with Professor and Mrs Blackie at Altnacraig, near Oban. The following year brought the Blackies to Laleham



for a few days, and from that time a correspondence of exceptional interest was maintained between them. A long letter from Mrs Blackie belongs to the autumn of 1879. She had been invited to come to Laleham for the Shakespeare play chosen for that year's birthday, "A Midsummer-Night's Dream." It was the fifth in the series performed, the others having been "Henry VIII.," "The Merchant of Venice," "King John," and "As You Like It." Unfortunately Mrs Blackie was too ill to come, but her letter reveals her fine qualities of appreciative criticism and insight, and may be quoted: "I recall with a quite vivid pleasure all the hours of our unique visit to you two years ago, and always, as the month comes round, I seem to go over it all in my mind. It was a revelation to me of many things 'lovely and of good report,' and it strengthened in me that faculty of admiration which, more than almost any other, elevates one almost to a level with the object admired. But I think those days are to remain memories only, and can never be revived except in thought. I am quite unequal to the long journey to London and back. It took me a week to get rested from our homeward journey to town a month ago, for although I have surmounted the active ailments of last year, the results of much suffering are weakness and a general crazy state of things. But I shall be with you in spirit that special day. I shall see you calm in the midst of uproar and interrup-

tion all day, and smiling on every one in the evening.

“We are quite settled into our winter routine here, and Professor Blackie is as busy as a busy man can be. He has a ladies’ Greek class this year. It is very small, only seven or eight. He is sure that if the Society would allow him an extra hour in the week to lecture on Greek poetry, philosophy, and history, he could attract a good many; but the Executive insist on his teaching the language only. Now, a tutor could do that as well as he. I hope he will not teach Greek to ladies another year. . . . Gladstone’s visit here is stirring us all. I am sorry I shall not hear him, but Hans has a platform ticket, and will report on him. I think it would be almost too exciting to see and hear him, and to look on the thousands whose hearts are beating in tune to his own as they listen. I am sorry to have kept you so long waiting for an answer about Lives of Shelley. I enclose a list, made by our librarian, but it is very defective. I have not read the one you reprobate. It is a difficult life to write, for while Shelley violated some of the holiest social and domestic unities, he at the same time was personally very pure and disinterested, and then *he was so young*. And, moreover, he was goaded into extravagance by the tyranny of those in authority. Had he lived fifty years later, he would have been a different being. While I have always thought Byron a demoralising poet, from the falseness and

sensuousness of his writings and the vileness of his life, I have never been able to see that Shelley could hurt his admirers. The spiritual element is in nearly all he writes, and if people read him much, depend upon it, it is not to catch up the infidelity of some of his opinions, but to luxuriate in beautiful, subtle air. I should infinitely prefer to put a complete edition of Shelley's works into a youngster's hands, to giving him an unexpurgated edition of Burns to read. Your letter on originality was very interesting. All you said was true. Goethe is an instance in point, who shows in all he does the simplicity, and therefore the perfection, of genius. He says everything without parade. He describes common life in plain, common words. Witness his wonderful 'Hermann and Dorothea'; what a distinct, practical aspect the plain facts assume! He observes closely, and finds that he must not exaggerate, since the Author of all the fair show has no exaggeration in His doings. You recall Wordsworth's words: 'The gods approve the depth and not the tumult of the soul.' Perfect motion often appears like perfect repose, and every one who does best appears to be doing least. That eccentricity which young people affect is only a straining after excellence, a mistaken homage to greatness, but very far removed from it. Many of them, could they be instructed in the 'far-off touch of greatness, to know they are not great,' might live to grow bigger than they ever hoped. But I do think that idle vanity is very common

now. Every hundredth youth thinks he can write so as to astonish men and fill his own poor pockets.

*We* are deluged by the manuscripts of such, and it is piteous to be obliged to say unkind things to them. If half of those who think highly of their intellectual capacity would dig and delve, it would be better for us all. They would probably dig very inefficiently, but they would cease to plague busy men."

Dr Hodgson was now resident at Bonally,—formerly Lord Cockburn's beautiful home,—near Edinburgh, in whose University he held the Chair of Political Economy. In June 1879 he was in London, and for a few days at Laleham. Miss Pipe asked Dr and Mrs Huggins to meet him, and two days later Mrs D. O. Hill and myself. I still remember that clear June evening, the roses and Madonna lilies in the garden; the bright and sparkling conversation; Mrs Hill's beautiful and radiant face, her half mystical talk and reminiscences; the streams of racy Scotch stories from the learned Professor, and our happy, graceful hostess, who enjoyed nothing more than the magical interchange between gifted men and women, which appealed to hidden springs within her and called forth unexpected response. Slow years of toil and grave responsibility had almost dried up the channels of her native wit, but its sources were being gradually unsealed by companionship with the brilliant brotherhood and sisterhood of Miss Pope's family,

and it was dawning upon her mind as a new joy that the encounter of fine minds, even in their social give and take, was often more revealing and more inspiring than tomes of deliberate instructiveness, and far more quickening to fine issues than a council of pedagogues. This golden thread had been wanting in the grave tissue of her life, but about these years it began to gleam and glow, nor till the end was it ever lacking. I think that she was so overpowered by the gravity of her youth and the exactions of her work, that she almost looked upon a converse which had no mighty object in view, as vanity and folly. This was partly because she had known so few men and women who were at all on equal terms with herself. Miss Chambers and Dr Hodgson were the exceptions. When it became apparent to her that the greatest men and women were the least burdened with the consciousness of their own dignity, and could safely fling themselves upon the sparkling current of unpremeditated conversation, secure of favouring breath and impetus, neither being stranded for lack of speech, nor left derelict of quick thought, but braced ever to braver rally and attack; and when she gathered from the fray both refreshing and reinvigorating of mind, heart, and spirit, — she was a willing convert to the claims of this best of social recreations, which took thenceforth an honoured place in her scheme of life.

Her social life was indeed greatly widened and enriched during these years; she substituted for

her earlier dread of the world outside, the recognition that it contained a multitude of noble minds and unsullied spirits, and to all such she deferred in courtesy and admiration. Her ideals sustained no decline, but her outlook became larger, her appreciation less exclusive. She had taken the unknown for mischievous, — she became more human in discovering it to be helpful.

A wonderful and delightful summer holiday made this year memorable. Miss Pipe, Miss Pope, and Miss Newton reached Brieg on August 2, and started thence to cross the Simplon on foot, halting the first night at Bérisal. Next day they walked on to dinner at the Hospice, where they were interested in the St Bernard dogs, with their extra claws on the hind feet, like Dorking fowls! After a rest they walked on to Simplon and Iselle, where the next night's halt was made. The day following Miss Pope went by diligence to Domo d'Ossola, but Miss Pipe and Miss Newton walked. By August 7 they had reached Mendrisio with the help of diligence, boat, and train, and next day they climbed Monte Generoso. A visit to Luino followed, and then they made their way to Stresa, from which resting-place they crossed Monte Motterone and halted at Orta, taking carriage and mules thence to Macugnaga, where they stayed ten days. On August 29 they started again on foot over Monte Moro and by Saas to Kisp, and stayed there over Sunday. Mr and Mrs Buxton Morrish

joined them at Kisp and travelled with them to Soleure and the Weissenstein, where they made a halt for ten days, after which they walked through the Münsterthal to Bâle. A few days in Paris and one at Amiens ended this energetic holiday, and school began two days after they reached Laleham.

The willows round Laleham Pond were found to be dying, suffering from some mysterious disease. It was discovered that they were riddled by numbers of goat-moths, and were being destroyed by their increasing colonies. An expert was called in and recommended carbolised oil and sulphide of ammonium, and some of the trees were saved. Great energy characterised this term, probably due to Miss Pipe's open-air summer. Rides, visits to town, long walks, many visitors, schoolmistresses' dinners, and constant attendance at the school lectures are recorded. Mr Tainsh had left London, and she had secured Professor Henry Morley in his place. His lectures woke up all who listened to them. Something in the man himself acted like a fresh and invigorating mental and spiritual breeze. His immense knowledge of our literature, his faith in its greatness, soundness, righteousness, roused the dullest and stimulated the keenest to new ardour; his humour was illuminating, his comments were full of that discernment which pierces to the heart of things, his whole-hearted and wholesome appreciation witnessed to his

life "by admiration, hope, and love." But in nothing was this appreciation maudlin or blind; he criticised crisply, but his criticism was never debilitated by sarcasm. Miss Pipe was almost startled by the quality of this new member of her visiting staff, but her surprise was as much compounded of rejoicing and gratitude as of the shock of novelty. For years Professor Morley was welcomed at Laleham; when he no longer lived in London, he excepted Laleham from his other surrendered duties, and came to lecture there until fast-declining strength forbade the journeys.

Herr Pauer was still giving lecture-recitals; Mrs Huggins was giving lessons on printing at the Orphanage, and lessons too on "house-maiding," so excellent that Miss Pipe begged her to repeat them at Laleham. The school-mistresses met to discuss salaries,—the money-value of certain qualifications of character, and of certain acquirements; fees for lectures, for visiting teachers male and female; how exercises should be corrected; the educative value of the school orphanage, and cognate subjects.

About the end of 1879 Miss Pipe received the good news that Miss Alice Gardner, her old pupil, was placed at Cambridge in the first class of the Historical Tripos.

The year 1880 began with a fortnight at Swanage. Its terms passed quietly, rich in work and results, in visits from Dr Pope, Mr and Mrs Taylor, Dr Dallinger, and many others.



The spring term is announced in Miss Pipe's diary with the words,—“No more brain revivers wanted!” It had been prefaced by a holiday at Berck-sur-Mer.

The long and beautiful summer term was succeeded by a visit to Scotland never to be forgotten. Miss Pope had promised to take a happy little party of girls to Belgium, and Miss Pipe accepted an invitation from Professor and Mrs Blackie to pay them a long visit at Altnacraig. I was included in the invitation, and we left London together by the night express for Greenock on July 29. My maid brought to the station an immense bunch of fragrant dark clove carnations from her mother's garden. We got a jug of water to preserve them in and banked it up safely on the rack, as we wished to give it to Mrs Blackie in all its fresh beauty. When we reached Greenock we got a morning paper and read of the disaster in Afghanistan, before we went on board the *Columba*, with saddened hearts. Those were still the days when Oban was reached in many hours by steamer, canal-boat, and steamer again. But an ominous shadow of the coming railway was darkening the air. The *Columba* sailed swiftly to Ardrishaig that cloudless day; we got out and walked along the canal locks, and boarded the *Chevalier* (or *Pioneer* or *Mountaineer*) at Crinan, rejoicing in the western seas and their framing of coast, islands, and mountains, in their glittering lift

and fall, in their snell salt breeze, and the strong tread of the steamer through their waters. At Oban, Donald met us with his boat, and we were rowed round the point to a covelet below Altnacraig, where the Professor joined us and led us up its gentle ascent. Above stood our hostess, a world of welcome in her face, and we were taken into the peace of her Highland home. Miss Pipe enjoyed every hour of her three weeks' stay, and she and the Professor struck up a great friendship, although he told her one day that she was "disputatious, conventional, crochety, inferior, and wanting in self-respect!" Only some robust argument in which she differed from him could have occasioned this attack, for he esteemed her amongst the noblest and best of his "rare women." We went to Iona for three days, and she visited every spot sacred to St Columba, with the Professor and Mr Patterson, then editor of 'The Globe'; finding *Geranium sanguineum* on Angel's Hill. When we returned to Oban, Mr Patterson's son had arrived at Altnacraig, and I can never forget how the audacious boy that evening smilingly took off Miss Pipe's spectacles from her nose and put them on his own, gazing ingenuously into her face. She was too much astonished to do anything but laugh. He was a pleasant boy all the same, and did not know what it was to stand in awe; and indeed she was so entirely happy, natural, and human that summer, that he might

be pardoned for not realising her regality. Next day we were rowed over to the Maiden's Isle and made tea there, and sat on the thrift-embroidered rocks with our work, while Mr Patterson read aloud to us his play, "Robespierre."

Walks on the "sublime heights," strolls into Oban, a Gaelic service one Sunday, Miss Flora Stevenson's visit, sunsets from the cliff-seat, the finding of rue, bog-asphodels, stag's-horn moss, white heather, and a small variety of gentian, were all events of those weeks, and were often recalled in after years.

On August 18 Miss Pipe left us for Perth, where she met Mrs Meiklejohn and Miss Kurtz, and travelled with them to Inverness and Beaulieu, up Strathglass to Invercannich and Glen Affric. Here they stayed till September 2, worshipping on Sundays at the Catholic church, where they heard a Gaelic sermon preached within the communion-rails, and where a kindly Highlander offered them his snuff-box. On the Sunday afternoons they sat on the hillside, read their church prayers together and a sermon of Dr Thring's. Glen Affric is one of the secluded spots which the Reformation passed by, and where the generations have gone to Mass without interruption, and Miss Pipe revered all worship where the knee was bent to Christ. I have heard her rejoice that once there sat round her dinner-table a Wesleyan, an Anglican, and two

Catholic divines. Unitarians estranged her, although she made a brave effort to overcome the distress which marred her admiration for their culture and philanthropy, and succeeded up to a certain measure. Differences in church government, in matters of mint, anise, and cummin, weighed with her not at all, and faith in the Lord Christ reconciled her to all who met in His name, let the ritual be what it might. She was rooted and grounded in Him, not in peevish and paltry rites. Alas! shall He find this faith in the world of to-morrow,—or is the fashion of it outworn and the pattern rejected?

At Glen Affric Miss Pipe received the sad tidings of Dr Hodgson's death at Brussels on St Bartholomew's Day, August 24.

On September 2 they left Glen Affric and went to Edinburgh for a few days, where they visited all the sights, lunched with Mrs D. O. Hill, and were fascinated by her house, her treasures, her odd reptilian pets and "slimy things," her racy talk, commingled of fact and fancy, of things visible and invisible, of laughter and sighing, her hospitality and herself. Next day she met them at the National Gallery and told them a myriad tales of our Scottish painters, —Raeburn, Macnee, M'Culloch, Sam Bough, Harvey, and Noël Paton.

This holiday ended with a visit to Mrs John Leigh Taylor, and the autumn term began on

September 17. She encountered a great blow almost at once. Mademoiselle Méquillet was obliged to leave Laleham after thirteen years' valued residence there. She was needed by her brother in Algiers. Miss Pipe's diary contains an entry on the 28th: "Mademoiselle Méquillet left at 6 A.M. We feel as if there had been a funeral in the house."

On December 21 Miss Pipe wrote to Mrs Chambers: "At last I have the luxury of taking up my pen to express to you the thanks with which my heart has been brimming over ever since that happy birthday, of which your flowers were the chief and most prized ornament. I think there was not one of my presents, beautiful as some of them were, that I would not rather have missed than your flowers, unless, indeed, it were a dress embroidered with yellow daisies, which I will put on in your honour whenever you come to see me. The room was fragrant with your orange-blossom and tuberoses, and I half fancied myself a bride rather than a grey-haired abbess! But I am truly married to my work, and a wreath of orange-blossom, once in my lifetime, may be taken as a most graceful and lovely symbol of that fact. Perhaps I may be forgiven if I am even conceited enough to think that there was a sort of fitness in the thing. And then, when I thought my birthday joys were all over, to have another box of flowers on my breakfast-table one fine morning sub-

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sequently! And an hour after they came, they cheered up in water, and looked, every single one of them, as if they had that moment been cut. The anemones were glorious, and the tuberoses are to-day as fresh and beautiful as ever. We go down to Mrs Spencer's at Swanage for the rest of the holidays. I have no roses and oranges to cut for you, my dear, but a miserable return I make in the form of a Christmas-card, which I send, remembering how you 'walked on air' after finding a bee-orchis at Roche Abbey."

Her first entry for January 1881 is Ruskin's: "You do not educate a man by telling him what he knew not,—but by making him what he was not." A list of books purchased at this time includes: 'The Light of Asia; or, The Great Reconciliation'; Robert Buchanan's 'Shadow of the Sword'; Miss Bird's 'Unbeaten Tracks in Japan'; Robertson Smith's 'Old Testament in the Jewish Church'; Dr Dale's 'Sermons'; Norman Macleod's 'Annals of a Highland Parish'; 'Haunts of Wild Flowers.'

Besides these,—most of them suggested at Altnacraig,—she was studying Dante's 'Paradiso,' which she finished at Swanage. Here is her entry for January 3: "Walk by cliffs on to downs and home by shore; Bournemouth and Isle of Wight unusually clear; iris berries abundant; butcher's-broom in flower."

Some charming recollections of Dr Hodgson, written by Mrs Hertz, had reached her, and she

was much occupied with them and with her correspondence concerning them. When the winter term began with snowstorm and frost, Professor Samuel R. Gardiner was giving the history lessons, starting with the Civil War. His lectures formed another of the high privileges of Laleham, and they were continued for twenty years, until his health became unequal to the strain of class-teaching. All this time no mention has been made of Fräulein von Bohlen, who came to give German lessons to the more advanced girls. A woman of high culture, who in her youth had gone through the revival of national enthusiasm, represented by what was called "Young Germany," whose father had been ennobled for distinguished service, and who had herself served in the German hospitals during the deplorable war of 1870, which cost Germany her great ideals as well as her noblest manhood, her education had taken place in the most influential period of German intellectual growth, when the voices of great poets, historians, and wise thinkers were still potent in the land, not yet silenced by raucous vainglory and ambition. Mrs Niemeyer (Ethel Rayner) wrote of her in the 'Laleham Magazine' of 1905: "As I remember those years, there rises in my mind the vision of an apprehensive class, waiting imminent exposure and conscious of complete inability to comprehend the refinements of the passive verb and the vagaries of prepositions, an agitated ring, a general murmur

of 'There's Fräulein !' a quick, bright-faced little lady loaded with books, who seemed to take in at a glance all the shortcomings of the victims before her. I think that none of us failed to do justice to Fräulein von Bohlen as a teacher. We felt the wonderful energy and enthusiasm which, looking to the appreciation of literature and the communion with great souls as its goal, would have forced us through every obstacle at its own quick pace. Can any one of us forget the *Laokoön*, for instance, and the wealth of information scattered wide for our benefit? Has any one forgotten the joy of wrestling with a word till it had yielded up every atom of the author's meaning? Some of us thought Fräulein von Bohlen impatient: so she was on rare occasions. But can one wonder at the impatience of the idealist?"

Fräulein von Bohlen translated "In Memoriam" into German, admirably preserving Tennyson's metre; and she did this, as he first conceived it, in memory of a beloved friend who died in her youth.

Every week Miss Pipe went herself to the Orphanage to talk to the children, and the heads of two such talks are given in her diary of this term. On March 5 she told them why they were at the Orphanage, first,—"for their own sake," and then "because there are not enough good servants in the world." On the 10th: "I talk to orphans on what makes a good servant,—truth, honesty, thoroughness, order, industry, and



good temper." The Laleham girls were busy carving panels for the schoolroom cupboard at the Orphanage.

Miss Newton accompanied her and Miss Pope to the Isle of Wight for the spring holiday, which was devoted to long, healthful walks, reading and rest. They bought their eggs and cream at Tennyson's dairy-farm, where the dairywoman told them that he was "a centric man, a very centric man, and always in a stud." On the last day of their stay Miss Pipe was picking prim-roses, cowslips, and blue-bells, and listening to the nightingales.

Professor Blackie arrived on Thursday, April 28, just before the new term began. Miss Pipe accompanied him to the Royal Institution, where he lectured on the Highland language and literature, and they had tea in Professor Tyndall's room. Then followed a series of interesting dinner-parties, at which the Professor was in his element, and after which he sang "The Bonnie House o' Airlie," "Hermann the German," "Jenny Geddes," "The Barrin' o' oor Door," and other dramatic ballads, to the accompaniment of his own picturesque gesticulation.

The day before he left he lectured to the girls on Greek mythology, and read to them his version of the "Prometheus." He endeared himself to the whole household, wrote sonnets to Laleham, and left all lamenting his departure on May 5.

The sonnet most appreciated by Miss Pipe runs—

“ Beautiful Laleham ! of most lovely things  
Named with few lovelier, and of things most pure  
With purest ; angels, might they drop their wings,  
And live as earth-born men on earth, be sure,  
Would find meet home and entertainment here,  
With health and innocence and joy and beauty,  
And love and chaste regard, and godly cheer  
To oil the wheels of gently-driving duty.  
Oh ! if there be who on the barren waste  
Of speculation feed, or through the gray  
Routine of business fret from day to day,  
For such there's balm in Laleham, here to taste  
From fresh young lives rare wealth of easy graces,  
Bright eyes, warm hearts, smooth brows, and shining faces.”

A subject of very great interest to Miss Pipe at this time was the movement against the Opium Traffic, to which she not only largely subscribed, but lent all the aid of her private influence, attending its meetings, beating up recruits, reading documents, books, and all available statistics on the subject, informing and inspiring all whom she encountered, and even successfully importuning educated men and women to lecture on the subject. This illustrates what has already been said on her attitude towards politics. She refused to be stigmatised as either Conservative or Liberal, was wearied by the incessant wrangle of parties, and was only interested in the Government when it concerned itself with the righteousness becoming to a nation, with education, the dwellings of working people, humane landlordism, temperance, and justice to other nations. These intervals of

rational preoccupation on the part of any Government, Liberal or Conservative, roused her vigorous interest. She was splendidly indifferent to the latter-day cry for women's franchise, and illustrated in her own life the fact that a woman who takes up the *duties* appointed to her with seriousness, toil, faith, and patience, becomes far more influential for good than one who, neglecting obvious duty, lives upon platforms demanding her *rights*. Knowing how difficult a thing it is to live in such a manner as to realise to the utmost a woman's possibilities of good, she was grateful to men for relieving her of the appalling responsibility, perplexity, and strain of legislation, although she felt that many of them undertook their onerous task with astonishing indifference to its seriousness. When, in later life, she was invited, first by the local Liberals and then by the Conservatives, to become a member of the Parish Council at Limpsfield, she declined both requests, because her life, private then, was already too full of duties to admit of her accepting a strain which might have absorbed her time and attention to *their* detriment.

This year, 1881, was signalised in the theatrical world by a visit from the Saxe-Meiningen Company to Drury Lane. Amongst their Shakespeare plays, "Julius Cæsar" was perhaps their masterpiece, Barnay's Mark Antony and Nesper's Brutus making its performance memorable. Miss Pipe rarely went to the theatre, but proved her rule by

going to see this play. Some of us saw it three times, and daringly chose "Julius Cæsar" for the birthday celebration, the last of this series,—for the teacher and stage-manager left at the close of 1881. It was one of the most successful, those girls who took the parts of Mark Antony, Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, and Portia, putting a world of energy and insight into their acting. Only in "King John" was so high a level reached, when the Duchess Constance electrified us all by her pathos and beauty, and moved even the grim stage-manager to tears.

The autumn holiday was full of interest and activity at Nürnberg and Salzburg, with three days' walking from Fehrleiten to Glocknerhaus, then to Heiligenblut and to Dölsach, where the travellers, Miss Pipe, Miss Pope, and Miss Newton, took train to Toblach. Several weeks were spent amongst the Dolomites, walking, riding on mules, climbing. Here are notes of August 25 and 26: "Came over Sella Pass into Gröden Thal to St Ulrich with three saddle-mules and one for baggage: found *Papaver pyrenaicum*, *Valeriana montana*, and *Anemone baldensis*: to Pufatsch, 7133 feet, by way of Sta. Christina and Seisser Alp; beautiful views: coming home in the evening, green grass lit up with sun, cheerful group of châteaux and trim, gay Tyrolese milkwoman and one or two men about; ring-fence of fir-trees, gorge in front with blue mountains beyond: found *Woodsia hyperborea* in gorge on way home; rough

wall built of porphyry, dolomite, sandstone, and basalt." These slight notes were made to recall the scene when she came to give her girls an account of their summer rambles. Munich and Stuttgart were the last stages of this tour, which ended on September 13.

I went with her in October to an anti-Opium Traffic meeting at the Mansion House. It was in the Egyptian Hall, and Sir William M'Arthur, the Lord Mayor for 1881, was in the chair. I remember that the Archbishop, Dr Tait, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and Cardinal Manning were the chief speakers, and that Miss Pipe was much amused that neither the Primate nor the philanthropist knew how to address or speak of the Cardinal. They stumbled over our ordinary courtesies of his Lordship, his Grace, his Excellency, but were either ignorant or oblivious of his Eminence. It was all she could do to restrain her desire to toss the word up to the hesitating orators. Needless to say that the Cardinal made no such blunders when he spoke.

A mid-term visit to Grayswood Hill, and Christmas at Oakleigh with Mr and Mrs John Leigh Taylor, end the annals of 1881.

A few words from a letter written to Mrs Huggins may add memorial value to their close: "One is apt to talk of the despotism of the senses, and complain of their power to distract us from the spiritual. But if we knew and loved God

as well as it is possible to know and love Him in this life, we might find this keenness of the senses not more than enough to balance the forces of the spiritual and keep us steadily to business."

## CHAPTER IX.

THINGS LOVELY AND OF GOOD REPORT.

(1882-1885.)

LITTLE has been said of Miss Pipe's health during the decade of years from which a few surviving recollections and letters have just been recorded. Her vigorous summer holidays were certainly in its favour. But she was still a martyr to prolonged headache, and when too long deprived of sunshine and open-air exercise was prone to a form of intermittent asthmatic catarrh. The specialist consulted gave it as his opinion that she was starved of sunshine, and that this privation induced torpor of the skin-functions. He recommended Turkish baths and as much attainable sunshine as possible.

As a step towards securing all that is allotted to the home climate, she took counsel with friends, both scientific and artistic, who helped her to devise the beautiful sun-parlour at Laleham,—a room built on to the south-western wall, and so designed as to present a crescent of windows

to the morning, noon, and evening rays. Mr Berkeley Day designed and perfected its decoration, with rich patterns of autumnal fruits for frieze and warm colouring for walls. In its southern corner was a fireplace, and above it a stationery cupboard, upon whose oak door Mrs Huggins painted a figure of Phoibos Apollo, with the motto—"He will drive away darkness." A wainscot of carved oak, in panels, was purposed, headed by a border of mottoes praising God for the sun, and many clever hands were held out for the panels, on which there appeared in due time lovely forms of sun-loving flowers,—the daisy (day's eye), carved by Mrs Huggins,—the sun-flower, repeated eight times in varying fashions, some of them with bees; the rose, thistle, and shamrock, the bramble, poppy, daffodil, Christmas rose, and convolvulus.

The mottoes were chosen by both English and German friends. Miss Pipe asked Dr Kinkel's help, and he sent her—

"Lass voll herein  
Den Sonnenschein  
Und bald wird's Licht  
auch in der Seele sein."

Other mottoes were: "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun": "Above the heavens which here ye see be others far exceeding these in light":

"Wenn der Tag nicht hell ist, sei du heiter  
Sonn und froher Sinn sind Gottes Streiter."



The result was beautiful, as all know who had the privilege to use the sun-parlour, or to sit with her in it.

With a sketch of what is described came the following letter from Mrs Huggins, on February 11, 1882: "Looking through a portfolio the other day, I came upon this 'bit.' It struck me that you might like it; and so it is in your hands to have and to hold if you care to do so. It is indeed but a bit. But it is (as is evident) a rapid sketch from nature done at white heat. The scene is one which was very familiar to me in bygone years, being a stretch of wild land on the Forfarshire coast washed by the North Sea. Sandhills show slightly in the distance,—hidden slopes of sand reaching from them to the sea. Doubtless the sea once rolled over this waste land. But that was in immemorial times. Even in the far, far past, old races battled by this waste. It was then no longer sea, and the recession of the sea was surely typical of the recession of barbarism taking place through the ages when early men learnt—as they were capable of learning—that through struggle comes the possibility of peace. As the early men battled in their heathenism, how often may they not have gazed over the wild North Sea! Did that mysterious line, where sky and sea meet, touch them ever into a vague reaching out to a beyond? We cannot tell certainly. As I have looked on this waste, it ever seemed to me full of messages

of the needfulness of patient toil and of hope. For is there any waste that may not be bettered? Is there not another country beyond the sea? But the painter has to see and to feel what he sees and to paint because he must. It is not for him consciously to preach. Take my bit just for itself."

A letter written to Mrs Meiklejohn in April, and dated from Alum Bay, throws some light on Miss Pipe's decided action when the carelessness of others threatened the health of her girls, and may be quoted: "Your dear little note found us in the midst of a blessed rest of six weeks instead of the usual Easter three—which is the silver lining to our cloud of troubles. The girls went home in a panic of small-pox three weeks too soon, and thus it came about. A careless mother sent her little girl to my junior school without telling me that the child's sister had a swollen face in the holidays. She hoped and thought it was not mumps, but of course she ought in these questionable circumstances to have told me of the risk, however slight she might deem it, and left me to judge of it for myself. In a few days after her return to school, the poor little girl had mumps, which she spread abroad amongst her companions. One of the invalids, after recovering, went through her quarantine at the house of a married sister and there caught small-pox, which she proceeded to develop at Laleham. Hence an exodus and our holiday!

The girl herself was well in a week, and no new case has appeared amongst the fugitives, who wrote a fortnight after to assure me of their wellbeing. Even before we dreamt of small-pox, the last and indirect result of this ill-advised action, I had written to the mother to request the removal of her daughter, and declined a sister and two cousins, on the ground that I had not courage to face the risks to which such indiscretions might subject us in the future. The family think me stern, but justice done on one is mercy to the many who need protection. The very day after the girls went home (and thankful we were that they should be spared the shock), a valued housekeeper, who had been with us nine years, suddenly died of heart-disease. I sent the funeral down to Horsham in Sussex, where she rests amongst her own people, and beside a dear sister."

This housekeeper was Mrs Naldrett, a faithful and dignified woman, loved as well as respected at Laleham. She was devoted to Miss Pipe, whom she would liken to a royal princess,—and she knew something of what she talked about, for her brother was one of Queen Victoria's head grooms, and it was one of Mrs Naldrett's innocent boasts that when she went visiting it was to Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace!

Another letter, written at the same time, was to Miss Edwards, who had left Laleham Lea and begun her school for little boys. Many schools were in prosperous existence, deriving from and

affiliated to Laleham: such were Miss Oldfield's in Clapham Park, Miss Levick's at Sydenham, and the Miss Barretts' at Highgate. Miss Pipe was keenly interested in the conduct and prosperity of them all. On April 5 she wrote to Miss Edwards: "I have rejoiced heartily in your quick and complete success, although I have never yet had the grace to tell you so. Finding myself now in the midst of an unexpected holiday, abundantly welcome in itself though unwelcome in its cause, I have time to send and much pleasure in sending you my hearty congratulations. In reply to the information I gave the D—— family, they sent me a delightful letter of thanks, which I meant to send on to you, that you might the more clearly see the tip of my finger in your pie, but it was accidentally torn up."

I hesitate to multiply letters written to Miss Pipe, but some are of moment to the full presentation of her deeper interests, and may not be withheld. Amongst these are two letters from Dr Pope and one from Dr Edward Thring, the last being in answer to her question, "How do you arrive at Truth?" Dr Thring wrote: "By living it and by God recreating it in life. There is no other way. The answer to Pilate's question—What is Truth?—is an easy one both in practice and theory. Truth is the doing each moment what you know to be right. Truth to Pilate was—to let an innocent prisoner go. Truth

in theory is to do your best always,—anything short of our best is cheating somebody, our employer, if we have one, ourselves and God always. There is no intellectual answer to the question—What is Truth? Indeed it may be and often is the duty to put out the intellectual eye in order to do the sober, humble duty of the day. This is the process by which, thanks to a troubled and dangerous life, God has revealed to me some truths.”

Dr William Pope's letters begin and end the year 1882. The first is dated from Didsbury College on January 4: “It seems almost an anachronism to wish you New Year's greetings now, but it is my deep pleasure and pressing obligation to send you my genuine and warm greetings. No ceremony in them, but the hearty Christian sentiment of good-will enforced by no small gratitude for so many kindnesses during the miscellaneous old year. I have just finished Renan's great work, the eighth volume, and turn to my friends who adore and love the name of Jesus with a warmer heart than ever. Old as I am, I am going to learn St Bernard's Hymn to the name of Jesus. It is a heavy task, some sixty stanzas, but I mean to accomplish it as a revenge on Renan. You will recall the hymn by one line in it:—

‘Sed quid invenientibus!’

You must ask me how I get on—that is, when I come about Easter, as, *Deo volente*, I certainly

shall." On Christmas Eve he wrote: "Having finished my sermon on the sign 'Immanuel,' I send you my most sincere Christmas greetings. May you, wherever you may betake yourself for change, find an abiding peace of heart in His Son, who visited this earth for your sake. I know that His Name is precious to you. You have tried that word in the second of the Christmas morning psalms: 'He is thy Lord, worship thou Him.' Christmas-time is not merely a social festival to you. It has a spiritual meaning also. And you will accept my greetings in the form I love to give them: a prayer that the Son of God may be more and more revealed in you."

During the autumn holiday of that year, Miss Pipe, with Miss Newton and Miss Pope, visited several of the southern counties of England, partly to seek a country or seaside cottage for the Orphanage in summer, partly to make themselves more particularly acquainted with a portion of their own country. In one of the cathedral towns which they visited an incident occurred, described in the indignant letter addressed to its leading cleric, from a copy of which, in Miss Pipe's handwriting, I quote the following: "After this morning's service we went round your beautiful cathedral, and soon found ourselves in a chapel at the end of which, against the wall, is a mosaic not easily seen from beyond the red cord stretched in front of it. As we looked towards it, the cord was withdrawn and two gentlemen stepped up to examine the

mosaic. Three ladies, of whom I was one, followed, but the clergyman, with a fine tenor voice, who had just been intoning the service, checked us and called us back, with the curt warning, 'We do not allow women in there.' Will you kindly allow me to ask whether this clergyman acted under any rubric so sacred that it might not lawfully be waived even by courtesy in favour of strangers who had been accidentally misled? And, further, does this distinction between men and women with which one is familiar in the ecclesiastical foundations of Italy really obtain in the Established Church of England? With the asceticism of the Roman tradition it is in honest keeping; but could our clerical censor lay down any principle openly acknowledged in his own Church on which the distinction he drew could be argued and defended? One of the 'fopperies of Romanism,' to use a phrase of Mr Shorthouse's, this kind of distinction cannot be called. It is a sincere, symbolical rendering of that view of life and society which the Roman Church openly professes to take and has consistently maintained through all the ages since Hildebrand, and indeed long before him. But imported into the Church of England, this sign 'signifying nothing' seems to me—I speak ignorantly and under your kind correction—an affectation, a 'foppery' strictly so called. I myself am a dissenter (a friend indeed of that dissenting family who had the honour in one and another of its members to lend a hand in the

carving of your restored choir and to present the olive wood of the altar), but one of my two companions was a loyal churchwoman, and the other the sister of no fewer than five clergymen (two in Catholic orders and three in Anglican), and they were not less surprised than I at the manner of our exclusion from the pavement behind the red cord. We had left your noble choir grateful to God and man ; refreshed, soothed, and cheered by every word and note of the morning psalms and all the rest of the glorious service, and were more painfully jarred, perhaps, than in a lower key of feeling we might have been by the sudden discord of this accident."

Miss Pipe issued a Report of the Orphanage this year, with balance-sheets of three years. In the narrative of these years, 1880 to 1882, she told the rest of little Mary Jamieson's brief life. After six years well spent at the Orphanage, she fell ill. "She found friends at the last. The trustees of the Jamieson Fund (collected in Scotland by the railway passengers whom her father had saved at the cost of his life) granted out of it £10 towards the expenses of her long illness, and Mr George F. Clark, touched by this man's heroic story, as Miss Martin told it in 'Macmillan's Magazine,' presented £20 to the Orphanage for her use. She was at Bournemouth and afterwards at Swanage for ten weeks. Soon after her return to the Orphanage, worse than when she left it,



she was sent to St Thomas's Hospital, and was nursed there for six months with great care and kindness. On the 10th of December, in the morning, Miss Sayer saw her, and asked her how it was that she looked so bright. 'Oh,' she said, 'I am going, you know—going away to a great house.' In the afternoon the shy, silent, undemonstrative Scotch girl suddenly began to pray aloud, and prayed for nearly half an hour 'beautifully,' the patients said who lay around her in the ward. At half-past four she died. During her long illness all her little fancies were gratified by means of the money given her by Mr Clark, and with what remained after her funeral a stone is set up at the head of her grave in Tooting Cemetery. Her coffin was put into the ground covered with flowers given by kind neighbouring friends, who knew her or her history."

A letter from the late Miss Wigham about the Orphanage indicates the impression made by Miss Martin's article: "When I read the account in 'Macmillan,' it seemed to me that this was just one of those discoveries that seem so simple when once made, but which are often so long unmade; that this was a method by which the moral nature of young girls may receive development along with the intellectual, and thus the whole be more harmonious. But this is only a part of the good of it. I rejoice to think of your happy and beautiful work among the dear young people, rich and poor."

Miss Wigham wrote a paper on the subject for 'The Friend,' "in the hope of inducing others to do likewise."

Another such letter came from Mr Henry Cecil: "I have now read the article in 'Macmillan.' How crisp, good, and sensible it is!—like a bright morning with all the dew of its dawn upon it, and all the outlook of its day's work before! When one thinks how flaccid, sentimental, and intolerant of facts is so much benevolence, it is like coming upon a divine process and not a mere scheme of man, to feel in the tone of the paper how your charges are ordered and cared for. Indeed, by-and-by, when the notable fund of energy with which you came into the world, not to curse but to bless it, has run its course, and the shadows of life's evening close round the low, lone couch, where even the good must 'rest from their labours' that 'their works may follow them,' I am sure that you will feel that this subsidiary work of yours has indeed two sides, an earthly and a heavenly, and that it is God's voice, not man's, which has pronounced them both 'very good.'"

Miss Pipe's old girls were wont to return as temporary matrons of the Orphanage, and a little note to Miss Hoyle, when she held this position, gives us a glimpse into its activities: "Can you get the children to make me a dish of rice cakes to-morrow in time for four o'clock tea? I should like to give them to my schoolmistresses."

She was indeed anxious to find pretexts for

introducing the Orphanage to her schoolmistresses in season and out of season, and remembering well the excellence of these cakes,—“orphans” we flipantly called them,—I account this pretext as very much “in season.”

“The thought of Miss Pipe,” writes Miss Hoyle, “is associated in my mind with pure, deep happiness, with whatsoever things are true, just, pure, lovely, and of good report.” It is interesting to connote with this the entry on a blank page of Miss Pipe’s diary for 1883—not otherwise dated—of a passage from Matthew Arnold on “The Majority and the Remnant”: “Whatsoever be true, elevated, just, pure, amiable, of good report, have these in your mind; let your thoughts run upon these. This is what both Plato and the prophets mean by loving righteousness and making one’s study in the Law of the Eternal.”

Miss Hoyle adds a little reminiscence contributed by her father: “Miss Pipe took a cab one day, and at the end of the drive asked the cabman his fare. He named a sum in excess, and she told him so, but gave it to him, saying: ‘We won’t quarrel for sixpence.’ ‘No, ma’am, we won’t,’ he said, and asked her to take it back.”

To this fine subtlety of truthful dealing was due frequent confession of past wrongdoing on the part of her girls, often when they were away from Laleham and had left their school-years far behind them. Two letters are before me now in which she deals with such confessions, and I am privileged

to quote from them, while maintaining sacred their ownership.

This morning brought me your beautiful and very touching letter. I thank God for His grace in you, making every dark and crooked thing intolerable. The little things that have caused you such pain—and justly caused it, for though little in outward form, they embody the Infinite—are now no longer part of you. You have cast the unclean out of the sacred temple in which God loves to dwell. “To this man will I look who is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at My word.” “Thus saith the High and Lofty One, that inhabiteth Eternity, Whose name is holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble and to revive the heart of the contrite one.”

We read in Holy Scripture of persons possessed of the devil. But what must it be to be possessed of God? The only thing which keeps Him out of the creatures which He has made for Himself to dwell in, is sin and the secret love of it. May God bless and guide you into all truth. To know the truth and love it is peace, freedom, and power. “If ye continue in my word (by obedience) then are ye my disciples indeed, and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.”—I remain most tenderly and affectionately yours,

HANNAH E. PIPE.

The second letter begins:—

The thing that signifies is what we *are*. What we do, what we say, at any given moment, in any given emergency, may indicate what we are, may reveal us to ourselves. But the action does not make us good or bad: it is *we*, on the contrary, who make the action. The fruit does not make the tree good or bad,—the tree makes its fruit good or bad. What particular fruit the tree of your life bore at any particular moment in the past, and whether once, or twice, or twenty times you swerved from the truth, is not the question to ask, but, How is it with you now? It is plain

that you love the truth, and are determined to say and do the truth, cost you what it may. You would fain buy the truth, even if in order to buy it you must "sell all" that you most care for. You are ready to follow Him who is the Truth wherever His Spirit may lead you. Your whole soul rises up against falsehood, loathing it and casting it out. You will make no truce with it. You will have none of its gains. You detest it. You writhe under the very remembrance of it. You seize it with firm hand, and nail it up to the Cross, there to hang and perish. What can man, or God Himself, desire beyond this? Surely this is repentance, and if our brother repent we are to forgive him, not once or twice, but seventy times seven times. A bone, they say, is strongest at the point where, having been broken, it has healed. It is stronger there than where it has never been broken. Your little sins repented of will teach you a watchfulness as well as a mercy, and a tender feeling for others which the untried can never reach. If you not only remember other instances in which you have failed, but should even fail again under some sudden gust of temptation from an unexpected quarter, do not be discouraged. Your face is towards the truth. You are hungering and thirsting after it, and you shall one day be filled. I do not believe it is possible to be perfectly truthful unless we are perfectly loving, perfectly pure in purpose and feeling, perfectly everything that we ought to be. But the hunger and thirst after this righteousness is the only longing that can never fail of satisfaction. Be happy in God, dear child, who loves you more than a mother loves her sorrowful, suffering darling that needs comfort and has none but *her* to look to for it. "Abraham believed God." Abraham went through the world leaning on God, as a child rests in the arms of its mother. So Dean Stanley paraphrases the Hebrew verb. Such rest in Him is there for us His sinful children, who yet love His Kingdom and His righteousness. It is the blessed Spirit of God Himself, who, dwelling within you, cleanses His Temple by quickening your conscience until it cannot rest in the presence of any evil thing. That which you reject

is no longer part of you. You have conquered it, and it lies dead underneath your feet. I can only learn from the story a lesson I greatly need—to be more gentle. I often say and do much more than is necessary in the way of blame. I must take more than ever to heart “the wondrous influence of power gently used”—a line in Wordsworth’s “Prelude,” on which I have often, and yet not enough, meditated.—Your loving school-mother and friend,

H. E. P.

“She gave me absolution,” writes her correspondent,—who became one of the dear friends of her later life,—“and life seemed all fresh and new. This and her loving gentleness made me resolve to be very tender in dealing with children and servants, to make confession of fault easy.”

Such letters, with their healing and their inflexible pressure to the point, were the outcome of special prayer. She took every girl in her school—each nature so differently gifted, with such varied inheritance of character, with such varied foundation of discipline—to God the All-knowing, and besought His help in dealing with her. It is small wonder that she was wise.

Another much-loved old pupil writes: “What I owe to her is too much to be told. I can never be grateful enough to my parents for having allowed me to be six years with that wonderful woman. Truly may I say of her that she set my feet upon a rock and established my goings through what proved to be a very difficult and unhappy life after leaving her roof. She and her ideals were always a beacon-light that shone on my dark path,

and enabled me to seek and to find in the friendship of one or two glorified spirits the joy that can come even into the saddest and hardest lot. The things which I most vividly remember of my life there are the Bible-classes, the passages we had to learn every week, and the efforts involved in writing what we called 'Thought papers' for Mr Tainsh. The passages which were so accurately committed to memory, and which I thought I understood so well at the time, have remained in my memory and have intensified in meaning. They have come to my help in many and many a time of perplexity during the years that have passed since I had to learn them. And now that she has passed from our sight, I do not think of her as in the past, with the regret that comes from longing for the old days, but I think of reunion with her in what I hope may not be a far-off future, and every Sunday, and often more frequently than that, I associate her with that prayer in which we say: 'And we also bless Thy holy name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear; beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow their good examples that with them we may be partakers of Thy heavenly kingdom.'"

There are but few relics of 1883, either in diary or correspondence. Her health was again unsatisfactory; asthma recurred with constant liability to internal chill of the mucous membrane, and her doctor suggested Turkish baths. These

failed to stimulate the action of the skin in sufficient measure for her relief, and she was advised to try the cure practised in Switzerland and Southern Austria, which included baths not only of mineral water, but of sunshine to induce copious perspiration, and of the early morning air. Establishments for this nature-healing are numerous now, but twenty-five years ago they were unfamiliar, and less valued by the medical faculty than such simple expedients are at present.

Two were specially recommended to Miss Pipe, one at St Gall and one at Veldes-am-See in Carniola. She began with the latter. The scene of this "cure" is a little town or village on the banks of a small lake in the highlands of Carniola. The Julian and Karawanken Alps tower above the lake to the west; to the north and west is the beautiful region of the Dolomites; to the south and west is the Adriatic. It can be reached from Venice by a wonderful mountain-pass over the Julian Alps, where a line engineered by Italians and Austrians goes up the Tagliamento to its source, crosses the borders at Pontebba, and then descends on Austrian territory to Villach, the capital of Carinthia, whence a short railway journey leads to Tarvis and Veldes. Another route by Bâle, Zürich, and Innsprück takes us right down the heart of the Dolomites by Toblach to Villach, and both these routes became familiar to Miss Pipe, who found such help and healing from the treatment that she



returned again and again during the ten years which followed her first trial of its virtue. There were doubtless more than a hundred such resorts before that term expired, but Miss Pipe was loyal to Veldes for many reasons, and especially for its exceeding beauty and interest. Apart from the "cure," its marvellous flora fascinated her and filled the evening hours, which might otherwise have hung heavy on hand, with happy researches in the botanical books she always brought with her. But all these details may be kept for the record of 1889, when I was her guest at Veldes for nine weeks, of which I still vividly remember the incidents.

Veldes had been a pleasure-resort for many years prior to Miss Pipe's first visit, and the curative qualities of its air and sunshine were known by their normal effect on crowds of fashionable people who filled its hotels and villas, and turned its peaceful alleys into summer promenades. It was a Swiss doctor who discerned its further capabilities as a health-resort. A mineral spring which bubbles up on the north-west crescent of the lake had been for years utilised and conducted into special bathing-rooms, but Dr Rikli erected a Cure-house, on whose topmost storey were rows of sun-rooms, each equipped with its couch and head-shelter, while on a lower storey were the mineral baths, hot and cold, where his patients were taken through a graduated range of temperature, beginning with

heated and ending with icy-cold water. Outside was a meadow, which they paced barefooted for half an hour after their varied treatment. Accompanied by massage, and with exercise in the early mornings,—indeed, shortly after dawn,—the success of his treatment on patients who were keeping at bay acute rheumatism, many forms of gout, anæmia, and even more perilous maladies, induced him to expand it, and to erect on the southern shore of the lake a number of wooden huts, each with three sides walled and with a roof, but on the side towards the lake provided with only a curtain, which could be drawn, although he preferred them to leave it open, except during heavy rain and at night. These huts were furnished with necessities: through wide apertures between roof and walls on all sides the air poured, and indeed sometimes whirled inside the hut. Miss Pipe did not venture on so strenuous a form of the air-cure on her earlier visits to Veldes, but preferred the comfort of one of the hotels, and on one occasion of a villa.

The Cure season began on June 1, and lasted till the end of September,—a short period, for its efficacy depended on the strength of the sun and the dry warmth of the air, and its length was regulated by these. In a mountain region, even so far south as Carniola, four months comprise the span of weather favourable to such a system. Miss Pipe's first trial was made in the summer of

1883; her headquarters were at Hotel Louisenbad, and she surrendered herself conscientiously to the treatment.

Mrs Meiklejohn was with her, and writes about this experimental visit: "Miss Pipe had been very ill with most exhausting attacks of asthma, and it was after the course of baths in 1883 that her condition was so decidedly ameliorated. It was my friend Miss Anderson's account of the benefit to be derived from the Sun-cure which induced Miss Pipe to try what it would do for her. One day was so much like another that nothing stands out in my memory. We read Froude's 'Oceana' together, she often reading aloud to me while I set the table, cleared it and washed the dishes after our happy little breakfast. There was always a volume of Browning within reach. Once when we were returning to the hotel after our morning visit to the Cure-house, her beautiful long hair streaming over her shoulders to dry, a sudden attack of asthma came on, and she sat leaning on a little table in an arbour that we had to pass. I was busy getting out matches and her Himrod powder, which we burned to relieve these paroxysms, when a kindly old man stopped and said: 'Ah! madame, il faut prier le bon Dieu,— faut prier.' The kind soul didn't know how little likely the suffering lady was to trust in the virtues of Himrod alone."

A letter dated Veldes was written to Mrs

Huggins on July 4,—answering a question concerning Miss Pipe's attitude to Methodism.

"I am a Wesleyan not on conviction, but by birth, and I feel pretty sure that if I had been born *anywhere* within the precincts of the Christian Church, there I should have remained,—in Congregationalism, Quakerism, Anglicanism, Plymouth Brotherism, Romanism, Greek Orthodoxy, —as contentedly as in Methodism. They all seem to me noble in their way. I am proud of my Methodism, but then I think I should have been proud of any other *ism*, though of course for different reasons. What is best in each I hope I should have found, and on it cast anchor. The thing I dislike is *dissent* (not *Dissent*). I dislike the dissenting temper. I don't mean that I dislike *Dissent* from the Anglican or any other Established Church, though no man made on my pattern would ever do the work of a Luther or a Wesley,—but I dislike the disposition which cannot find rest in its appointed surroundings and go in heartily for what lies nearest. I love Methodism, because one has room to breathe in it: it is the largest of all the Protestant Churches. I love it because better than any other religious organisation it has known how to deal with the poor. I love and honour it because it is believed by many to have saved us from a French Revolution. I love it, because if you hear of any one particularly good and energetic in the Church of England, or anywhere else, you usually find

that his mother or his grandmother held the unfeigned faith of a good Methodist. I love it and believe and rejoice in it, because it has recovered many brutes into the human form divine, and is going on with such recovery. I love it for the good work done and doing in the world by the sons of Methodist preachers. The Senior and Second Wranglers this summer are both Methodist preachers' sons. Plain living and high thinking are still to be found in such houses. I love it for its hymns and liturgy, and its good and great men,—its Dr Pope, and Mr Piggott, and Mr Davison, and Richard Green, and Watson,—for Dr Osborn, who taught me the true doctrine of the Incarnation when I was a little girl, and made me (much against his intention) the happy heretic that I am now. I tell him so sometimes. I think I love it also a little because it is unfashionable and accidentally, poor thing! though by no means necessarily, a little vulgar. But this is a feeling which I cannot quite explain, though a person of more subtlety could. The fashions of this world are somehow so infinitely remote from the awful, majestic, and radiant Simplicities of the Faith, that one is almost jealous of fashion when it allies itself to the Faith. But this is foolish, for the Holy Catholic Faith has no more to do really with the vulgarity of the poor than with the puerilities of the imperfectly cultivated. To look for a perfect Church in the present condition of society

seems to me an amazing sort of hopefulness. I for my part am ready to kneel down beside any human creature that repents of his sins, and feels his need of heaven-sent bread and wine to sustain and cheer him on the journey to our Father's final Home. The things in which we who believe in Christ are one, dwarf into immeasurable insignificance the trifles in which, if we think of them at all, we differ, or might differ. I seldom dream. But a few nights ago I had one dream, short, simple, and vivid — darkness and nothingness before it and after. We were standing in a dimly lighted church to recite the shortest of the creeds. I could not see the whole congregation; but at one point, not content with bowing at the name of Christ, my whole school of girls without an exception went down on their knees, leaving me alone standing, and delighted at their decision, unanimity, and fervour. It was not at the name of Jesus in the usual place that this happened, but nearer the end. It might be at 'Jesus Christ risen from the dead,' or at 'I believe in the Holy Ghost.' It was on the eve of Whitsunday that I saw this vision. Ah! to have it realised! This is what I thirst and long for. Methodist? Quaker? let them be what they please. Or rather let them be what their parents were, or their husbands shall be. The only Church that I *in the full and high sense of the word believe in*, is the Holy Catholic Church, which follows from belief

in the Holy Ghost, and leads on to belief in the Communion of Saints. The company of the faithful who are led by the Spirit, they are the Church—and they understand one another, are in communion and fellowship with one another, as one in Spirit.”

The cure was temporarily successful, and during the autumn and winter which followed its trial, Miss Pipe was almost entirely free from headache, insomnia, and asthma.

She got bravely through the autumn term, during which she held a special class for her older girls on some of Browning's poems,—“Rabbi ben Ezra,” the “Epistle of Karshish,” “Old Pictures in Florence.” The Christmas and New Year holidays were delightfully spent, partly with Professor and Mrs Blackie at 9 Douglas Crescent, in Edinburgh, partly at the Waterhead Hotel, Coniston, and at Windermere, and finally with her friends at Bolton-le-Moors.

Next February I was at Laleham, and was astonished at her energy. She not only fulfilled all her school duties, but went with me to a meeting of the Browning Society, to Burlington House for the Old Masters, to Mr de Morgan's studio, where we revelled in the colour and form of his artistic work, to several lunches and afternoon parties, and she intermitted all these distractions with occasional flights to the seaside or the country accompanied by Miss Newton, intent on the acquisition of a summer cottage for the

orphans. A Turkish bath now and then, and a whiff of Himrod's powder, were the only reminders of latent asthma. I remember that Professor Gardiner was lecturing on Socrates and Professor Morley on Milton's "Lycidas," that Mr Pauer gave a lecture-recital, that a new tennis-court was opened, and that life was vigorous and furnished with movement of many interests. The Orphanage Cottage still eluded her search, although she tried both Chertsey and Addlestone in March: to that month, too, belong several concerts, and a matinée at the Lyceum to see Miss Anderson in "Pygmalion and Galatea."

But great sorrow overshadowed its closing days, for Mr Corderoy died on the 29th, just after his eightieth birthday.

Easter at Honiton, with excursions to Branscombe, Sidmouth, and Lyme Regis, followed the term's work, and three weeks were spent there,—the days in walking, gathering flowers,—marsh-marigolds, narcissus, cowslips, and blue-bells—which were despatched to Miss Cons in hampers-ful for her Lambeth friends,—and the evenings in reading the 'Life of F. D. Maurice' and 'Mansfield Park.'

She began the summer term with all her old energy,—with visitors, amongst them Mr and Mrs Chambers,—cottage-hunting in all directions in Kent and Surrey, to Limpsfield amongst other places,—often accompanied by her architect and friend Mr Hoole, and in vain as usual,



because of bad building and hopeless sanitary defects.

Professor Blackie was at Laleham for some days in the middle of June, and went with her on the 16th to hear George MacDonald lecture on Wordsworth's "Prelude." He was giving some weekly lectures at Mrs Ralli's on Shelley, Wordsworth, and Browning, and Miss Pipe read up for them with her girls, and attended them all.

On July 2 Professor Nichol of Glasgow University, whose daughter was at Laleham, gave the girls a lecture on Browning. They were all assembled in the music-room as usual, and enjoyed his force and vitality of thought and expression. Later in the month I lunched at his house in Glasgow, and he made confession that he had offended shamefully in the course of his lecture by some clumsy allusion to the Wesleyans. He was so disturbed by his blunder that he made a confidant of Swinburne, expecting to get easy absolution; but Swinburne, to his horror, explained to him gravely that he had indeed seriously offended, and that his duty was to go back to Miss Pipe and offer the best apology possible. Mr Nichol lacked nerve for that, but this unexpected lecture from Swinburne redoubled his distress, and he told me that he should never get over it!

An interesting letter from Miss Pipe to Miss Edwards belongs to May 14 of this year:—

"I do indeed *understand*, as you said I should.

All that you say I understand only too well by help of my own experience. I am continually reminded of an answer which a wise man gave me once when I asked him how pride is to be cured—what there is by help of which we can get rid of this subtle and mighty foe. He paused for a moment and then replied,—‘Responsibility.’ In Deuteronomy viii. we read how the ancient people were led through the wilderness by the Lord their God, that He might humble them and prove them and do them good at their latter end. This is the discipline of experience. People may be proud and self-satisfied before they have attempted to do anything difficult, but the difficulty of achievement is of a humbling tendency. My own life looks to me in retrospect, and seems to me day by day a series of failures more or less conspicuous. This very term, not yet a fortnight old, has so depressed me by a sense of continual shortcoming and error, that I have had much ado to make head against Giant Despair and escape his deadly devices for shutting me up in Doubting Castle. I have to fall back on the most fundamental truth for courage. I am the creature of God—His handiwork. He made me, endowed me with such faculty as I have, set me my limitations. Within these limitations I will go on working and doing my best in reliance on the grace of *my faithful Creator*. Moreover, He has redeemed me at a cost inestimable, and worthless as I seem to myself, I am not worthless

to Him. And His eternal Spirit is working in me, however feebly. To these redeeming energies of the Son and Spirit I yield, and in the name of the Triune God will I still trust. Have you read *Maurice's Life*? You will find comfort in it. Life is a battle against discouragement. Discouragement, I mean, is one of our foes, and amongst those most to be dreaded. Let us never forget that on a footing with Faith and with Charity, Hope stands as one of the three great Christian graces. It is a virtue; it is an element in the true and holy life. This Bunyan felt when he made one of his heroes *Hopeful*. We are saved by Hope, and by some means or other we must hold on to it and not drift away from our anchor."

About the middle of the summer term headache and asthma renewed their attacks, and the defensive force acquired at Veldes seemed to be exhausted. Miss Pipe was unwilling to take the long journey thither, so contented herself with the less strenuous cure at St Gall, where she and Miss Pope spent four weeks, and where she took a sun bath daily, and sometimes two, lived upon omelette, milk, and fruit, with tea every afternoon, and became acquainted with some very pleasant German ladies who were also patients of the sun.

From St Gall, which lacked the charm of Veldes, they went to Seelisberg for a week and botanised. There they were joined by Mr (now

Sir Percy) and Mrs Percy Bunting, and thence they made their way home by Lucerne, halting at Hythe on this side of the Channel for five days.

The last term of 1884 and the first of 1885 were of normal interest, the school in full tide of activity and prosperity, but there is little to distinguish them from their predecessors. Miss Pipe did not attempt to do quite so much in them, and her health was again a matter for anxiety. But she had a long succession of visitors all winter and spring, most of them old girls, some of them old friends, amongst whom were Dr Pope, Dr Dallinger, Miss Newton, and Mr and Mrs Percy Bunting. Of Mrs Huggins she saw more and more, and from her and Dr Huggins she received extraordinary intellectual stimulus and satisfaction. Every step taken in the marvellous advance of exact science which characterised the final quarter of last century was communicated to her; every first glimpse of a new and dazzling vista was shared with her; for the eyes of her mind were as the eyes of her faith, fit for vision of the divine in nature as in grace. Sometimes she would tell me of the wonders communicated,—powers too soon enslaved to the preposterous service of mammon, but at their first realisation by the great men who unveiled them still hailed with reverence and awe.

About the beginning of March she fled to Grayswood Hill, near Haslemere, “to escape




SIR WILLIAM HUGGINS, K.C.B., O.M., F.R.S



headache," and spent a week with Mr and Mrs Chambers, finding in their company and in their gardens escape and relief from the increasing pressure of her home life.

But to me the most vivid memory of 1885 was her visit to my mother and myself at Kelso in April, and her enjoyment of Tweedside,—its ruined keeps and castles, its abbeys, woods, streams, and far-off hills. She was only a brief week with us, but enjoyed all we had to show: Roxburgh Castle, that fragment of a vanished fortress still looking down on Tweed and Teviot, reminiscent of its ancient dignity when England and Scotland warred for its possession; Smailholm Tower and Sandyknowes, the sturdy old keep, its tarn and water-fowl, its association with a little lame boy who played away some summers there and breathed in romance from its thyme and honeysuckle, from its moaning eerie winds that came wailing east and west and north, from its girdle of hills,—Lammermoors, Cheviots, and mystic Eildons; from its lingering memories of beacon and midnight foray, of Olivards and Percies, of Prince Charles Stuart and Scotts and Kers,—and who so grew in wisdom and in stature and in favour with God and man that Borderers thrill to his name wherever it may be said or written, and will thrill to all time. We took her to Melrose and Dryburgh and Abbotsford, and showed her the salmon leaping in the Tweed from a canny pool below Pinnacle Hill, and



drove her to Eastfield, where she ate scones and home-made cake, and got such cream that she never forgot it, but made it the standard by which she judged cream for twenty years afterwards; where she saw the Cheviots grow rosy in the after-glow; and where she was taken to Hoselaw Loch to see countless black-headed gulls upon its inches. On the Sunday, too, she heard Dr Robertson Nicoll preach in St John's Free Church, before he found wings and flew away to Babylon, and was refreshed by his delicate handling of words, in which was uttered some original spiritual thinking.

Soon after her home-going she found that George MacDonald was lecturing in London, and invited him to come to Laleham to give a Shakespeare reading and stay all night, suggesting "grouse at dinner" as a lure. "I gratefully accept your most kind offer," he wrote, "and shall follow your instructions to the letter, but seeing I shall have to leave here so early, and that I must get home after the lecture as soon as possible,—for the pleasure of a talk with you would be, after the lecture, more than I ought to indulge in with so many more ahead of me before I leave,—can you guess what the long preamble is leading to?—it is 'grouse at tea' and not at supper."



## CHAPTER X.

## FAILING HEALTH.

(1885-1890.)

MISS PIPE, accompanied by Mrs Meiklejohn and Miss Swindells, spent seven weeks at Veldes in July and August, but the season was bad and the sun so often clouded that she could not always take the sun-baths which did her so much good two years earlier. Air-baths, vapour-baths, and massage supplied their place, and when the weather allowed it, she slept out on a balcony of her bedroom in Hotel Louisenbad. Some light reading distinguished those weeks,—Mrs Molesworth's books, 'Wood-Magic,' and Charles Reade's masterpiece, 'The Cloister and the Hearth'; while for more serious study she tackled Wilson on 'Science, Theology, and Ethics,' and Shakespeare's "King Henry V." and "King Lear." By Admont and Linz they made their way down the Danube to Vienna, where they spent ten days, and whence they went home by Brussels.

From Veldes Miss Pipe wrote to Mrs Huggins

on July 22: "Every morning we have had a walk in the cool. To-day we were out before five, and not in till after eight,—walking, resting, botanising, meditating, reading, conversing, and enjoying the exquisite beauty of lake, clouds, and mountains. Very good tastes afterwards our breakfast of Dr Rikli's bread, home-grown, home-made, the sweetest milk and butter, mountain strawberries, and eggs bought fresh in the farms around us at a halfpenny apiece. Bertha makes tea in an etna, and I read Jefferies' 'Wood Magic' to her while she washes up."

Of John Wilson's book she conceived not too high an opinion. "What can a man have to teach one on Ethics, whose mother did not even teach him to be a gentleman? I would prefer to learn from some one who should not offend me on every page by slipshod English, rough illustrations, which illustrate nothing but his own misconceptions, and worst of all—blunt, coarse, stupid feeling. I half forgave the clumsiness of his preface in admiration of the first page, which contains what seems to me a really excellent definition of science as distinguished from common knowledge. But does Mr Wilson seriously think that his shell-fish in deep-sea mud throws light on the attitude of such men as Augustine and Origen, Pascal and Newton, Maurice and Martineau, compared with whom this very young writer is a 'hop-o'-my-thumb'? This morning as we walked to the foot of the lake, we fell in with a procession, headed by a boy carrying

a crucifix. There were perhaps a hundred men and boys and two hundred girls and women collected from all the country round, some from a distance of three hours,—on their way to Our Lady of the Lake, to whom the island church is dedicated. We saw them put off in seven broad flat boats holding about forty odd each, and land at the foot of the stairs leading up to the church. They were all going to *wish* for rain. Rain, however, does not come. The sun does not shine his best, unfortunately. The mornings are very cold, and the forenoon sun-bath is often weakened by clouds. The best weather was over before we came. Storms we have had sometimes in the evening and at night, but they were soon over. . . . Just before you made the personal acquaintance of the hawfinch, I had been wondering over him in 'Wood Magic.' You must teach me the birds in the Laleham garden. 'Wood Magic' I like very much. I love being amongst those creatures even when they talk the talk of humans. That word is silly. They do always talk the talk of humans more or less. Our Lord Himself testifies to this fact when He calls Herod a fox, and other persons a generation of vipers. The weasel, the owl, the jay are admirable. So are they all indeed, and how delicious is the opening description of Sir Bevis's manner of spending a day!"

Then on August 9 she resumed: "Your birthday is a red-letter day in the almanac of my life, and I love and praise God for the good gift of your

friendship. It is one of my most precious possessions. May He who in His grace granted it me, make me ever more worthy of it.—The village clock is striking six in tones that make the common chord, one, two, three, four, on the dominant to call attention; then six strokes a third below, and six in the tonic to close with. I send a photograph that you may see our Hotel Louisenbad. Our balcony at the end and top of the house is hidden by a horse-chestnut which rises nearly to the roof: on that side we have three windows, including one which opens as a door on to the balcony. I send also a photograph of the island church of the Madonna del Lago. Fancy the church-top deep red; the house-roofs brown like those of Basle, the steps grey, with greenish and yellowish lichens, the lake like a clouded emerald, the hills clothed with pine and a great variety of livelier green trees, the mountains blue, the sky Italian! Your artist imagination must transform this dismal black travesty of so much beauty."

"Friendship's privileges are also *duties*"; she wrote in another letter from Veldes to Mrs Huggins,—“because they are privileges, I have throughout my whole life failed to see that they are duties. I have never given myself to my friends. I have *denied myself* to them, and I thought it right because I *denied myself*. The self-denial blinded me to the denial. You have taught me better, and have thereby widened,



LADY HUGGINS, HON. MEMBER R.A.S.



enriched, and probably lengthened my life beyond your own thought. I have lived too sordidly, always working, working, working, and never done—except in the few weeks of holiday time. The sacredness of rest I have theorised upon and talked about, but never really believed, that is *belived*. I am thinking it all out in this quiet place and time. Air-baths and sun-baths are favourable to meditation. I have defrauded many friends. I should have defrauded you if you had allowed it. I am still defrauding my precious A. and all my household of attached old friends and teachers. Everything, everything, including my own intellectual life, is sacrificed to girls, girls, girls, and perhaps the girls suffer for it more than any one else."

Miss Pipe was reading a paper on "Violins," early in August, written by Dr and Mrs Huggins, of whose preparation Mrs Huggins had given her details: "I have been working hard—really very hard. For we settled that our violin paper ought to be in the very earliest possible No. of the 'Nineteenth Century,' on account of our remarks in connection with the Loan Exhibition, and further settled that the paper should go to Mr Knowles on Friday afternoon at latest. This paper is a very curious affair, and I shall like very much to know what you think of it. It is called simply 'Violins.' It begins with a pretty exhaustive and yet clear and condensed statement as to the science of violins and bows. This takes about half

the paper. Then comes an *Essay* (I use the word as Lord Bacon did) on the art side of violins, history being well taken into account. Much attention is paid to Stradivari, indeed our chief attention. We give analyses of a number of his violins, from early ones to his very last, bringing out the man as we go along, and trying to keep the reader aglow by a series of quotations from George Eliot's poem, 'Stradivarius.' We notice a variety of makers; pay particular attention to the English School; and conclude with a sketch of a most remarkable instrument by a man of whom hardly anything is known, but who nevertheless from this one work alone was undoubtedly a genius,—a Stradivari in his way. This man's work—Zanetto was his name—is of immense value in working out the evolution of the violin. We conclude by a suggestion as to how something new may be done in the making of violins, and with a lovely bit from Ruskin. W. has made literal use of some of my notes, and these are acknowledged. All the analyses I worked out,—the distinctions between the English and Italian Schools; the bringing together of points of historical interest; the eulogy of Zanetto, and the criticism of the loan instrument by him; the suggestions as to a further possible development of the violin. W. has, I think, very admirably made use of this raw material. I wonder if you will see, as you know us both, the working of two minds? I have been exceedingly struck with the



necessity of exhaustively examining and thinking before anything short can be said."

From another letter written to Miss Pipe during her stay at Veldes in 1885, we gather the sympathetic interest in flowers which formed one of the binding forces between Mrs Huggins and her correspondent. "I have before me a good bunch of your sweet peas in our 'Love-Pot,' and very delightful they are. That splendid bunch of poppies, single dahlias, and marigolds may be said to be 'on view' here to-day. It has got into a state of perfection in my yellow pot (flowers always take a day or two to grow like themselves after being arranged by human fingers) —the different things having blended to their own likings and laid their heads together, or started asunder; and best of all, certain of the poppies have dropped little heaps of petals in a way no human art could manage by the sides of the pot: this gives a touch of pathos to it all,—giving one the idea of real life going on in the pot. But one is not left grieving over the possible tragedies, for a closer look shows the denuded poppy heads, looking really humorous, as if they had got rid of tiresome wigs which bothered them. *Lilium candidum* is out to-day pretty fully. I have three fine spikes this year; this lily is one of my chief favourites among the lilies. The Annunciation Lily deserves its name, and it is interesting to see what unity of feeling painters have shown in associating this lily with Christ's

mother; then the perfect and lovely white cup shows off to such effect the yellow stamens: *golden* but little expresses the splendour of their yellow, and any attempt to define the yellow as an artist might, would almost pain one. Oh! how often speech fails us. Music would do something for this lily, but not all: one seems to need some quite other kind of expression than any we have got,—some unknown art. Who knows how many fine arts we may some day know of which at present we cannot even conceive! A human being has so many sides: it is not unreasonable to suppose that what eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, may embrace new fine arts as well as other things. Indeed, to *me*, it *must*. For if much quickening of all life will ensue in another life, there will be a necessity for new modes of expression towards which we must struggle, and which are certainly to be attained."

In September, when Miss Pipe had returned to Laleham, she went twice with Dr and Mrs Huggins to the Musical Loan Exhibition at the Albert Hall, especially to see the violins treated of in the 'Nineteenth Century' article.

She was taking "Fra Lippo Lippi" and "Andrea del Sarto" with her Browning class in the autumn term, with interruption from illness, and her birthday even was spent in bed, to the great disappointment of the girls cast in "Love's Labour's Lost," which had to be performed in her absence.

On December 20 she wrote to Mrs Oliver of Kew: "I have been thinking lately how little it would signify if my health were to fail,—how little, I mean, it would signify to anybody else. The work to which I have given one poor life would break up like a bubble on the river and never be missed. These thoughts and the like, which have lost the bitterness they used to have, so accustomed am I now to failure, occupied my mind when your kind and gracious gifts came cheerfully into the midst of them and put them to flight. I see them hovering on the horizon, and they may come back again!—but they are routed for the moment, and my chances of a Merry Christmas are the greater. It is I who ought to be sending you baskets and folios, if only it were in me to invent such things, in acknowledgment of the pleasure you did me in sending your daughter to Laleham. I remember forty years ago, or five-and-thirty perhaps, hearing Dr Hodgson say of a certain boy, that if all boys were like him school-keeping would be work too easy and happy for mortal man. The same thing I might say of your daughter. We shall miss her next term. But the saddest partings are those that are not sad. I am never so sorry as when I am glad to say farewell to a girl."


Miss Pipe was going through a crisis of perplexity with divided mind concerning her school. This unsettled deliberation in no way concerned its success, which was unbroken, but it *did* con-

cern her relationship towards its superintendence. Her health was so broken by asthma, cough, and acute headache, that it was no longer possible for her to be in continuous contact with the girls, and in uninterrupted personal discharge of the duties which she had specially reserved to herself. Miss Pope now constantly took her Bible-class and her half-hours, as well as the chief burden of her business correspondence. While the organisation was complete and the term's work provided in harmony with Laleham traditions and aims, the breath of her daily presence was wanting, and its absence devitalised to some extent her splendid staff, who felt discouraged when in council they had to decide matters hitherto submitted to her long-tested wisdom. It was her own conviction that those who acted for her were more capable than herself, and that she could satisfactorily be spared. But neither her staff nor the parents of her girls shared this conviction, and although towards the end of 1885 she had made up her mind to retire and to leave the school free for a new departure in the hands of her devoted colleagues, they succeeded in averting this decision. She consented, therefore, to continue for a few further years; but as she shared with the wise old Hebrews the recognition, that if one day in seven is to be set apart for rest from worldly labour, so one decade in man's allotted seven should be hallowed to rest and preparation,—she had long proposed to cease

from bread-winning toil at the age of sixty, and to give the rest of her life to peaceful undertakings for others and for herself.

Miss Pipe and Miss Pope went to Swanage after the term ended, but although the weather was fine she spent many days indoors and many nights in sleepless wrestling with asthma.

Of the year following I can personally remember only one episode. She came to me in the spring of 1886, to comfort me after great bereavement. As my old home was being broken up, she stayed with Mr Dove,—a friend whom she had learned to value for many qualities of mind and character,—whose niece had been sent to Laleham, the first of three sisters. The change did her good, and her host—a man who recalled to her the beloved Uncle Spencer of her childhood, who mingled with the cares of business and public life a great love of dogs and horses, of hunting and sport, a meditative habit of mind, addicted to hours of solitude and reading of the Greek philosophers, of Marcus Aurelius, of mediæval and Elizabethan thinkers, speculative, dramatic, or mystical—interested her greatly, and furnished indeed a new social experience for her. He beguiled her into seeing some point-to-point races, which as a fearless horsewoman she could appreciate, and she was fortunate in witnessing the superb riding of the late Mr Cunningham. But I remember best our excursion for some days to Yarrow, which till then she had not seen, and her delight in its



meek green hills, St Mary's mere, its solitudes, streams, and tragic memories. Helped by Veitch's 'Border History' and Wordsworth's Yarrow poems, she got into close acquaintance with the spirit which sways its pilgrims, if they have ears for its old, old dool and eyes for its immemorial visions. We stayed at the Rodono Inn, and saw the full moon shine upon the loch, visited the then undesecrated scene of Christopher North's *Nox Ambrosiana*, climbed a sloping brae while the keen wind blew and found a heron lying stricken and dead in the grass, watched the water-ousel flit from stone to stone beside the Yarrow burn, heard the whaup from far away and the lark in the lift, and saw the wild swan on the water.

I can remember Miss Pipe's delight in all these birds, and she constantly referred to them in later years. The long drive back to Selkirk was full of enjoyment for her, for no motor-car at that time veiled the wayside banks and hedges in cerements of dust, nor suffocated the tender fragrances of spring.

When she returned to Laleham, the question of minimising the area of her responsible management arose, and was temporarily settled by her giving up to Miss Swindells and Miss Ada Swindells the full control of Laleham Lea. At first the Lea was nominally transferred, but a term's experience justified this step, and from January 1887 it became Miss Swindells' school, sharing in many of the privileges of Laleham and

transferring its pupils thither as they grew old enough.

Towards the end of 1886 Miss Pipe was trying Dr Weir Mitchell's massage treatment, and benefited sufficiently by it to be able for a holiday in the Riviera,—Cannes, Grasse, and Bordighera,—during January, Miss Newton and Miss Pope with her.

Some letters to Mrs Watson belong to December, the 1st to the 3rd: "Your birthday greeting was most welcome and delightful. Your own dear face and the likeness of your little sons gave me great pleasure. Their heads are of a fine type, full of power and sweetness. You will be glad to hear that I am wonderfully better. The massage treatment has made me over again. I weigh 16 lb. more than in July last."

"One must believe in God when one needs Him. Yes, indeed. Blessed are the poor because they need Him and therefore find Him more than the rich. I believe I might have wandered in the barren wastes of agnosticism but for having been poor. As it is, I believe and I do know. If a man will do he shall *know*, says our Lord. Our Lord asserts that it is possible to know, and that some people do know."

Mrs Watson was at this time in very delicate health and little able for exertion. But she turned the respite from active life into a channel in which helpful waters have flowed ever since. She had been much distressed in Sheffield to dis-

cover how difficult it was for girls working in factories there to escape contamination from the coarse conversation of their fellow-workers, even when they earnestly desired it. For their sake, Mrs Watson thought out her now widely-known "Snowdrop Band" association, a branch of which has been added to many settlements for work amongst the poor, while it has proved of great assistance to single-handed enterprise in industrial centres. In Miss Pipe she found a warm sympathy for her plans, indeed a rejoicing sympathy, for the "Snowdrop Band" offered a great attraction to working girls and an opportunity for influence to their helpers. "You must contrive to keep me so far informed of your work as that I may consider whether any help lies in it for my orphan girls. Every safeguard that can be thrown round them ought to be,—for their temptations are terrible."

The Manchester Exhibition, Winchester, Salisbury, Christchurch, Bournemouth, with much walking and driving, supplied change and interest for the summer holidays. Her companions were Miss Pope and Miss Newton, and they were able to brave the rain better than Miss Pipe, who had often to rest and "meditate" in the inn. But she read 'The Ring and the Book,' Tolstoi's 'Katia,' 'The House of the Seven Gables,' and 'Christus Consummator.'

A long list of books bought includes Count Tolstoi's 'War and Peace' and 'The Cossacks.'



At Swanage during the first three weeks of January 1888, Miss Pipe was reading 'Darwin's Life,' Michael Field's 'Poems,' and Dr Dallinger's 'Lectures.' She was a slow reader, and ignored the flood of books which annually invaded her house, selecting fastidiously what she wished to read and in her selection abiding by the advice of those friends who best knew her taste and need, and even *their* advice was collectively endorsed before it was taken. She preferred to keep beside her a number of book-intimates, tried and not found wanting, to be re-read and re-pondered and re-tested at crises. Such were Dante's "Divine Comedy," Browning's Poems, Wordsworth's Poems, Bacon's and Emerson's Essays, George MacDonald's 'Diary of an Old Soul,' some volumes by Ruskin, long quotations from George Eliot, parts of 'The Angel in the House,' Newman's Sermons, Robertson of Brighton, Maurice's Sermons, Blackie's 'Self-Culture,' and others of a kindred nature. Modern books had to be sternly informing to win her attention: all books that concerned industry and its conditions; the industrial classes and their needs,—their housing, technical education, thrift, and recreation, were bought and studied. She avoided sensationalism in all its branches, whether in religion, philosophy, fiction, or the graphic arts. It had nothing to teach, nothing to tempt her. Now and then she roused herself to buy a book of which every one talked and all the

critics wrote, from a sense that she might be missing some new and needed truth. Such experiments were often abandoned in disgust. But writing that greatly expressed sincere thinking she gratefully recognised, even when the thinking was scarcely germane to her own conviction.

The first term of 1888 seems to have been spent in constant suffering from headache and asthma, and the massage found so helpful during two years failed to relieve her. In truth, Miss Pipe was working in bewildering doubt as to her ability to continue at Laleham. Even a delightful summer in the Alps, where she had much botanising with Miss Newton, failed to restore her, and when the autumn term began she was seriously proposing to retire. Again she was dissuaded by her friends, and for some months a plan of partnership between Miss Pope and a lady who had taken high honours at Cambridge, and who had been for some time resident English teacher at Laleham, was carefully considered, one of its conditions being the retention of Miss Pipe's name on the prospectus. This was much against her will, as she realised her inability to take an effective share in the government of the school, and the scheme was next year finally surrendered. On May 3, 1888, she wrote to Mrs Huggins: "Your faculties, attainments, experience, sensibilities, and ideas make you more delightful than a summer world of Alpine snowy heights and valleys looking south, with springs, streams, birds,

flowers, lights and shadows, mists and mysteries unexplored and inexhaustible. These glories are but types and figures of the enchantment in a human soul like yours. And as to judgment of me, I should be very one-sided if I accepted all the kind things you have said and rejected merely the qualifying criticism. You have done me the most generous justice. Seldom indeed have I found in this world such width of sympathy as in you,—the sympathy of an answering mind recognising with swift insight all I meant and felt and fancied. It was an enigma to me in my earlier life that so few people seemed to enter into the things which touched and moved me. I grew silent, supposing that everybody must have these thoughts so natural and obvious, but that for some reason it was not usual to express them. Later, I came to believe that there are people who do not think much, except of the things immediately around them. But speech is always delightful. After living amongst foreigners or the dumb, it is always a joy to meet those who speak one's own language naturally and better than oneself. Such pleasure have I in intercourse with you—especially when you are in woods and fields, careless and playful, but always, indeed even amid the cares and interruptions of Laleham, or in the high intellectual exclusiveness and fastidiousness of your own beautiful house.”

A letter from Mrs Huggins, written prior to this, contains such thoughtful and tender criticism

as that to which Miss Pipe alludes, and justifies the value set upon her friendship: "I have been thinking over some things you said yesterday. After all, what you said so well about the young man at Oxford, thou must say also to thyself. It is easy to say too hard a thing or too good a thing to oneself, but—the right thing! 'there's the rub!' Don't trouble too much as to whether you fail here or there: you are not failing from want of care, *if* you are failing. You cannot tell how much more worldly some of your flock might be, had they not been with you. You cannot tell how they have struggled against surrounding worldliness before giving in, and all through your influence. You cannot tell how in the future what you have done and said may bear fruit in the most unexpected ways. Take heart. Go on happily doing your best, and leave results to the Master. Nothing is more wonderful to the opening eyes of one born into middle life than the strange vitality of words which then recur from a far past, and of actions done with,—it might have been supposed. I cannot think, I do not believe for a moment you fail, as you said yesterday you thought you did. The pressure of worldly surroundings upon the young, longing it may be to resist it, is *tremendous*. If you fail anywhere, I think it may be in not estimating this quite truly, for you were not exposed to it yourself as a girl, were you? I am sure many and many a young girl goes through many a fight before she yields

to worldliness; and as one goes about the world, how many a young face tells of dissatisfaction. It is expecting too much to suppose that many girls will have the moral courage to resist worldliness. The mere ridicule poured upon them is a bitter thing, and they find it an awful problem to please those about them and at the same time have good consciences. Again, I don't think you can better fortify your girls than by showing them, as you do show them, what are the real essentials of noble life. You are, I am sure, doing good work for the time which is coming, in which it shall be clearly recognised that heart is above brain, that what a man is determines his power and position and not what he *has*,—that the beatitudes are the best good."

Another letter from Mrs Huggins, written in November 1888, indicates that vertebrate thinking on matters much bemused, which helped Miss Pipe's own discernment.

"Mr Howorth's letter in the 'Spectator' puts clearly what the thinkers have seen clearly for ever so long. It is little good to the thinkers: it is not strong enough for them: but it is a useful thing for the masses who feel, but cannot express themselves,—who suspect, but do not know. There are plenty of people who still believe, I suppose, in spite of all their moral sensibilities being outraged by the story, that that treacherous, murderous Jael was a blessed creature. The sooner they can be got to under-

stand the truth about all that the better. There is no danger from truth rightly put to grown men and women; there is infinite danger from truth 'cooked,' or held back. There is a widespread belief—well justified in my opinion—that the clergy, who up to this time have had a monopoly of information, are either keeping back truth or cannot see it. And so they are discredited and distrusted, and to a certain point quite rightly so. They have no longer monopoly of any knowledge. The press puts all knowledge within the reach of all who choose to work for it. The clergy must pay for years the penalties of their own short-sighted ways. There can be no doubt that the Reformation did set up an infallible Book to knock down an infallible man. And the position was unsound. Erasmus saw it. And Luther, at one time, I imagine, had a sore and terrible feeling that the Book position was not sound. Had Luther not crushed his own intellectual doubts and instincts, I, for one, think that much we are suffering now might have been spared. In short, I look upon the present state of things in the religious world as a further development of the Reformation: the Reformation I look on as part of the Renaissance."

At the end of the year Mrs Huggins wrote: "I do wish you many, many happy years of life in this beautiful world. And I wish you more and more of *life* as years go on and the body fails. I think you are more sympathetic, more disposed to

try and put yourself in another's place. And this is great advance; for it means that an immense number of sources of information—spiritual, moral, intellectual—are more open to you. There is abundance of growing power in you still, and I feel certain that the more your power of sympathy increases the greater will be your growth. Possibly this dwelling on increased power of sympathy may surprise you. It would, I am certain, surprise and shock many who love you. Nevertheless, in spite of a beautiful something, which appears sympathy to most folk, I do not consider you have been hitherto really strong in sympathy. But you are much more truly sympathetic than you were, and I think and believe that the discipline coming to you now is sent to develop sympathy in you. The root is there: it will grow now apace. Believe me, a new epoch in your life is before you. You will do quite new work. 'Nous sommes, chascun, plus riches que nous ne pensons,' says Montaigne, and it is a wise saying. Your own voice is in my ears reading out to me: 'The former things are passed away. Behold! I make all things new.' I feel it dreadfully your so soon going away: but it is selfish to say much about it."

The going away was made essential by the state of Miss Pipe's health. Some irregularity or interference in her treatment had counteracted all done for her by Dr Weir Mitchell's advice, and she was very ill. Massage and milk diet were resumed on

New Year's Day, 1889, but she was in bed for the first fortnight of January 1889, and at Brighton till the end of that month. On the 30th her cousin, Miss Ewer, joined her and accompanied her to Cannes, where they stayed a few days and then flitted to Grasse. Here they found a charming chalet and took it till the end of April. But the weather was unfavourable, and although there were days when they could gather scarlet anemones and sweet wild violets to send home, there were too many like April 5, when the weather entry reads: "Rain as in Manchester all day!"

Doctor Allfrey saw her constantly, as well as Miss Ewer, who was ill for three weeks of March, and was unable to walk out till April 7; and but for pleasant neighbours and books, for interest in the perfume-making and her correspondence, these long months were of little benefit, and it is no wonder that her health bulletins ran: "Very asthmatic; headache; malaise; live all day beside the fire."

On April 27 they left Grasse for Bordighera, where Miss Pipe was comforted by seeing much of Dr George MacDonald and his family, and hearing her old friend read "Cymbeline" and some of Shelley's poems. I had seen Miss Pipe in January at Laleham, and had received from her an invitation to meet her at Milan on May 3 and go with her to Venice and Veldes. We spent a night and some morning hours at Milan for the



sake of seeing the Luini pictures in San Maurizio, and travelled to Venice on the 4th. There we spent six days,—very happy ones for me, since it was my first visit to Venice,—chiefly in seeing Bellini's and Carpaccio's pictures wherever they were to be found. We used to lunch at Florian's and feed the pigeons in the piazza; buy beads and photographs, like all the tourist kind; go out of the tourist waterways to follow up Ruskin's clues; and climb the Rialto steps for bunches of double-white narcissus and lovely mother-of-pearl shells. On May 8 Miss Pipe hired a gondola and two gondoliers to take us to Torcello, and that day abides undimmed in my memory. It was cloudless and calm. We started early in the morning and passed whole fleets of barks winged with green or ruddy sails, and laden with fruit and vegetables. We landed at Murano for Bellini's "Doge presented to the Madonna by St Mark," in San Pietro, and then, while our gondoliers sang, we were poled over the lustrous lagoon, its aquamarine surface wrinkled by the gentlest breath of wind, till we reached Torcello. We had to land some distance from its ancient Duomo, so we had lunch in the gondola first, and then, escorted by Vittorio, walked along a narrow, grassy lane and watercourse, where flowers grew thick and rank, till we reached the hamlet where the refugees who were the makers of Venice first found safe footing in their flight from Attila. The old church, with its great apse, its wonderful colossal mosaic

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Madonna—a Mother of Sorrows, who weeps for ever with her worshippers,—its whitewashed corridors and colonnades, was like a volume of records, which told their extremity, their faith, their poverty, and their consolation. We spent hours on the island, and came back to the Riva degli Schiavoni in the evening light, a true Venetian glory of rose and gold. But unhappily the canals were malodorous, and on the 9th we had to flee to Udine, for Miss Pipe had a sudden and alarming attack of sickness that morning. The mountain air and the masses of mantling wistaria in full bloom at Udine restored her, and next day we were carried up the glorious Julian Pass to Pontebba and down to Villach,—where the father of Paracelsus was doctor, and where we rested an hour till the train for Tarvis and Lees-Veldes started. We arrived at three o'clock, and luckily found a post-cart starting for Veldes, so we climbed in and were jolted three miles to the door of the Louisenbad Hotel, earliest of its guests for the season, and warmly welcomed by its excellent host and hostess. The first sight of the emerald green lake with its rampart of mountains, its castle rock, on which stands the least formidable of castles built by a bishop long ago, and its island-church, cannot be forgotten. The cure did not begin for three weeks, and we had leisure for drives and wanderings in the woods and meadows, with pleasant returnings to our rooms and meals in the hotel, for our host had been head cook to the Archduke



LAKE AND ISLAND, VELDES.



Albrecht, and prepared very dainty dinners for us. Miss Pipe wrote to Mrs Huggins on May 25: "Dr Rikli's cure begins on the 1st of June. Meanwhile we are rambling about this beautiful country. A little rough country *Einspänner* comes for us every day and takes us out from 8.30 to 12, or from 3 to 7, for a couple of gulden = 3s. 4d. I am sending you a few plants,—first and chiefly, a kind of myosote which I have never seen before. It is much the most beautiful myosote I have ever seen, a deep, fine blue, and the mouth closed with *white* scales. It is more beautiful than any speedwell, and lasting. It runs along in the ground, and is difficult to dig up. I spent three-quarters of an hour this morning over one patch which grew near the bank of the Save: also a healthy, strong patch of Alpine butterwort, whose white blossoms are as delicate and lovely as the loveliest begonia: both these plants are not confined to brooks or marshes: two quite young, small plants of *Spiræa filipendula*: also a baby plant of *Spiræa aruncus*: the two spiræas grow here in glorious abundance. We sallied forth to get mealy primroses for the Laleham pond-side and moss. With the moss I tore up a tiny cyclamen plant and some scraps of lily of the valley, and I cut up some globe-flower with a pocket-knife. The mealy primroses are perfectly easy, and we will send you a small box, so that if you have, as, I think, you once said you meant to have, a damp place in your garden, they would

grow there. Miss S. happened on that beautiful patch of dwarf orchis, the like of which I never found. We went over to Dr Rikli's huts; Miss S. fell in love with them, and proposes that a few weeks hence we should secure one and go and live there very much *al fresco*. I don't think I should dislike it. To-day it rains heavily and persistently. But a wet May is so promising of June sunshine here that we could have borne patiently worse weather than we have had."

Miss Pipe and I had taken an expedition two days earlier, which proved more serious than we expected. We started in search of the source of the Save, known as the Savitzer Falls; driving a long way up the river and embarking on the Wocheiner-See, where a girl rowed us for nearly two hours to the upper end,—from which point so long and difficult a climb awaited us that we gave it up, and returned after a rest and lunch. The homeward drive in the evening was very beautiful, and Miss Pipe was specially pleased by a little incident which supplied it with human interest. We saw in front of us an old charcoal-burner plodding home with bent head and weary steps. He had come down from his hut on the wooded heights above the Save to spend Sunday at home. In his hand was a huge bunch of white flowers, which moved our curiosity. When we came up with him, we stopped him and asked to look at them. They were lilies of the valley, the largest, whitest, and most fragrant we had ever seen.

He had gathered them up on the silent heights, where no eyes but his had ever noted them unless, said Miss Pipe, "the angels came from heaven to wonder at them." She asked him to sell them to us, but he said, "No, that cannot be; I gathered them for my wife, but she would wish the lady to have some, and I will give you half of them." And so he did, presenting the bouquet with a bow which transported us to some court of fairy or romance. Indeed more courteous and graceful people than the Slovenes of Carniola neither of us had ever met; they were perpetually surprising us, giving Miss Pipe flowers, wild strawberries, gay greetings, singing for her and dancing for her. One greeting touched and delighted her, although it was confined to the old men and women on Sundays and Saints'-days. They met us with—"May Jesus Christ be praised!" and we learned the rejoinder—"Amen, to all eternity!"—in Slovenic.

It was on Monday, June 3, that we moved into Hut No. 12. It was one of the largest in the colony, or "*Sauvagerie*," as Madame Valtriny, our hostess, called it. It was provided with two beds, two wardrobes, two chests of drawers, looking-glasses, chairs; these were at either side and at the back: the front was arranged as a sitting-room, with table, high-backed sofa and arm-chairs. There were only three wooden walls, and even in them was an open space below the roof. In front only a curtain separated us from the grass, trees,

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and lake, and that was seldom drawn. We stayed in the hut five weeks, while Miss Pipe submitted to the cure in all its details. But she rebelled at Marienheim, or general meeting-place for the early morning air-bath. So we rose at 4.30, made tea and drank it, got into the *Einspänner* at 5, drove off to the Homberg, where the horse was put up, and I bought fresh eggs for breakfast, while Miss Pipe climbed up the hill into the pine-woods and trod the fragrant pine-needles for an hour and a half in the exquisite air of the summer morning, all alone and undisturbed, gathering pyrolas and campanulas on her way down. When we reached our hut again, delicious bread and milk were on the table, sent from the doctor's, and tea, fresh eggs, cherries and wild strawberries completed our tempting breakfast. Children came round every morning with the freshly-gathered fruit, and found much custom at the Hütten-colonie.

On June 16 Miss Pipe wrote to Mrs Huggins: "I *hope* I shall not leave Laleham for some few years to come, but I should like to be there rather as sympathetic spectator and referee than in my hitherto all-controlling and originating capacity. If I regain health, I shall not regain strength. Strength for the work of the past I shall never have again: of this I feel sure. Miss Pope is in the prime of her life and in possession of splendid health and rare faculty. She holds the divine secret of ruling by love. She has the sympathy,



the fervour, the insight, the truth, the tenderness which melt and mould human wills and form character. I do not think that with such faculty as this she should retire into idleness, or church-work guided by some clergyman probably inferior to herself. I cannot think she would be happy or in the right without some few more years of strenuous work. And it ought to be work untrammelled by control. She needs freedom. She has given eighteen years of devotion to work done always in subordination, and with reference to another mind. Now, she is ripe for more independent action. Still, I say *few* years, because such people as she is wear themselves out. She will do more in three years than slower and colder people in six. I should rejoice to see her making the most and the best of herself in a sphere which is, I think, fitted to her. And I should be very glad if she could, while working thus on her own account, establish Miss M. in the successorship, so that when Miss M. came in her turn to be ripe for such a sphere, she might find it ready for her. I, meanwhile, should be at home in the house as a grandmother is in her daughter's. This is my dream. But man proposes and God disposes."

On the 26th Miss Pipe renewed the correspondence: "An infinite longing for your visible presence and the touch of your hand came over me yesterday morning as I walked on beds of moss in the Homberg forest and down the soft

short grass of a sunny, sloping glade, and basked and bathed in the summer and in the Summer behind the summer. Our morning walk at Haslemere waked up in my heart, where it always lies awake or asleep, making a sunshine there. I cannot but wonder whether in the earthly or heavenly future it shall chance that we some day see these sights together—the sunset lake, the silent dusk lit up by fire-flies, the dew and sunshine of the cool, fresh morning, and hear the children say: ‘Let Jesus Christ be praised!’ We go to bed when we can see no longer without candles—that is, in this latitude, a few minutes after eight. By nine we are blinking at the fire-flies and beginning to doze. At 5 A.M. punctually, a little *Einspänner* draws up at our gate, Mrs Herford and I step into it, and drive, wrapped up in rugs, to a village part way up the Homberg. Here, in a farmyard, we get out. I give old crusts of bread and now and then a lump of sugar to the nice, clever horse, who looks eagerly round for his dole and is released from his bit. Sometimes the pigeons also come in for a largess of maize. And then we climb barefoot up the hill and find each of us a separate oratory in which to say our prayers and meditate and rest. I doubt if my garment and dust-cloak together would weigh a pound, with my shady white hat thrown in. And I find fine strawberries and whortleberries, and yesterday came on a lovely bed of pyrola and a few spikes of early

'willow-weed.' It is lovely and lonely on the secret top of the Homberg. In all these morning rambles never a human creature have we seen or heard. Once in the distance, as we climbed the hill, we heard sheep-bells tinkling, and argued a shepherd lad. In the depths of the wood all is silence and solitude, broken only by jays and woodpeckers, and wooed by doves. Down from one end of my clear space slopes the glade I tell you of towards the east, flooded with sunshine. On other sides are caves of shadow, and all about amongst the beds of moss and thyme are a tall, graceful group of paradisias, a waving patch of wood-rush, and endless other decorations of the wild, sweet withdrawing-room. At 8.30 I am discussing tea and scrambled eggs. After breakfast, as now, we read and write. At 10.15 a little blue boat glides up to our bank, and I go in it to my sun bath. In the sun I lie still for an hour and a half, often sleeping great part of the time. Then a bath, a short walk in the sun to warm one's feet and dry one's hair, and I am in my hut again for lunch, the principal meal of the day, being of meat always tender and always beautifully cooked, stewed fruit, and good Hungarian wine. After dinner I lie down and sleep again, and get up when tea is ready, with cake from the Louisenbad (such cake! most delicious!). We play *bézi*que, read 'Punch' and the 'Spectator' afterwards, unless I have to write again. If not, then I botanise, making out the plants

which Mrs Herford and I find. At 5.15 P.M. we start for dinner to Dr Rikli's house. At first I drove, but now I enjoy the walk, which taken the short way lasts only ten or fifteen minutes. At dinner we are fortunate in our neighbours—a nice girl from Vienna, a Mr Gebhard of Elberfeld, a young mill-owner much interested in the people and social questions, and a charming and accomplished young Count Wachtmeister, who is a Swede. They both talk English perfectly; the girl only a little. Twice they and some other nice people have joined us at afternoon tea. After dinner we amuse ourselves gently indoors, or boat on the lake. Count Wachtmeister is to play the organ for us, perhaps this evening, in the island-church, he and his friend rowing us thither. We leave on the 8th for Toblach, where I shall rest a week before going home. If we don't like Toblach, we may go on to Landro or Schluderbach in the Ampezzothal."

We did go to Toblach and revelled in the walls of our comfortable hotel there, although we missed the lake and the Sundays at Veldes, when we took a holiday, breakfasted up at the Schloss, read our lessons and sometimes a sermon in the woods, dined at mid-day luxuriously in the hut, the blue boat bringing our dinner from the Louisenbad with clean table-cloth and napkins for the week, slept in the afternoon and gathered flowers in the evening, improvising suppers that

could be cooked with two etnas and a frying-pan before we went to bed.

But Toblach was charming, and Miss Pipe took me to Schluderbach and the Misurina See, where we found such a speedwell as I have never seen before or since, and where on the steep road thither Miss Pipe gathered in a wood a great handful of pyrolas, every floret large as a cowslip and tinged with delicate pink. I think such treasure-trove was a great event to her as to myself, and I can remember how long we made them last in our rooms, as well as a very bridal bouquet of fragrant butterfly orchis.

Behind the hotel at Toblach was a wood in which we found seats and often sat writing, reading, or letting our little green frogs have a run: they had hopped from a walnut tree into a hut near us at Veldes, and the lady who found them on her sofa gave them to us. The carpenter furnished a palace for them, with gravel, bath, moss, and branches, in a huge French plum-bottle, and we stalked flies on every window for their meals. Ungrateful prisoners! when they were set free in the Laleham fernery they vanished for ever.

Miss Pipe reached Laleham on July 18, in time for her annual garden-party on the 20th, at which there were ten ladies who were with her at Laleham Lodge before 1860. But after a fortnight of home she suffered from a collapse,

and on August 1 left with her maid, a niece of Mrs Naldrett, for a second trial of the cure at Veldes. She arrived on the 4th and got rooms at the Louisenbad, and for four weeks diligently practised all the rites and ceremonies prescribed, returning by Toblach and Innsprück early in September, but leaving Laleham almost immediately for Haslemere and Grayswood Hill, where she stayed till the autumn term began.

With the help of Dr Lauder Brunton and of many breaks to Grayswood Hill and Dorking, Miss Pipe wrestled with her foe till the end of November, and was able to enjoy her birthday, when the girls acted "Colombe's Birthday," under Miss Janet Swindells' able management; but the day after she was ordered to stay in bed by the doctor, and her collapse lasted till the Christmas holiday began, when Miss Pope and she fled to Sidmouth.

By this time there could be no longer any doubt that it was her duty to surrender school-keeping, as indeed she was anxious to do. Miss Pope refused to contemplate succeeding her in the management of Laleham without her presence there, and this was no longer advisable. A new way out of the crisis to her school had to be discovered, and the first term of 1890 was occupied with its consideration. In the meantime the Lea had been prospering in Miss Swindells' and Miss Ada Swindells' hands, so that it seemed a natural

and hopeful solution of the difficulty to approach these ladies with the proposal that they should, at the end of the year, give up the Lea, and transfer their pupils to Laleham, purchasing its school-furniture, paying the yearly rent to Miss Pipe, and continuing the school in the spirit and for the aims which characterised Miss Pipe's tenure.

No successors could have been found more capable or more qualified for such a continuance of the management. Both sisters had served an apprenticeship of many years to Miss Pipe; both were devoted to her personally and imbued with her high standard of work and outreach. But it required great courage for them to decide, and not till autumn had they definitely made up their mind to face a responsibility so formidable.

Miss Pipe received their acceptance of her surrendered charge with deep and lasting gratitude. "When I think what it might have been,"—she wrote in 1892, when the venture had been essayed and found successful,—“but for you and Ada, I am filled with admiration and gratitude. God is good to us. I am grateful to Him. I am also grateful to you—more grateful to you for doing the work, than either of you or both of you together can be,—for the chance of doing it was given you, or rather forced upon you. To see Laleham fail and fall

to the ground would have been bitter pain and grief to me. From this you have saved me, and I kiss your dear busy hands. I really think I enjoy your house more than I enjoyed my own. I do rejoice in your achievement, and pray God of His grace to deepen, widen, and confirm it."



## CHAPTER XI.

## LIMPSFIELD.

(1890-1906.)

MISS PIPE spent all June and July of 1890 at Veldes, but at the Louisenbad Hotel, as she feared the strenuous life in a hut. Mademoiselle Méquillet was her guest and much appreciated companion. When the two months' treatment was ended, they went to Toblach for a few days' after-cure, and then to Innsprück, where I met them, and after a day's rest journeyed with them to Partenkirchen on our way to Ober-Ammergau. Miss Pipe engaged a carriage (*Zweispänner*) and driver for a week, a wonderful week, which included this glorious drive and many others, the Passion Play at Ober - Ammergau, and much wandering about the famous village, its meadows, and its crystal-clear river.

The Passion Play impressed her deeply, its simplicity and veracity, the reverence and naturalness of its acting, the quaint, sweet music which took one's mind back to the time of Purcell.

Particularly was she moved by the acting of Josef Meyer, which was less acting than *living* through the world's great tragedy. We went to see his wife, and had a long talk with her, while we bought some of his carved work done in the winter evenings. She told us he was taking the *Christus* part for the last time, as his health was failing, and the crucifixion scene, which lasted twenty-five minutes, brought on agonising headaches, although every possible support was contrived to lessen its severity. "But," she said, "he suffers gladly; for only think of the honour of such a part!"

I remember how struck Miss Pipe was by the utter stillness and solemnity of the audience, five thousand men and women of all European nations on whose faces there rested an almost penitential sadness, as they watched the slow Passion of our Lord fulfil itself.

After a week at Partenkirchen, she telegraphed for Miss Pope to meet her at Innsprück,—when Mademoiselle Méquillet went to Bâle and I to Munich and Nürnberg,—and took her to Ober-Ammergau to see the Play. Unhappily the rain poured all the time they were there, but on their homeward way they secured a few fine days at Innsprück. They were at Laleham on September 10, and Miss Pipe left the next day for Grayswood Hill.

On the whole she got through her last responsible term at Laleham well. There was much

business to arrange and many conferences before the transfer was settled, but it was finally signed on November 28, the day after her birthday. "We break up for the last time," is the entry in her diary of December 19, 1890.

Miss Pipe spent part of January 1891 with Professor and Mrs Blackie in Edinburgh, and wrote to Miss Edwards on the 18th: "I hope you have not yet heard, for I should like to be the first to tell you, that I have given up my school to the Miss Swindells, Bertha and Ada. They reopen next Friday the 23rd, with a house packed full of charming girls,—a really delightful set, more than twenty over sixteen, and many younger. Those whom I left behind are bent on standing loyally by their new mistresses, supporting them in every possible way, and fulfilling my last and dearest wish by carrying over into the new order whatever may be worth preserving in the old. When I asked B. and A. what should be done about the Orphanage, they said that if I took it away with me into the country, they should immediately start another, so deep an interest do they and the girls take in it. So it is going on as usual, and on my return to England I hope to keep the correspondence with old subscribers in my own hand. It is a precious link with the Past. Miss Pope joins me on the 26th inst., at 33 Holland Park, and on the 30th, she, I, and Miss Newton start for Sicily in the s.s. *Ormuz*. Miss Marsh is coming out to join

us in April at Rome. We come back to England in time for the British Association, of which Dr Huggins is President this year."

Late in January, Miss Pipe and Miss Pope, with their friend Miss Newton, left for Naples, where Mr and Mrs Chambers met them. They had a rough night crossing to Palermo, and the weather was wretched for some days, so that a bad chill was her first experience of the "sunny south," but she managed to see temples, museums, mud volcanoes, and to gather jonquils, "growing like cowslips." Syracuse, Taormina, and Messina were the next stages, and on March 11 they sailed through Charybdis, and past Scylla and Stromboli to Naples. In a letter to Miss Swindells, Miss Pipe tells how "a day or two afterwards we made our first excursion to Baiæ, passing through Pozzuoli. In the Italian Bible it reads like Bradshaw: 'E di la girammo, ed arrivammo a Reggio. Ed in due giorni arrivammo a Pozzuolo.' They eschew *Rhegium* and *Puteoli*, the ancient names, and use those of to-day. But I ought to have begun with the verse before: 'Ed arrivati a Siracusa vi dimorammo tre giorni.' We stayed five days; St Paul three, and then he went round by Reggio to Pozzuoli. We came from Syracuse by land to Catania, Taormina, and Messina, instead of 'fetching a circuit' by sea. Miss Newton, Miss Pope, and I caught our Alexandrian ship at Messina, and came past Scylla and right through Charybdis. The whirling water

was most curious to watch. Our big steamer was quite unmoved by it, but it would have taken effect on a rowing-boat, especially in rough weather."

At Rome their fellow-travellers left them, and Miss Marsh arrived. They spent about six weeks at the Hotel Inghilterre, but by the middle of May were at Lugano, and later at Canobbio, on their way to Aix-les-Bains, where Miss Pipe halted three weeks to benefit by the baths.

Soon after her return, Miss Pipe came to visit me at West Hampstead. I remember that Mrs Bishop and Dr Horton came to meet her and Miss Mudie at lunch, and that the conversation was about Asia Minor and the Turks, and so diverged to Mr Gladstone, who had told Mrs Bishop that the secret of never growing old was to study severely two hours a-day some subject entirely severed from one's own business.

A very happy and restful visit to Grayswood Hill followed, where the solace of Mr Chambers's garden and much talk of gardens cheered and vivified her. An entry in her diary for August 11 reads: "Up in the morning early and in the garden, thinking much of the goodness of God, and reconsecrating to Him the evening of my life."

Miss Pipe went to Cardiff for the meeting of the British Association, and stayed with Mrs Thompson at St John's Vicarage. Dr Huggins

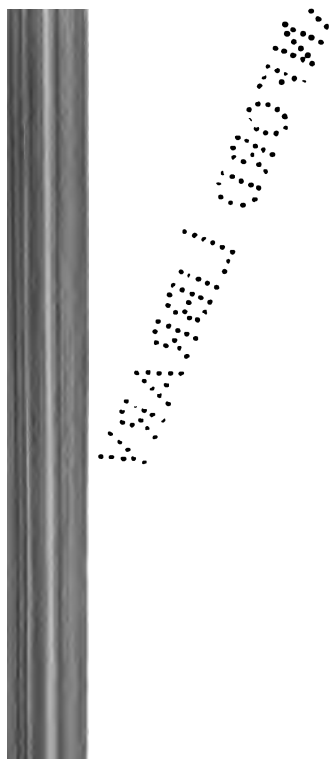
was President of the Association for 1891, and the subjects were of exceptional interest,—Mrs Bishop, Miss E. Clerke, Sir Robert Ball, Professor Newton, Professor Rücker, being amongst the speakers.

That autumn began the search for a house in the country, which ended in her choice of Limpsfield. Many neighbourhoods were visited,—the New Forest, East Grinstead, Folkestone, Sevenoaks, Westerham, and, finally, Limpsfield, where Miss Pipe took a furnished house called The Bower, from the beginning of December 1891 till the end of May 1892.

A letter to Mrs Huggins belongs to November 19, 1891: “I see the complexity of your life, and never forget its web of duty and woof of self-culture, which is only another form of duty, and a very high and imperative form. On the height and depth and width and worth of your culture I look with wonder and a kind of exultation,—and yet—and yet I know, how can I but know? that there is a risk to health and even life in it which calls for self-restraint. . . . There will be leisure in eternity for much that we cannot achieve in time. Let us not make haste to be rich, even intellectually. . . . Your scientific work and Mrs Watson’s practical work interest me alike profoundly. You are both fighting the world, the flesh, and the devil, and laying the foundations or building the walls of the City of God. You are planning the golden streets, and she is carving



MISS PIPE FEEDING HER PIGEONS.





the gates of pearl. You are lieutenants of Christ, resisting His foes, heralding His advance, accomplishing His will. Specialise you must, you cannot each do all. But as for your saying that it is not in you to do such work as hers,—that is not true. You are one of the few who can. You cannot try without deserting your post, or killing yourself, but if you did try you would succeed. You have succeeded. You have already said some of the deepest words on this subject that I ever heard said or saw written. There is no one living at this moment in England who sees more clearly and deeply into Mrs Watson's subject than you do yourself. You have reached your insight, as we mostly reach it, if at all, through suffering and renunciation. And now, having contradicted all your dear fibs, I will to my Report. It takes me a week to write what you would write in a day—or in a *night*! who knows? Some part of the miracle of your achievement must be wrought by night, I suspect."

A second letter is from The Bower, and written on December 20: "Let 'Silence speak' at Christmas. A Christmas card, and a charming one, is coming, I know, but if it comes later,—after you have cleared off cards to all and sundry,—and especially if it comes mute, without one word, I shall count it a distinction, and a sign signifying that I am trusted; that the understanding between us is too sure and intimate to need expression when you are ill and pressed both for

time and strength. I know how you love me, with a love that is wonderful, passing the love of ordinary women. Its depth and tenderness have manifested themselves in many unmistakable and lovely ways throughout the happy year which is closing. You help me to love God more: one argues the fountain from the stream. . . . A. is perfectly well, and very busy and happy, and charmed with our quaint little house and the walks on the Common and in the lanes. . . . We are to begin our Fergusson to-morrow, or our Lübke."

The charm of Limpsfield grew as the winter gave place to spring. It had commended itself by its greensand and its height above the sea-level at first, and these hygienic advantages made it beneficial to Miss Pipe's health. Pleasant neighbours made her acquaintance; the Common with its blue and silver distances, its woods of beech and elm; Westerham and Crockham Hill in the near neighbourhood; Penshurst, eleven miles away, and Sevenoaks not quite so far, a wealth of old historic churches, a patch of Scotch fir-wood, locally called "The Black Forest," General Wolfe's house, the Squerries, all made goals for lovely drives, and there were fresh walks for nearly every day in the month. So Miss Pipe decided on finding or building a house in Limpsfield. At first she thought of building on a pretty site, with distant views and fine southern exposure, but gave up the project on account of its remoteness from

other houses, and finally she secured a twenty-one years' lease of a house in the village, which stood just within Hookwood Park, and which admitted of necessary additions, made by renting a two-storied cottage close beside it and transforming it, with Mr Hoole's assistance, into a most beautiful sitting-room, with a many-light Tudor window at the far end, and the original small-paned windows both high and low in the walls. It was necessarily of two heights, that of the whole cottage and that of the room to which it was annexed, the roof of which was lower. But this served to enhance its charm, and the difference was turned into beauty by wooden pillars supporting a pointed pediment. These pillars divided the music-room from the withdrawing-room, but did not separate them. In the music-room were Miss Pope's organ,—for the engine of which a closet was contrived behind,—and her piano, both immemorial with associations of her sweet singing and the Sunday afternoons, when she played Bach, Handel, and Beethoven to us for two hours at a time. Between the pillars and the Tudor window reached the large room, with its recess for a wide fireplace, Miss Pipe's little writing-table, which paid a double debt, for it served for whist, bridge, and patience in the evenings. The mantel-shelf stood high overhead, and below it were panels of exquisite carving, which bore the legend of the Poverello's laud for Brother Fire from his Canticle of the Sun.

This was designed and worked by Mrs Huggins, one of her many gifts to the "House Beautiful." The walls of the room were panelled with oak, plain panels alternating with those which had been carved for the Laleham Sun-parlour.

A few steps up from this room was a glass door which led into the garden, and to the left of these steps was the workroom, where guests wrote and studied, or painted, and where lavender was dried and garden seeds stored, and flowers arranged in a myriad bowls and vases for the larger room. Set high on a bracket, the white Christ stretched out arms of welcome to all who used the room.

These additions followed in their structure and details Miss Pipe's own ideal for a sitting-room. They were not completed till the eve of her birthday in November 1893. I was there, and remember the rapid furnishing, the rugs placed here and there by Naldrett, the quick adorning with flowers and holly branches, the big fire of coal and logs, the sofa in its ingle-neuk, and our glad gathering round, while all our light for a few minutes came from the flames and from the full moon which shone in upon us through the high latticed windows. Miss Swindells and Miss Ada Swindells were there, and we all remember how Miss Pope flung herself on the sofa, her face streaming with happy tears as she gazed at the friendly moon, who seemed for a moment to be one of us. Need I say that the joy was hallowed with gratitude to the Giver of all "things lovely

and of good report"? I never entered nor abode in those rooms without the sense of His presence. And Miss Pipe's prayer next morning was an out-breathing of her thankful heart that she had made in her home a place where He could dwell, in the rest which it might give to hundreds of His children,—tired workers, invalid friends, happy young and cared for old people. It has fulfilled her purpose a hundredfold in fourteen short years.

A brief stay at Eastbourne prefaced her taking possession of Hookwood Cottage on July 30, 1892. "We work hard all week reducing chaos to cosmos," is her entry on August 1. Her first visitor there, the year before the sitting-room was built, was Miss Lucy Smith, who had been her first pupil in 46 Wright Street, Manchester, and who was now an invalid racked with unremitting pain and needing the devoted care of her sister, Miss Josephine Smith. Her next visitors were the orphans, seventeen in number, with their matron, who were invited down for the day. She had set her heart on having the Orphanage at Limpsfield, where the air was wholesome and where the children could attend school up by the Common, and for a few years this was carried out, but it was not possible to find a house for them nearer than Oxted. They contracted, too, all the epidemics which were going about, and although Miss Pipe and Miss Pope were there almost daily, the educational result was not so satisfactory as at Balham. As the girls grew old enough

for service, this experiment was abandoned, and the tenement transferred to the Orphanage at Balham, where Miss Swindells and her sister had, for the sake of their girls, renewed the work.

All this time Miss Pipe was busy with her garden. It had been her dream for many years that when she was no longer able for school-keeping, she might have a home somewhere near the hills, the Surrey hills for preference, and a large garden. Her dream had come true, for from her garden she could see the Downs. As autumn neared, she was hard at work with Jupp—a man much versed in the classics of gardening—at laying out lawn and flower-borders, projecting a terrace, a broad grassy walk arched over by a rose-pergola, an upper terrace, shrubberies, an orchard, planting creepers for the house and summer-house, and affixing the magical seal of her own ideal on every nook and corner of the large area which she secured from Mr Leveson Gower. Again and again she visited Grayswood Hill to consult Mr Chambers, and brought back hampers of plants, on one occasion three hundred-weight of them. Mr and Mrs Chambers came to view the ground themselves, and endorsed their counsels with more gifts, so that before December a fair start had been made.

For some years Miss Pipe went to Laleham to spend her birthday, and be with her “school-daughters” and successors, who valued this and

other frequent visits above all things, so that she called Laleham her "town-house."

Of her first visitor she wrote to Mrs Huggins : " We have staying with us as our first regular guest a certain Lucy Smith, who was one of my first three pupils. She came the very first morning of my school-keeping life. So she began by helping me to work, and now she is the first in my own house to help me to play. The Bower was not exactly a home. Nor will this be properly home until you have been in it. So the sooner you come the better for me. It is in every particular about as much unlike Laleham as a house could be. Poor Lucy is crippled with rheumatism. She cannot dress herself. She used to play beautifully. Now she cannot strike a chord on the piano. She cannot stand alone. She drags herself about on crutches, and we started for church yesterday half an hour before the service began—the church being five minutes off, or less, for other people. But she enjoys being driven along the lanes in our little pony-cart, and sitting in the garden and playing at halma, and listening to reading and music. Can you meet me at Clapham Junction at 11.21 on Monday morning? Or are you too busy with your star, and would you prefer to come down in the afternoon? Of course I grudge every hour stolen from the time you might possibly give me, and only speak of the afternoon as a compromise if the star should prove exacting."

The church was Limpsfield Church, with its old aumries, leper window, its churchyard and beautiful lych-gate. Canon Jones, now passed away, was the clergyman, with whom Miss Pipe became on friendly terms, and whom she valued for his gentle and courteous saintliness of character. He was an old man, a contemporary of Lord Salisbury, with whom he had been at college. Early in 1893 Miss Pipe and Miss Pope planned their Convalescent Home at Oxted. At first they rented a small house, and received a small number of patients from different centres of mission and settlement work in London. Miss Newton associated herself with this work. A matron had been temporarily secured, but when the Orphanage ceased, Miss Sayer took her place for some years. The supervision fell chiefly to Miss Pope's care, and she went over almost daily and added to its normal uses a mother's meeting and Bible-class, which met weekly, and included not only the patients but such of the Oxted matrons as were of "good will."

Besides this, these ladies achieved another important acquisition for the poorer people of Oxted. Miss Pipe prevailed upon the squire of Oxted, Mr Masters, to build a hall in which concerts, penny readings, meetings of the Boys' Brigade, tea-meetings, and lantern-services could be held and offered to all who cared to come and pay the threepence that was charged. In organising and carrying out these entertainments, Miss Pipe was



assisted by some of her neighbours, and especially by Mr and Mrs Geard and their sons ; and others helped by singing, lecturing, and reciting. The patients from the Convalescent Home were always in evidence amongst the audience, and the hall added to the many reasons which made this home a favourite one at hospitals and settlements. Other powerful attractions were drives in the pony-cart, and when Mr and Mrs Barry came to live at Limpsfield, in their waggonette ; the spring and summer wild-flowers,—cowslips, blue-bells, primroses, kingcups, eglantine, honeysuckle, campions, rose and white, stitchwort, crane's-bill geranium, bryony, and traveller's joy. It was touching to see the delight with which these denizens of airless city tenements sat under the trees, wandered on the Common, and gathered sheaves of wild blue hyacinth to send home to their families.

The year 1893 ended with a party given to all the workers at Miss Pipe's new sitting-room, which was finished on November 25. The builder, masons, carpenters, carvers, painters, and paperers were the first guests invited to her house-warming, Mr and Mrs Muir and Mr Geard coming to help her and Miss Pope with their entertainment. There were thirty-two in all, and a banquet was spread for them, and after it speeches and songs and organ-playing. Miss Pipe told them that she had asked them to be her first invited guests in the beautiful room which they had built for her,

because to their skill and to their harmonious work, obedient to the architect and to the master-builder, she owed its completion, and from their achievement she drew the symbol of a life perfected in obedience to the pattern planned by God.

It is impossible to give full details of all the uses to which this room was put in the years that followed. What was my experience was that of all her friends, and they were to be counted by hundreds. To them, as to me, Hookwood Cottage was a sanctuary, a place of counsel, converse, peace, and happiness. It became a centre for her neighbours, who were quick to appreciate the stirring of dull waters which, like a wind of the spirit, her presence unconsciously effected. In it they gathered for meetings of the National Reading Union,—a local branch of which she initiated,—for lectures on Dante, for readings of the “Dread Inferno,” for health lectures by Mrs Goslett, and for talks on working-men’s cottages,—a subject which was to her of the first importance, as influencing the immigration into great cities and its appalling evils. She yearned for the salvation of “the people,” in health, rectitude, capacity for fine work, whether in agriculture, handicraft, or service, and believed that their recall to the land by means of decent homes, gardens, good schools, and social recreations, was one of the intelligent instruments of that salvation. To her old pupils Limpsfield became a shrine, as Laleham had been.

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It was almost unheard of to arrive there, however unexpectedly, and not to find one or more than one of them in residence; and the old pressure of correspondence with them continued. But in spite of this multiform activity, she was, as ever, calm, disengaged from herself, ready to lay aside her immediate preoccupation, and to give her entire attention to each and all who were privileged to claim it. Nor did these claims obscure her clear intelligence.

In a letter dated August 4, 1894, she wrote to Mrs Huggins: "I am very glad of your judgment on D.'s book. Plato continually insists on the distinction between 'real permanent knowledge' and 'only opinion.' Books like these of Kidd's and Drummond's and Pearson's are, I suppose, stuffed full of only opinions. They get hold of some one principle and then proceed to explain all things in heaven and earth by it, drawing such deductions as may suit their own individual temperament. Such books are unsatisfactory reading. I have not lately come across anything looser in thought and style than Kidd's."

Miss Pipe was about this time looking out for a larger and more convenient house for the Convalescent Home. She liked the situation of the "Coach and Horses," a Limpsfield inn, and made several offers for it. "To our great and grievous disappointment, the 'Coach and Horses' has to be given up, at least for the present. The brewers absolutely decline to accept anything under £1000

for the licence alone, in addition to the intrinsic value of land and premises. With Miss Newton's help I cheerfully offered them £1750 down, ready money, if they would take it. Miss Newton thought we ought not to go beyond £1800 in view of all that additions and modifications must cost. They declined the £1750. . . . The Convalescent Home is crowded. The morality of these picturesque innocent-looking villages is incredibly low. No one who wishes to help the people need think it necessary to go into towns to find opportunities." In November she wrote : "I thank you heartily for Miss Giberne's beautiful book, which promises great pleasure in the reading. I like your preface very much, and also the motto. The motto means, I suppose, that we depend on Him who made the stars, for power to learn their lore ; that not only the thing seen but the seeing of it is from Him. When I hear of your work on the faint nebulae I feel, first, sorry for your eyes, and secondly, glad for the nebulae. I am afraid of your straining your sight, and yet I also see that it must be a sort of duty in those so exceptionally gifted *ocularly* to attempt this kind of observation, which to most people would be, I imagine, simply impossible. What you find it difficult to see will be invisible to many people, and probably even unsuspected."

Miss Pipe had sent Mrs Huggins a branch of olive laden with berries from Italy in 1890, and received for Christmas of 1894 a charming

book-plate designed by her friend, in which the leaves and berries expressed her thought. "Naturally," Miss Pipe wrote, "I am pleased with my own dear olive leaves and berries. The parts of the little drawing blend into a unity, and are a true creation, as distinguished from mere manufacture. I must send you a line which I came across in Mrs Russell Gurney's Dante this morning. It is quoted from I know not whom: 'It is the impossible only that is worth anything,'—all heroism and all saintliness compressed into a sentence. There is heat in the words. They set the soul aglow. And how literally and profoundly true they are! Fräulein Woerz and I are reading Dante together every day. I shall miss her when she goes. She is a good Italian scholar,—has read Tasso's '*Gerusalemme Liberata*' ten times. With Dante and Plato, Shakespeare and Browning; a few novels, a few books of science, and the Bible, one might subsist intellectually if all other books were burned. Perhaps, indeed, many of us would read more if we read less. . . . What a joyful gate—an arch of triumph—Christmas is, through which to pass into the new year! The Church did well to fix it where it is, whether historically true or not. During the last few years I have, in several quite different ways, suffered much and lived through some dark days. But I have a kind of assurance that the shortest is past. There is possibly more trouble ahead, but I have reached a belief that there is no safe cheerfulness attain-

able otherwise than through sorrow. A merry heart means vanquished pain. I am already thankful for every pang endured. Experience worketh hope—not despair or even despondency. When I left off teaching I had much to learn, and something of it is mastered. . . . I enter profoundly into every word you say about the country. Deep in the country is a phrase signifying to me the earthly paradise. I always bless and praise my mother for sending me deep into the country with a trusty, old-fashioned maid for weeks together when I was a little girl, instead of taking me to Brighton and Scarborough. Next to her own dear words and ways, it was the best part of my education. Along the Bridgewater Canal we glided, Anne and I,—no screaming railway—under the bridges and through the locks, and between the woods and meadows, until we had reached the quietest, remotest, loveliest farmstead in Cheshire. Oh! the cherries that grew round my bedroom window, and the gooseberry tarts I ate that first evening, sitting on the stile of the sloping potato-croft! But I could fill a folio-sheet with the blisses of that age.” That same month she wrote to Miss Swindells: “Courage is a great virtue,—nothing like courage! Now I am gone from you, I feel that we ought to have had a tea-party expressly on Roman sculpture. Sculpture, it seems to me, is the main thing on a first visit to Rome. If you see nothing else, determine to see the greatest

sculpture—not *all* the sculpture, but the best. Sit down in front of the finest things, and let them sink into your blood and brain. Give them scope. See them peacefully and at leisure. Return to them, see them again and again. In after years sensibility to such beauty is less keen. The girls are young enough and you are fresh enough to feel it now, but ten years hence the faculty, unused as it must be in this country, might have hardened.” Miss Swindells and her sister were taking some of their pupils to Rome for the winter holidays, and Miss Pipe had spent some days at Laleham to furnish them with guidance on things meet to be seen during so brief a stay.

The chief event of 1895 was also connected with Laleham, and occurred on July 26. This was a great gathering there of her old pupils, to the number of some hundreds,—from white-haired women, who had known her school in Manchester and Laleham Lodge, to the girls who had left Laleham when she left it. They had collected a splendid gift for her, £500 to be spent on her Oxted Orphanage and Convalescent Home. Of this meeting she wrote in August to Miss Clapham (now Mrs Barber): “After speaking of the great happiness I had found in this reunion, greater even than I had hoped and foreseen, I meant to add,—my one regret is that our time together should be so short. I ponder the chances and changes, the problems, the joy,

the sorrow, the brighter sun, the deeper shadow of your lives since the days when we spent months or years under one roof and took sweet counsel together, and I feel that if you could tell me all you now know, you would teach me more than I taught you. I wish it were customary, as I am sure it is possible, that a teacher should be rewarded in kind. Nothing was faster set in my mind beforehand than to make this appeal, but my thoughts were a little jostled midway, and I felt I had too much to say and must leave much out." Mrs Barber writes of the Limpsfield years : "This fact stands out specially in my remembrance. Anything in her character which had been tinged with severity in her earlier days melted away into utter gentleness in the warmth and brightness of her life's sunset. The old pupils found themselves accepted by her on terms of equal friendship ; nay, on certain embarrassing occasions her humility would have them take the 'upper room,'—but in spite of all her endeavours, the blessed old terms were always kept up, especially when her mature children needed the help and advice which none could give as she could. The wonder of her character never shone more clearly than in this fact, that living remote from all the strife of life, her knowledge of its tactics never failed, and any leading a forlorn hope, or holding a perilous position, could come to her for unerring guidance which would change perplexity into clear vision and defeat into victory."



On August 1 Miss Pipe reached Veldes once more. "Every house is full," she wrote to Mrs Huggins,—“so is the Louisenbad. Valtriny has found us a villa on the lake, kept by the friendliest people from Laibach. We have one large room at the top of this little house, which is spotlessly clean throughout, and so close to the water that we feed the fishes from our balcony, and Bertha bathes in the lake every morning. There is a bath-house and dressing-room in the garden. That garden is dark and cool with shadow of horse-chestnuts planted in a row. A garden at the other side of the house is sunny and full of cannas, verbenas, and mesembryanthemums. . . . I am glad you came to the garden-party. It would have been incomplete without you. You have been a real part of the life of Laleham, and a most vivifying and inspiring factor. I owe to you an essential part of the little that I have been able to accomplish. But much more and deeper are my debts to your love and trust than can be ascertained by any analysis, or measured in terms of science and art and literature. Your scientific criticism has been of the highest value to me, however, as well as your artistic enthusiasm, information, and performances. I found it interesting to hear what Miss Lidgett said of the things which she learned at Laleham between thirty and forty years ago. I don't know that I have any record of what I thought and taught so long ago, and her echoes out of that past were

of the nature of useful information. This morning is one glory from the far summit of Terglou to the green gleaming water under this balcony. The Island Church is right in front of us."

On September 5 Miss Pipe wrote to Mrs Huggins from Toblach: "We left Veldes a week ago to-day in the evening, sleeping at Villach and coming on by the early morning train next day to escape the heat. Sunday was the Bachelors' Festival, Jünglings Fest. It is down in the calendar as Guardian Angel's Day. It was celebrated with noise enough of guns and bells to rouse the Seven Sleepers. As the church is next door, we have the benefit of the bells, but also in compensation the music of the Mass, and fine clear voices of Tirolese choristers.

"We are in an airy old house belonging formerly to a noble family whose arms and portraits still decorate it, the present owners tracing themselves up to that family through a female line. Our bedrooms open on to a long, broad corridor, in which a dance might be given. Open windows at both ends keep it fresh. Through our own windows we get on one side the early morning sun and the harvest-moon, and on another all the glory of sunset on the dolomite peaks of the Ampezzo gorge. The season was excellent for the sun-cure. I lost only two or three baths in the whole month. As I get older, I feel more and more the cold in winter. Last winter's touch of internal inflammation was a new thing, and I

hope that the heat of this summer may fortify me against a return of it. While I can keep free from chills I am well. Except for a smattering of asthma, which is scarcely worth thinking about, I am perfectly well, and we are enjoying rest and quiet, books and botanising, and all our beautiful surroundings deeply. All my peace and happiness are deepened by the sense that you also are getting the rest which you need so much,—and I rejoice that you are bent on taking more in future. When you have once seen that a thing ought to be done, you do it,—so now my anxieties respecting your health and strength and implicit peace of body and mind are sensibly relieved. Our human activity is not worth so much that we can afford to lower its quality for the sake of its quantity. Not all martyrdom is noble. There is something fussy and conceited in wearing oneself out before the time. In certain ways you have all along been right: you have recognised, as many hard workers do not, the claims of friendship and ‘delight.’ Yes, I am glad I made that home of mine so pretty. I certainly did it with all my heart, and enjoyed the doing, but its chief beauty is due to *you*. I panelled the large room in deference to your suggestion, and the panelling is the making of it.”

By September 19 Miss Pipe was home, and Mrs Huggins spent the first week of October with her. A letter to Mrs Oliver of Kew concerns Christmas gifts: “Your beautiful parcels arrived last night

after I had gone to my room, and there I sat by the fire diving into all the pretty pink paper mysteries, and lingering enchanted over the lovely shapes from Amiens, Laon, and the other sources of this 'wonder-book' with which Mr Oliver's *Eyes* as against my *No eyes* have enriched me. I am ashamed to think how often I have roamed about the cathedral at Amiens without discovering the exquisite rose border and the rose-tree and the man under the fig-tree, and the marvellous creatures in the oak. But if we were all as clever as our neighbours, and could do and see all that they do and see, we should be less thankful for one another. I, on my part, am very thankful for you and Professor Oliver, *for* you and *to* you. These folios and the basket have very much of you in them,—very much of your insight and skill, grace, refinement, and kindness. Even the scissors are the prettiest scissors I ever saw, and the silk of the needlebook might have been the waking dream of a mediæval workman woven in a mediæval loom."

For a short time Miss Pipe had kept white fantail pigeons in a loft over the stable for the pleasure of seeing them fly from tree to lawn like winged lilies, and preen themselves on the ledge of their red terra-cotta bath. For this Christmas Mrs Huggins designed and modelled a pigeon-cote, which was erected in the garden. On January 13, 1896, the model arrived, and Miss Pipe wrote on that day: "Your charming little pigeon-house

arrived this morning. The model is quite a beautiful little ornament indoors. If the real cote looks as bewitching out of doors, we shall all be the happier for it. It will be a great pleasure and more than pleasure—a comfort—to have always in view a lovely thing saturated and fragrant with the thought of you and your love. It amounts to so much sunshine of the most vitalising kind. The pigeons will be carriers of messages from you at all hours of the day, and I shall hear their cooing even when I do not see their pure white plumes.”

Another letter of the same month and year was written to Miss Swindells: “The Spanish Exhibition is most interesting. In the silver plate I recognised those sketches which Mrs Huggins sent for. She was studying some floral forms used in the decoration of certain dishes. Two of the finest portraits extant in the world are in that Exhibition, painted by Velasquez. When Innocent the Tenth’s was finished and left in an apartment of the Vatican, a chamberlain entering the room unannounced immediately retreated and warned outsiders to be quiet—His Holiness was within. The other, one of the Spanish kings, is sent for from time to time to be shown to R.A. students, as an instance of perfection in portraiture. In these pictures art reaches its limits. Nothing finer can be done.”

Another of Miss Pipe’s exquisite and helpful letters to an old girl, who, long after marriage,

felt so troubled by a sin of deceit belonging to her school-days that she wrote to the "School-Mother" to confess it, may be quoted here: "Your letter, which is of the highest importance and value, has touched me to the heart. It is, indeed, the Ever-Blessed and most Holy Spirit who has guided you into the truth, and made you more than conqueror over a deadly foe. To keep in the right way is hard: it means a succession of victories: but to fight one's way back after swerving from it is harder still, and to win in this kind of battle is to be more than a conqueror in the other. I rejoice over the grace of God granted you thus to glorify Him by this act of obedience and reparation. Such healing is more precious than any wrought within the sphere of the physical life by Christ on earth. It is one of the 'greater works' which He still accomplishes—He, to whom all power is given in Heaven and on Earth. May He who has saved you, and saves all who come to Him and trust Him, keep us one in Him to our lives' end,—one in faith, gratitude, and devotion."

It was in 1896 that the new Convalescent Home was built, close to the Parish Room. It was arranged to hold about thirty women, and had a large and airy sitting-room, where Miss Pope could hold her weekly Mothers' meeting and Work-meeting, to which many of the new Oxted matrons were admitted. A garden for flowers and vegetables and quick-growing creepers added

to its attractiveness. Miss Pope took charge of the books and accounts, and appointed its excellent matron, Mrs Hicks, besides going almost daily to aid the latter in its management. The Parish Room was in constant requisition, and provided many a pleasant entertainment for the convalescents, and a service on Sunday evenings, frequently taken by clergymen resident in the neighbourhood, and particularly by Mr Muir.

Miss Pipe had received permission from the donors of the former year's presentation to devote a portion of it to this building, and she was further assisted by her friend Miss Sarah Newton, who dedicated a considerable sum of money towards its initial and working expenses. These were organised with skill and deliberation. I have scarcely touched upon Miss Pipe's very remarkable faculty for business. Whatever she planned was first thought out in detail. She launched no enterprise without counting its cost beforehand, without providing resources for its accomplishment,—and her enterprises were never baffled for lack of funds, secured from successful working and from the admiration which it evoked.

On June 1 she went alone to Veldes, where she got rooms at the schoolmaster's house, and stayed till July 12, practising diligently *all* details of the cure except the morning air-bath, for which the weather was unfavourable.

When she returned, Mrs Blackie came to spend five weeks with her, and I joined them for a fort-

night. I remember a drive to Penshurst on August 28, in which we were Mrs Blackie's guests,—especially because the huge white water-lilies were in bloom, and because Miss Vera Christie, who was one of the party, made a delightful pen-and-ink sketch of Sir Philip Sidney flirting with Lady Rich in one of the high-hedged alleys, while Lady Sidney peered over the yew-wall, angrily threatening them with a broomstick.

It was this autumn, too, that another scheme of Miss Pipe's took active shape in the Boys' Brigade, and to this, also, part of the presentation fund was allotted. In a letter to Miss Swindells she described a committee meeting held for its promotion: "They did not say on Monday that they thought me too enterprising in so soon attacking one of the social problems awaiting solution, but I rather suspect that this was their secret fear. They were, however, carried away by the offers made to them of that personal service, which is generally still harder to find than even money and not less necessary. When Mr Tilt was ready to accept the captaincy with Mr Martin's support as subaltern, and Mr Matravers prepared to conduct the Bible-class with Cramp to fall back on in emergencies, while young Brice was waiting to do clerk's work, and eminently fit for it, and I had your money to boast of from quite outside, there was nothing for it but to approve the undertaking and go forward in faith and hope. I reminded them that, with a plenti-



ful crop of young criminals coming on, they would soon have to pay heavier rates if they did not forestall the police with better machinery than theirs. Miss Sayer is now visiting in prison a boy who has killed his mother. So they may as well support the Brigade and save it in rates. You must have been *sent* to Limpsfield last Saturday on a special service of encouragement and comfort. I do believe you were. Your organ-playing, your sympathetic presence at our little meeting, your wonderful £3, came straight from heaven, and I give thanks accordingly where thanks are chiefly due."

On November 4, 1896, Miss Pipe read a paper to a meeting of the London Pupil-Teachers' Association at Toynbee Hall on "How to deal with difficult Girls." I should like to give the whole of this fine, searching, helpful paper, but space fails me. Two paragraphs may be quoted. After dealing with the assumption on the part of children that they and their teachers are natural enemies, she suggested the "unity" which a good teacher will establish in his school. "Every schoolgirl must find that part in the whole which is rightfully hers, or she will not sound a true note in the general harmony. How shall we establish this beautiful, musical kind of order in our schools? It is worth any effort, however strenuous, that a human soul can make. Those who are called to this task should take as their motto a phrase to be found in the Revised Version

of St Luke's Gospel, 'Never despairing,' or, as some ancient authorities have it, 'Despairing of no man.' Do good, despairing of no man, and your reward shall be great. If we are to despair of no man, then surely of no child. Children have not had time to become so fixed in evil ways as that we should despair of helping them. We help them by hoping in them. We ourselves are saved by hope. They are saved by our hope. 'While there is life there is hope,' we say; we might convert the sentence, and say, 'While there is hope there is life.'

"Now, hope is cheerful and genial; and geniality is power. 'Nothing sets wrong right,' says Faber, 'so soon as geniality. There are a thousand things to be reformed, and no reform succeeds unless it be genial. No one was ever corrected by a sarcasm—crushed, perhaps, if the sarcasm was clever enough;' but drawn to God and goodness, never. 'The genial man,' he goes on to say, 'is the only successful man. More plans fail for want of geniality than for want of anything else.' A sunny, cheery, confiding manner many a time will win the day without a fight; while an anxious, careworn, irresolute, suspicious look in the face suggests mischief to those who were not thinking of it. If we take it for granted that the young creatures around us are on our side; if we are so eagerly and affectionately *for them* that we cannot believe in their being *against us*,—we shall by that courageous assumption surprise them out of half

their foolish little machinations, and bring them over in troops to the colours which we fly.

"The measure of our hopefulness and geniality will be the reality and the strength of our love."

During this period of exceptional activity Miss Pipe was eagerly advocating the building of workmen's cottages, and by all means in her power seeking to influence the proprietors in her neighbourhood to provide healthy homes not only for the men employed on their estates but for others who might require, and certainly at that time could not obtain them. The demand for week-end cottages, which had begun to be a fashion amongst Londoners, was one of the causes of their scarcity for labourers and outdoor servants. She added to her preaching practice, as two cottages were at this time being planned for building.

It was in the Diamond Jubilee year that Sir William Huggins received the K.C.B. from our late beloved Queen in appreciation of his services to a Science which, as Miss Pipe commented, "is not the mere humble instrument of our daily comforts, but a lofty claim, loftily urged—or rather *not* urged, and loftily conferred. I am bent on the pleasure of giving you your presentation gown. I don't know how much such finery costs, but I am prepared for anything not exceeding £50. No one can doubt that you are a junior partner in the Honour conferred, and it is a half-and-half unsatisfactory proceeding that while you both receive it, only one of you should offer acknowledgments. I

think that when you travel, you may find it convenient to have been recognised at your own Court,—so do, please, for once let me choose my own present and give it you *for*, if not *on*, your birthday.”

Later in the year she wrote to Lady Huggins : “ You must really plan to come once in the spring when daffodils are out—in the sweet of the year. I think you will really enjoy it. We are putting the wire fence some eight or nine feet back to make a broad terrace walk along the whole length of the garden at the back of it. Then we shall walk all the way from the drive to the garden gate looking over the sweet-briar hedge. This walk commands the whole garden in a delightful way, and looks to the hills on the north, and in the field beyond the wire fence clumps of daffodil and narcissus and blue squills are planted, with here and there pretty wild things amongst the grass. . . . When shall I meet you coming up De Tillens Lane, or find you when I raise my eyes sitting opposite to me on the Ilkley couch ? History does not repeat itself often enough. My camassias and *Geum Heildrichi*, and Mexican wedding - flower, and golden Buddleia, and Florentine iris, and *rupi-fragum* poppies will never get your blessing.” The year following brought her a new sorrow, a “ shock of bewildering surprise.” Miss Sara Newton, the companion of many summer rambles, in Switzerland, the Tyrol, Italy, the beloved friend who built the Convalescent Home with her, died in the early summer of 1898. She knew herself,

and had known for seven years, that she "paced to the solemn music of a *Dead March*." But no one but her sister, Mrs Drew, knew her secret, which with splendid heroism she concealed from all who loved her, who could not have gathered from her delightful companionship that the shadow never left her. She walked with death, or rather she walked with God with whom is life eternal, for not the shadow but the glow of sympathy, the charm of consideration, generosity, and understanding, the light of loving laughter shone on her face. She was one of the first pupils at Laleham, and in a paper written for the Report of the Convalescent Home in memory of her, Miss Pipe recalls her: "On the first Sunday in London, at Laleham, hers was the face which now, after more than forty years, I remember best. Half the sixteen girls who gathered into the afternoon Bible-class have already finished their course. Of all the vanished faces hers is the only one that to this moment I recall clearly. I recollect her attitude, the expression of her eyes, the bend of her thoughtful head, as she pondered a lesson from the Gospel of St Luke, and we dwelt on his words: 'A certain woman named Martha received HIM into her house.'"

This beautiful *In Memoriam* paper closes: "That one to whom we instinctively turned in all our joys and sorrows, and in every difficulty, should suddenly fail us, is a calamity of which we have not even yet taken the full measure. Not twice in a

lifetime may one hope for a friend combining all her qualities,—so steadfast and loyal, so generous, so capable and well-equipped, so bent on the service of God and man. At home, in society, amongst the poor and ignorant, she never wearied nor wavered in well-doing. At any moment from her girlhood to the grave, one might have said to her as Milton to a friend of his—

‘Thy care is fix’d, and zealously attends  
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,  
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure  
Thou, when the Bridegroom with His feastful friends  
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,  
Hast gained thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.’”

Thirteen years before her death Miss Pipe had written to her: “I bless the Lord for having made you and brought you into this world, the world of my contemporaries. And I think you do Him credit—bring Him glory, I ought to say, for this sounds more reverent, though it means exactly the same thing.”

It was during a visit to Mrs Drew, Miss Newton’s sister, in the autumn of 1899, that Miss Pipe fell grievously ill,—so ill that for ten long days her friends hardly knew whether the scale would sink for death or life. She recovered and was spared to us all for seven years longer, and after she left Bakewell, where Mrs Drew was staying, she was able to write to Mrs Barber: “When I said ‘I am in trouble, my strength faileth me,’ so befriended was I, anear and afar,

that I have come to look on the valley of shadows as a region of peace and benediction."

Some further details are in a letter of November 5: "We have here made some delightful new friends—the Vicar of Bakewell, his charming wife, and his father, Bishop Abraham, formerly of New Zealand. The Bishop was one of Dr Arnold's little boys at Laleham on the Thames. He remembers, when he was seven years old, a holiday given to the school in honour of the event, when Mrs Forster, who died a few days ago, was born. Another holiday they got, when Matthew was born. His stories of that old time are most interesting. . . . My old friends have been most comforting and sustaining. What I owe to my dear Bertha Swindells, to Mrs Drew, in whose temporary home I was taken ill, to Mrs William Oliver, to the tenderness of my precious Alice, to our neighbour, Mrs Waterhouse, — who has fed me! on game shot on these moors by her husband, and champagne grown in France by her father,—and to many others near and far, I shall never be able to express. All your sympathy and all your flowers and words and goodness have gone to my heart and made me more earnest in love. And 'life, you know, with all its joy and pain, is just our chance o' the prize of learning love.' If I am not the better for the unlooked-for experiences of these few weeks since September 21, and lifted somewhat nearer to Him Who is Love, and from Whom every good and perfect gift comes directly

or indirectly down, I shall have reason to be bitterly ashamed of myself."

She wrote to Miss Ada Swindells: "Many a fount of consolation and many a lovely pool have I rested by in this valley of Baca. My Shepherd has led me on beside waters of comfort. I was never so happy in my life as I have been during this illness, and still am. . . . Sometimes thinking of you and Bertha, I feel as if the great change had already passed over us and we were in Heaven. Such love is surely Heaven. An illness in which you come face to face with the Angel of Death is a great experience, full of a solemn and thrilling exhilaration. It alters the perspective of one's life. Surely nothing and nobody can ever again seem to me commonplace. The veil has thinned. Transparent it is not. Behind it lies the old impenetrable mystery. But it is translucent. Through it shines that celestial light which lay around us in our infancy. The light of common day has brightened back into the ineffable radiance of the dawn, and given me back the glamour and glory of my childhood."

Miss Pipe's recovery was very slow, and her activity during 1900 was considerably handicapped by the necessity of avoiding chills. She was at Grayswood Hill in June for a long visit, which included the 21st, Mr Chambers's birthday. More and more Mr and Mrs Chambers were becoming bound up with her wellbeing and happiness, and



her visits to them were growing more frequent and more efficacious.

"When I count over my mercies and give thanks for them," she wrote once to Mr Chambers, "you always come high up in the list. Little did I think that day when, I am told, I did not even shake hands with you, — how much you were bringing into my life! . . . My pæonies are really beautiful, and the roses are doing much better in the enriched soil. The irises are flourishing and multiplying fast. I find I have *Pyrethrum caucasicum*. My only heucheras are *sanguinea* and *glabra*. The only small tall iris is *sibirica* with some second name. It is blue, rather dark. But I hope you are coming before long into my humble patch, where we can walk and talk, and go into everything. I have many questions to ask you, and more thanks to give you than I can ever express."

Miss Pipe wrote to Lady Huggins from Grayswood Hill on June 6: "I am proud of my native city when it has the wit to recognise men like Sir William, and try its best to do them honour. Owens College I remember when it lived in a back street, and the Victoria University was not. One of the professors took me into the small, dingy house, and fished me out of a tank a hydra to put under my microscope. I did not foresee that before I died the husband of my 'daughter' would accept a distinction conferred by the Institution—grown up—which I had seen lying in its

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modest cradle. Manchester must have studied carefully the paragraph of letters attached to his name to find out some that he had not got. The Sc.D. will look humble beside some of the others. . . . Mrs Chambers took a niece and nephew of hers, who are staying here, to a Maypole dance in the Rectory garden yesterday. May was too cold for the children, so they dance in June."

Mr Parnell, the rector of Oxted, had become one of Miss Pipe's friends. He was a student of Dante, a man of fine scholarship, and therefore able to recognise and appreciate her intellectual tastes. A letter to him belongs to August 12: "Are you thinking of seeing the Passion Play? Do you not think that Mrs Parnell might be interested in it? I am grieved to hear that she sleeps ill. The news has distressed us deeply. We have, both of us, the keenest sympathy with those who do not sleep. Will you do me the great favour to allow me to bear the expense of the excursion? By giving Mr M. some Sunday duty to do, you have saved me much more than it will cost, and if you will allow me to send you a cheque, I should be truly grateful. It would comfort us to have this little thing done for Mrs Parnell, whom we love much."

Mr and Mrs Parnell did not accept this offer, as they had made other plans, but Mrs Parnell writes: "I should be *proud* that her kind thought for me, when out of health, should be known."

There was a change at the Limpsfield Rectory,

due to the death, at an advanced age, of Canon Jones. His successor was the Rev. Ernest Blackie, who, until his transference to St Paul's, Edinburgh, was the energetic and much beloved rector of Limpsfield, whose visits and friendship added to the interest of Miss Pipe's home-life, and to her attachment to the village church. Mr Blackie entered with ardour into her movement for cottage-building, and became an influential factor in its achievement.

But in the years that remain to be chronicled there are few outstanding events, and repetition injures more than it describes. Her gracious life and presence continued to make sunshine for all who sought her, help for all who needed it, truth, beauty, and goodness for all who valued them. "I think," writes Mr Courtenay of St Peter's, Tunbridge Wells, "of the old world courtesy which was so natural to her; the pose of form which made every movement stately and gracious; the personal interest which she took in all; the practical sympathy which found out all sorts of avenues for doing good; the ingenuity with which her heart led her to do the right and the unexpected thing; the catholicity with which she looked out on the world of jarring thought; the humility which characterised all her demeanour; the manifold interest she took in God's beautiful world; the pleasure she found in music, pictures, and all the arts of life; the generous hospitality which would take no refusal. What to a stranger

will read as mere rhetoric, to her friends will seem all too inadequate. In my memory Miss Pipe stands out luminously, and I cherish her memory for what it reveals of the possibilities of human nature resting on its true centre and living its true life. Compacted of all that is choicest in human nature, with but few flaws, she abides in the thoughts of hundreds as an inspiration, which, if we stoop to despondency or slackness, or haunt too low a plane, plucks us back into serener thoughts and to nobler aims."

Miss Pipe and Miss Pope spent six weeks of early spring in Devonshire, but the great cold kept her too often indoors. She was much interested in the effort made to regulate the management of public-houses. "Lord Windsor," she wrote to Miss Swindells, "has a public-house in his village near Cardiff, managed on such lines, and he says that the village being small, the house does not make a large profit, but it pays its way, and it has delivered the place from drunkenness, and so answered his end in starting it. Teetotalism is a useful, perhaps a necessary, but only a temporary extreme. Temperance is the permanent golden mean, and these houses mean temperance. You should tell all the girls about the scheme. Every inn so managed is a boon to its neighbourhood."

During the rest of 1901 she stayed at home, entertaining relays of visitors, but for a brief visit to Grayswood Hill in October.

A letter to Mrs Meiklejohn is dated September 30 : "I cannot go to sleep till you are thanked for my treasure. Something of your dear radiant soul looks out of those sweet eyes, and as I dwelt on them my own eyes filled with tears of love and gratitude to God and you for your friendship. How blessed we are in knowing that true friendship is immortal. When the chances and too many changes of this mortal life are over, *that* will go on. The inadequate intercourse of this life is one of the secondary arguments for another. But the primary argument is Love. Whom we love we would not willingly let die. If we could keep them living we would. He who made us is Love—love like ours, only stronger. He *can* keep us alive and well. He is not the God of dead but of living men. Our Lord finds in the simple words, I am the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, a declaration of their immortality. In that short verse the doctrine of the resurrection is wrapt up."

I spent the last week of the year with her just before going to Italy for a prolonged stay. Three months of the time were to be spent at Assisi, and she promised to join me there for a fortnight or longer. The remarkable revival of interest in St Francis, consonant doubtless with the growing philanthropy of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, had reached her at its initiation, through Monsieur Paul Sabatier's great Biography of the Saint, and she had studied the many reprints and

translations of early Lives, of the Fioretti, and the Mirror of Perfection.

With Miss Pope and Miss Swindells, she left home for Italy on April 11, having let her house for two months. The first halt was at Pisa for three days; then on the 15th they went to Florence and settled at the Pension Lucchesi for four busy weeks of ardent sight-seeing, helped and guided by their friend Miss Evans.

On May 10 Miss Pipe and Miss Pope came on to Perugia, and on the 12th I met them at the station of Assisi, where they stayed at Hotel Subasio for three weeks. Miss Pipe sometimes said they were amongst the happiest weeks of her life, and indeed circumstances contributed to her enjoyment. The weather was fine and not too hot. The nightingales were in full song, and one evening must be commemorated, when sitting up in the public garden we gazed across the plain to the blue southern ranges, to the Tescio winding like a streak of silver on its way to the Chiaggio, —the atmosphere a glorious blue, with the southwestern sky glowing in preparation for sunset, and from tree to tree where we sat, the nightingales poured out their vesper laud, one answering to another as in some great phonal and antiphonal psalm. "Our time of times," Miss Pipe wrote to Mrs Parnell, "was a three weeks' stay in the 'Galilee of Italy,' with Monsieur Sabatier and Miss S. as guides within and around the grey old city of Assisi. The nightingales, the fireflies, the

bugloss and snapdragon on the walls, the clouds of love-in-a-mist in the hedges, the sword lilies amongst the corn, the bells of St Stefano and Sta Maria Maggiore, which are as when St Francis blessed them and all things beautiful and musical around him,—the bells only a little older ! But what would he have thought of the great church, not to say three churches, built over his ashes, with their glorious cycle of painted legend and splendid glass and sumptuous services,—all raised to the honour of the poverello ? ”

While Miss Pipe was at Assisi, the inauguration of the International Association for Franciscan Study took place in the hall of the Public Library. On the platform were the President (Canon Zampa that year), Count Fiumi Roncalla, of whose family in the twelfth century was Ortolana, the mother of St Clare ; Monsieur Paul Sabatier, Canon Rawnsley, and Signor Luzzati, the Italian Minister of Agriculture. The last made the great speech of the meeting, one full of deep religious feeling, and he moved the small group of English-women to tears by speaking of England as great and powerful by virtue of her faith in God. It was a time when England had become inured to censure, and when her subjects were unaccustomed to appreciation, so that we were startled into emotion, and sought the celebrated statesman after the meeting to thank him for his insight and generosity. Miss Pipe was especially drawn to Monsieur Sabatier and his family, and counted the

friendship and correspondence which ensued, and the occasions when they met again in London, as amongst the privileges and honours of her life. And Monsieur Sabatier, when I saw him last Christmas—"Ah!" he said, "I wept when I heard of her death."

On June 6 she and Miss Pope were again at Florence. A letter of this date to Lady Huggins gives an account of the incident which pleased her most during this second visit. "I wish you could have been with me this afternoon in Miss Alexander's garden on the roof of her house. The plants are all in pots (as garden beds are there impossible), but they make a brave show. A square of space at one end is shaded by a pergola of Virginian creeper, beyond which you see the Apennines rising to the north of the city. The pots are so grouped round the sides of the roof and within the parapet as to leave ample space for walking about, and there is a little tool-house opening from the pergola wherein she keeps her seeds and does her potting. I enclose for you half of a pinch of columbine seeds which she gave me. She cut me a little posy—white rose, sweet pea, pansy, lavender, heliotrope, carnation, and lemon-scented verbena. I presented myself this afternoon with a sheaf of great white lilies, white larkspur, and yellow marguerites, bought beside Palazzo Strozzi, and after she had put them in water, she graciously climbed with me to the top of the house, and there we walked and talked and



enjoyed the flowers, and I thought of my Madge, and how worthier she was to be there than I, if only people had their rights."

One other remembrance of the Assisi days, or rather evenings, may be recalled. She was going over old Bible-classes, selecting, correcting, amplifying a number of her lessons, particularly those on the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and subjects connected with home and family life, for future publication, as a last gift to her "old girls" and their children and grandchildren, and she permitted me to read them with her.


In April 1904 Messrs Longmans, Green, & Co. published the little book which contained these "Reminders," and which was well received by the reviewers and the public, and with affectionate interest by those for whom it had been prepared.

From Florence she went to Geneva to see Miss Ewer, her cousin, there, and thence home by Chamounix (where she had the first tidings of King Edward's illness), Martigny, and Lausanne.

Once more Miss Pipe crossed the Channel, in the spring of 1904, after two quiet years at home. She was fortunate in letting Hookwood Cottage again that year, and having a great desire to see the wild-flowers in Blumenthal at their moment of perfection, Miss Pope and she went to St Beatenberg for the month of June. A birthday letter to Mr Chambers, dated the 18th, belongs to that

month: "Great reason have I to hope and pray that you may enjoy very many happy returns of the longest day. I trust the roses and many other flower-friends are gathering round to greet you on the 21st. May the weather be worthy of the season and the occasion! Sir Arthur Cotton was some six years older than you when he began gardening, settling down at Dorking after his Indian career, and he went on triumphantly for twelve years making experiments, and succeeding to admiration. This place has suited me admirably and taken away the remains of my bad winter cold, so that I have lost the sensitiveness which harassed me so much and so long. We like the place much. The English chaplain is here with a nice wife and a bewitching little daughter. We are sorted, English at one table and Germans at another, but we meet and chat and are on excellent terms,—no more Boer-war insolence. No view of snow mountains could well be finer than that we have from our windows and balcony. The three great white thrones of Jungfrau, Mönch, and Eiger, seen on the way to Amisbühel over a green alp, and another view from the Parallel Promenade over a pine wood, are so glorious that I put them side by side with Mont Blanc from Chamounix and Allée Blanche, as one turns the western shoulder of Mont Blanc. I know nothing finer unless it be the mountain lake of Veldes and the view from Taormina. I have heard people say that there is only one walk at St

Beatenberg, and *that* along the highroad, but, while it is true that there are not many drives, it is quite a mistake to fancy that there are few walks. . . . You can walk about the beautiful alp beyond the village and find the vernal gentian by the hundred, and you can explore the fir woods above us—gently sloping dry paths paved with fir-needles and furnished with wooden seats, some in sun and some in shade, or you can climb up to various high points for alpenrose and views, or you can descend towards the lake. In the woods your sweet little May lily (*Smilacina bifolia*) grows abundantly, of course. A Solomon's seal we found too. I was particularly pleased to see quantities of *Erinus alpinus*, which I have known only in your garden. *Habenaria montana* was new to me. A few bee orchises there are, and multitudes of the fragrant orchis, as well as the butterfly. A Norwegian lady brought me the charming little *Thlaspi rotundifolium* from the cage of the Eiger glacier. The meadows are now seedy and commonplace. They *were* beautiful beyond all my expectations when we arrived. High up they were all white and yellow,—lemon and orange picris or hawkweed, globe flowers and *Ranunculus aconitifolius*; and low down, red lychnis, blue geranium, white parsley, and yellow pansy, but every meadow different from every other through the prevalence of certain flowers and colours. . . . We wander on indeterminately, consulting the weather and having no times to meet."



During 1905 Miss Pipe was far from well, but much occupied with her garden and her friends. To one of the younger of these she wrote on February 17 : " All you in your youth and brightness, children of the dawn and of the morning, who surround me with an atmosphere of energy and hope, do much more for my home and me than I can ever repay." To the same correspondent, a young clergyman, she wrote in March : " I am sorry to have missed your Sunday sermon. I am entirely of your faith, that the words and the works of God cannot be in ultimate conflict, and must be mutually illuminating. In the human sphere deeds are accounted as even more significant than words. It is surely irreverent and unwise to disregard facts, which are as plainly divine as any book can be. But the Book enshrines the Christ, through whom we reach a higher truth than nature teaches. Unhappily our reforming forefathers ignored the human and fallible element in that shrine, and imposed on the faithful an infallible book in place of an infallible pope. People brought up to believe in the new infallibility are apt to be shaken when it fails them, so hard is it to scrape off an encrusting superstition without hurting the conviction beneath it. . . . I can well understand your 'shudder' over the responsibilities of a clergyman. And yet the clergy are the natural leaders of religious thought. If *they* do not tell their flocks the truth outsiders will, and rudely. The task cannot safely be

shirked, I think, nor yet performed too cautiously. The truth has to be established with extreme gentleness,—here a little and there a little, rather than in sudden volume.”

That March she was at Grayswood Hill, as very frequently during the final years. “Here,” she wrote, “the garden is already beautiful with countless kinds of primrose from all over the world,—anemones, magnolias, Caucasian rhododendrons, Japanese andromedas, Puschkinia, Edgeworthia, Azara, *Iris sindjarensis*, *Stylosa speciosa*, epimediums, *Prunus Pissardi*, trilliums, blue-eyed Mary, and seedling forget-me-nots, and sheets of sweet violets, besides all the things that one expects to see, such as Forsythia, early spiræas, aubrietias, and daffodils.” Mr Marten was busy teaching the village children to know and seek the different wild-flowers of both sandstone and limestone round Limpsfield and Oxted, and Miss Pipe took great interest in his success. “Your children have done wonders with their wild-flowers,” she wrote. “I should not have believed that there were so many in bloom. Mrs Nash said in one of her letters 39. . . . Mrs Chambers was almost as much pleased with the wild-flower list as I. You will very likely achieve your 400.”

A letter to greet Mr Chambers belongs to June 19: “The 21st of June is a joyful day. Surely no one ever better deserved to be born in the purple of midsummer than you to whom the middle day in the middle week of this year’s

summer is dedicate. We who gather round you in spirit, and love you because we know you, rejoice over your coming into the world, over your brilliant successes, over your usefulness to your generation, and over the honour and blessing of your friendship. May we greet you thus jubilantly for many years to come. I am so very sorry that I have been compelled to make an engagement for July 4, when I quite hoped to go to see the sweet peas. The 'Guild of Brave Poor Things' is coming to pay us a visit, and this was the only day that would suit everybody (except me)! I enjoyed much your note of the 6th inst. as I always do, and I have made a note of the weigelas and the veronica. My own weigelas are all doing rather badly. The garden is crowded and disorderly. I have had a solemn talk with the gardener, and he has sworn to bring three men for six weeks in autumn just to rearrange everything."

The winter was disturbed by alarming and debilitating attacks of influenza, with asthma to follow. Both Miss Pipe and Miss Pope suffered, and they left home in the middle of February 1906 for Sandgate, by Dr Bournes' urgent advice. The change was helpful for a short time, but the whole spring and summer were spoilt by recurring spasms of asthma. A letter to Mr Chambers early in June says: "Asthma has been rather bad and very interrupting to work and to play. I was exceedingly

sorry to miss the R.H.S. show,—the first time for many years (when in England). I did not dare inflict myself, with attacks imminent, on you or on Kew, but I am counting on help from the warm weather.”

In June the fiftieth anniversary of her coming to Clapham Park occurred, and her old pupils organised a great celebration to commemorate it. More than 300 of them met at Laleham to salute her; a platform was erected on the lawn, and speeches were made by some of the oldest amongst them gathered round her chair. But she was very ill, and read her own speech in accents so low and troubled that it was impossible to distinguish them. An agonising attack of asthma, coupled with nervousness, came on that very morning, and when the ceremonial was ended she had to rest in solitude. “I grieve to say that I am getting demoralised by this asthma, making demands on friends and servants,”—so she wrote a few days afterwards, —“and excuses for myself, neglecting all duties and obligations, and living an irresponsible, worthless life. I must take myself in hand. I am really no worse for the day,—dreadful as it was—so tantalising. Many people at that party never spoke to me, I did not even see them, and of those I did see there were a score that I could have spent an afternoon with one by one, but couldn’t spend five minutes. However, instead of grumbling I ought to be most thankful,

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and so indeed I really am. The girls sang 'Sweet is Thy Mercy.' They sang it perfectly, and I said Amen. I shall love to talk it all over with you both next month. On Tuesday I am going to Kew. They have promised that I shall live the life of an oyster,—see nobody and say nothing. I can be quieter there than at home."

Most of August was spent with Mr and Mrs Chambers, and so spent that her health greatly improved. Mrs Marshall Bulley saw her there early in the month, "bowed almost double with asthma and weakness"; but a few days later Miss Pipe was able to return the call, looking marvellously better, and walked round the garden, full of interest in its borders.

Mr Drew was at Haslemere that summer, and took Miss Pipe to Selborne in his motor-car. "We saw Gilbert White's obscure grave in the shadow of the church," he writes,—“Miss Pipe was full of interest over the painted altar-piece, and turned to question the curate who was in the church. I was amused at this gentleman's changes of expression; first, the look of polite boredom in anticipation of the usual tourist's conventional inquiries, changing to interest and pleasure when he found that his interlocutor had at least as much knowledge to impart as to receive. It was a delightful drive, and one to remember, and on our return Miss Pipe made a characteristically courteous reference to the



'patient back' that she saw so steadily sitting behind the steering wheel. Would that I could still look forward to a visit to Miss Pipe and Miss Pope at Limpsfield. There was an atmosphere about the house, as though one could feel more easily the presence of the philosophers, poets, and saints, whose works were to be seen on every hand, and whose finest ideals have been wrought into the characters of so many pupils. We, the children of her children, owe a bigger debt to Miss Pipe than we realise."

On September 8 she wrote to Grayswood Hill: "You would both be astonished to see how well I am. I have not for a day looked back since I was with you. After every good night,—and all my nights but one have been good,—I wake up stronger than the day before, and now I am as well as I was before my illness. I don't know how to thank you both for my happy and restoring experience in your house and garden." For three months this restoration lasted. Never had she been more active in her garden, whose plethora of plants she was bent on re-ordering—thinning, re-grouping, arranging with a view to colour, height, and harmony. She was with her own hands placing new bulbs in November, and when her birthday came round she looked radiant and well, and entertained a multitude of friends with vigour and ease, saying afterwards that it had been one of her happiest birthdays. Some of her visitors

came from London, some had settled in Limpsfield to be near her,—old pupils like Mrs Barry and Mrs Nash in whose neighbourliness she rejoiced.

"The 27th was a very happy birthday," she wrote early in December; "you might be scandalised if I gave you a list of my presents, so many of them were of a worldly and purely material order—grapes (I begin with the safest on the list), peppermints, shortbread, quince jelly, currant-bread and tea cakes, pheasants and brawn! There were many things to wear too, including an Indian scarf heavily sequined and a gown, or rather the embroidering of it, from one friend, and blouses to wear with it from others. But my presents were not all of this secular kind. There were books amongst them, including a book of prayers, not to say two books of prayers. And I had some of the new rose-trees, including Hiawatha, and flowers galore,—chrysanthemums, creamy roses, pink roses, arum lilies, lilies of the valley, mimosa, sweet violets, and begonias in pots. And you must have sent us that parcel of sunshine that you talked about, for the day was perfect; and the hedge all crowded with sweet-briar berries made a fine show as one walked along it from south to north."

Three weeks after the birthday, I went to spend Christmas day with her. She met me on December 18 with bright welcoming words and looked well, but coughed a good deal, and spoke of a chill and touch of bronchial catarrh. But

for three days she was downstairs and very busy with her correspondence for Christmas, more eager than I had ever known her to write her greetings and choose her cards. One evening her valued friend and doctor, Dr Bournes, spent with us, and we played a lively game of bridge after dinner. Next evening a young neighbour, Miss Pamela Stewart, came to dinner, the last guest whom she invited. The day after, she stayed upstairs in her writing-room, anxiously writing her last letters. That evening Dr Bournes suggested that she should remain in bed all the morrow and avoid a further chill. She was quite willing to obey him, for her strength was suddenly exhausted. A touch of influenza was at its insidious work, but we might not tell her, because she had a too well-founded presentiment that the next attack of influenza would prove fatal. On Saturday the 22nd Dr Bournes sent for a trained nurse for night work, and Mrs Nash, Miss Swindells, a faithful maid, and I were with her during the day, by turns, to carry out the doctor's orders. These were carefully obeyed and entered on the chart. But our tenderest care was unavailing, and gradually the enfeebled action of the heart was exhausted. During the week's illness she showed all her old interest in what was going on, and would sit suddenly up in bed to speak of old times, of old friends, and of her thoughts. Some years before she had received from Sir

George Douglas a New Year's poem which she much liked, and about which she often talked to me :—

“ Were life longer—who can tell  
On what vain thought our minds might dwell ?  
(We the while like babes amused  
With toys ; like fools by Time abused.)  
But life's a perishable stuff,  
For love alone scarce long enough !

Then, vain pleasures ! fare-ye-well,  
Ye that have paltry wares to sell !  
These tempt not me, your price is dear ;  
Begone ! you'll find no market here.  
And slights, or fancied wrongs or true,  
Here are no thoughts to waste on you !

Had I only till to-morrow  
I would ease my heart of grief,  
Pay in tears his due to sorrow—  
Tears, they tell, that bring relief :  
I have but a single day—  
Time but to labour, love, and pray ! ”

Sir George Douglas had met her rarely, and only on one occasion at Limpsfield had spent some hours with her, but he had caught the keynote of her rare music, and his verses gave her the joy of spiritual recognition. One afternoon, it was on Thursday the 27th, she sat up suddenly and said to me : “ I had a crisis last night, a spiritual crisis. I saw the Denier. He tried to deny God's power to heal ; he wished me to believe that God could not heal my sleeplessness ; he wrestled with me, but I gained the victory ; I conquered in the Name, —the old Name,—the only Name whereby we are saved,—the name of Jesus Christ.”

She had suffered from insomnia for three days and nights. I can never forget how she said this, very slowly and with great emphasis. It was her dying confession. She had in her earlier years taken infinite pains to reach conviction. Her penetrating intelligence was unsatisfied until she had subjected what it discerned to slow processes of confirmation. She demanded ever precision, statements unblurred. She rejected all verbosity in theological utterance. So when her faith achieved, it endured whatever scepticism, positivism, materialism advanced, and raised her to the ranks of the saints of God.

We thought her better on the 29th, but she knew that she was dying. She sat up in her sudden fashion and said so. "No," we told her, "pray God you will be spared to us for years." She smiled very sweetly and said: "I wish I could think so." They were the last words I heard her utter, for that night she passed into eternity.



**AN APPRECIATION**

**BY**

**LADY HUGGINS**

"Dear friend, far off, my lost desire,  
So far, so near in woe and weal;  
O loved the most, when most I feel  
There is a lower and a higher;

Known and unknown; human, divine;  
Sweet human hand and lips and eye;  
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,  
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine;

Strange friend, past, present, and to be;  
Loved deeper, darker understood;  
Behold, I dream a dream of good,  
And mingle all the world with thee."

—*In Memoriam* (CXXIX.)

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"IF WE LOVE THOSE WE LOSE, CAN WE ALTOGETHER LOSE  
THOSE WE LOVE?"



"Overstrained language,"—I hear whispered. No, it is not.

Mr Gladstone was asked if he did not think that Tennyson and others, himself included, had overrated Arthur Hallam. "No, I do not think so," was the reply of the great Englishman, speaking with grave reflection towards the close of his memorable life. Another man of our own time who roused similar feeling was Professor W. F. Donkin, of Oxford. Prolonged ill-health made it, alas! impossible for him to leave behind him the great scientific works he was undoubtedly capable of projecting and executing. But the profound impression morally and intellectually made by Professor Donkin on his contemporaries, in spite of ever-increasing ill-health, was astonishing and lasting, and of the same order as that made by Arthur Hallam. These men *lived* greatness.

In a similar way, I think that unless care be taken by those who knew her best, Hannah Pipe and all she was may become legendary, and the enthusiasm she called forth difficult to understand, for she has left no writings which adequately represent her powers. She too *lived* greatness.

Three things stand out in even the most cursory consideration of the life of Miss Pipe. She was a born teacher, a born friend, and a born letter-writer.

As a teacher, one is at once reminded of what is told of Mère Angélique Arnauld. As the French child played with her dolls, she always was an abbess, and they always her nuns. The child Hannah Pipe when she played with her dolls always made them scholars, and she was always their teacher. This inborn love of teaching, and the conviction that she knew only one thing, namely, that she must not teach as she herself had been taught, formed, she often told me, the chief preparation she brought as a teacher to her first small school. Regarding the teaching of arithmetic especially, she felt in despair, as she considered the teaching then current in England, from which she herself had suffered, and one of her first acts was to invent for her

little pupils a simple apparatus with beans by which abstract rules could be shown to be the outcome of concrete facts. Long afterwards she knew that she had thought intuitively, as Plato taught; and she had the satisfaction of installing Mr Adolf Sonnenschein as teacher of arithmetic in her school.

It is no part of my plan to enter minutely into Miss Pipe's career as an educationalist. But something I must say, because her work was to her both mission and vocation, and her whole being and life were devoted to it.

Beginning her work at a time when necessity to earn a living was the usual reason for women keeping schools, the private schools for girls of the upper middle class were, for the most part, miserably bad. Thackeray's description of the great Pinkerton Academy was hardly a caricature. Here and there, no doubt, there were private schools—the writer speaks from experience—where things were in better case. Here and there the Principal was at least a lady who had some general culture, and knew something of the world and of life through travel and good society. But, on the whole, the private schools for girls in England were as poor as they well could be; and worse still, there was no demand then for anything better. The majority of parents thought almost any teaching good enough for girls. Externals, and a smattering of what were euphemistically described as accomplishments, but much more truly as drawing-room tricks, were the rule almost everywhere, and only girls of unusual ability—girls whose powers no circumstances however adverse could wholly thwart—succeeded in attaining to anything like a little culture, and a realisation that it is the function of any culture and of all culture to discover the ideal to, and for, each individual.

\* \* \* \*

There is only one teacher greater than Suffering—namely, Love; and Love and Suffering made Hannah Pipe an ideal educationalist. Feeling, as I have said, that nothing could well be worse than the teaching she herself received, and

full of love for others, she was consumed with longing to provide for girls what she had never had.

Her work began about the time when the great movement, since known as the Higher Education for Women, began to take form. She was asked and urged to join it. But, while recognising the need for such action, she was not in perfect sympathy with the movement, and decided to go her own way. I have always ventured to think this decision a mistake. Mutual influence would have been good.

To put the matter in the broadest manner, her ideal of education for girls would, she thought, help more towards the highest individual life, and later,—the highest home life. The home and its life to her lay at the very heart of things,—thence reaching out to far horizons.

Arnold of Rugby had deeply impressed her. So deeply, that the very name she gave her school—Laleham—spoke of him. Many of Arnold's basic ideas were also hers. And she held as strongly as he did that those only should teach who were themselves active learners.

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From the first Miss Pipe made it a rule to try and secure the best teachers. And surely in few schools—certainly in very few private schools—were so many teachers, themselves distinguished, to be found, George MacDonald, Henry Morley, Samuel R. Gardiner, Ernest Pauer, Adolf Sonnenschein, E. C. Tainsh, Anna Stoddart, Mrs Sparkes, Mrs Whelpdale,—all were glad to work at Laleham for and with Miss Pipe.

No wonder one of her old pupils, herself distinguished as scholar and teacher, Miss Alice Gardner, could dwell with satisfaction on the large number of Lalehamites who went to Newnham from Miss Pipe.

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The names just given lead naturally to Miss Pipe's friends; to her views on friendship; and to her rare capacity for friendship.

Friendship played, indeed, a most important part in

her life; more important than in most lives. One cause for this lay in the fact that she was an only child; another in the fact that she had few relations. Further, her father died when she was a little child; and her devoted mother, to whom she was a most devoted daughter, passed away not very long after Miss Pipe's career at Laleham began.

A heart dowered with extraordinary power to love, and to respond to love, was thus peculiarly free to spend itself on others.

A friend of friends she was to many—very many; and truly motherly she was to every girl entrusted to her care.

\* \* \* \*

Most keen was her appreciation of the individual gifts and peculiarities of her friends. She could rejoice one moment in the great heart of Professor Blackie and his emphatic assertion that Greek was "a language for gods and women!" (or, was it not "for women and gods"?) and the next, knit her brows in a kind of agonised sympathy over Professor W. K. Parker's slightly complex talk about a bird,—“a bird that was an ostrich and a crocodile, and a grouse and a crane and a hen. Do you understand? All of them together, each of them separately” (to quote from the delightful sketch of Professor Parker by his son).

Great was Miss Pipe's pride in the varied powers and achievements of her friends. She never ceased, for instance, to rejoice in the fact that she numbered among them a man who sold his copy of Cruden's 'Concordance' because his memory no longer needed its help! And she gloried as few did over the magnificent courage of Mrs Calvert, wife of the missionary, who in one of the islands of the far Pacific (oh, the irony of names!) at the risk of her life and utterly defenceless, faced a cannibal king and his cannibal people to beg for the lives of certain prisoners they were in full preparation to . . .

No friend ever found her unsympathetic; and her sympathy was always as real and as vigorous as she could make it.

\*     \*     \*     \*

In looking back on my own long and deeply intimate friendship, to which was added the love of a very mother, I feel free to say that its keynote was an effort towards *perfect* sincerity.

There was absolute trust between us. If she was satisfied as to perfect truthfulness and candour, nothing could separate from her. The one thing we both held to be needful was reverence for truth in all things.

With this aspect of my life as a student of science—search for new truth in Nature—she specially sympathised; and I have no doubt that it was very much her reverence for *all* manifestations of Truth, which was one powerful cause of her immense personal influence over her pupils. To her, every mind was unique and capable of special appreciation of some aspect or aspects of life or of the universe. She therefore revered the vast *possible* of every mind.

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In sympathy no one was ever tenderer. And in joy,—what brightness was hers! And her love of Nature, how deep it was! These things made comradeship,—companionship,—with her, perfect bliss. I think as I write of two quiet times we spent together, “the world forgetting, by the world forgot.” One was spent in a little Bedfordshire village, and we came one day upon a road (it was spring) both sides of which were thickly bordered by apple-trees in superb fulness of blossom. I shall never forget her delight at the lovely spectacle,—which was indeed a great sight, and the ground it came from indeed holy. On the other occasion we were in a lonely part of the New Forest. Our days were spent in botanising and archæologising; but our favourite time was evening. Then we sallied forth and over wild moorland, as she said,—“walked into the sunset.” The scenery and the hour were singularly suggestive of “Lead, kindly Light.” It was always difficult in those walks—unforgettable to me—to turn back. The impulse

was strong to go on and on. But the turn always *had* to be made, and once made, my Madre would demand—stories! She liked me to give her impromptu short versions of the popular novels of the day (which I ought *not* to have read, of course!). It was well worth while to tell the stories for the sake of her wise and amusing comments. Arrived at our remote little inn, we would partake of simple supper, and then sit down to double-dummy whist, and play I fear until the small hours with a zest compounded of Mrs Battle's love of the rigours of the game, and the scientific mind bent on discovering whether by any possible use (or misuse!) of the cards another trick could have been turned on either side.

\* \* \* \*

"Your purse or your life!" was the cry of the highway-man. In truth this cry is but a rude enunciation of a great law rooted deeply in all Nature, and recognition of its authority, and willing co-operation with it, may be taken as a mark of love of God and man.

Self-sacrifice is required of us all. But we may offer it—give it;—and thrice-happy are those who early love to give it.

Self-sacrifice may have a beginning; but it can have no end. It passes when most deeply felt into a passion of Love. It is a true Philosopher's Stone, and can transform and transfigure as nothing else can. It justifies Individualism by proving it a great means to a great end;—*Each, for All*. It prevents the tyranny of the multitude by showing that *All is for Each*.

Miss Pipe's whole mature life was lived in beautiful harmony with this great law. She only lived for herself for others. But she never made the mistake of undervaluing her own individuality or that of others. On the contrary, she was constantly engaged in cultivating her garden, to use Voltaire's interesting phrase. Until practically her last days she was learning, and even then found pleasure in the little known lovely fourteenth-century poem—"Pearl."

\* \* \* \*

Friends and Friendship are prehistoric, for universal needs and longings have their roots in the lowest depths of human nature. The literature of friendship is of intense interest; and at least equally interesting are the unwritten records in countless hearts. Blank indeed life would be without friends!

The subject of Friendship never palls. Like love, it makes appeal to each of us, and indeed it comes very near to Love in its powers, and in the joys and sorrows it evokes. And, like Love, it is linked with that other great factor in human affairs—Death. The best things written of Friendship, Death has inspired. "In Memoriam" can never die, never become obsolete. "Next to the Bible," said Queen Victoria, 'In Memoriam' has comforted me."

Every friendship is unique; and no individual can hope to be a satisfying friend to every one, or even to a very large number of persons. Now and then, however, a soul enters this life with rare gifts for friendship,—with a genius for it. Such an one was Hannah Pipe. The secrets of her power as a Friend seem to me three. She had much to give; she gave generously; she could be absolutely trusted. And as years went on, her power for friendship grew, because she took trouble and care to have ever more and more to give, and to expand her power of loving. In loving as in other things, practice makes perfect.

I have remarked on Miss Pipe's continuous cultivation; but in truth friendship is more fed by cultivation of another field than the fields of literature, science, and art, vitally important as these are. There is open to each of us a vast field in experience of life,—our own, and that of others, and it is those who by insight and meditation best fathom its secrets and their meanings, whose friendship is most precious.

The position held by Miss Pipe, together with her trustworthiness, gave her unusual opportunities for gathering rich and varied experience, and she never grudged time to

ponder over it, weigh it, and try to gather from it fresh insight into the always complex, often bewildering, state we call—life. And she never failed in belief that life to each of us, even the humblest, was meant to be lived in a great way; that it could be so lived; and that it was indeed worth while to live nobly. Her belief was strong, too, in the continuity of life; that life here is a preparation, and leads surely and naturally—difficulties of belief notwithstanding—to another and larger life, Death being a mere transition. This view of life entered largely into all her work and into all her friendships. She found it ever more and more interesting to watch and study the developments of human souls under the various stresses, joys, and sorrows of life here.

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Character she placed above intellect; but she never underrated intellectual power, even when the associated character was poor. Improved character she held would increase intelligence. In her own life character had weighed much. The consistent moral beauty of the character of one well known to her in youth, she assured me, had saved her from the perils of scepticism. I may mention here that she thought she owed much to Foster's essay on Decision of Character.

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Friends, Miss Pipe considered, were God-given,—but, also chosen.

Cicero finally pronounces Friendship to be superior to blood-relationship. — ("Friendship," c. v.) And Stephen Phillips, in his 'Paolo and Francesca,' puts into the mouth of Lucrezia a splendid passage suggesting the amazing power and beauty there may be in spiritual relationships. This passage struck Miss Pipe much, and in a letter to me commenting upon it, she said it seemed to her one of the finest things in recent poetry.

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Cicero says—"Now Friendship is nothing else than a complete union of feeling on all subjects, divine and human, accompanied by kindly feeling and attachment."—"Friendship," c. vi.)

"On all subjects,"—what a rare mind these few words recall to me! For the range of subjects with which Miss Pipe was familiar was unusually large; and I never found one in which she could not be interested. In these days an Admirable Crichton is indeed impossible; but Miss Pipe's very ignorance was always strikingly intelligent, or even suggestive; and her power of sympathy often carried her to intuitive understanding.

Her knowledge of English literature was exceptionally wide,—beginning with our English Bible in both the authorised and revised versions. She often regretted that she had not read the whole of "The Faery Queene," and her Chaucerian reading was also limited. These shortcomings, however, were more than made up for by her unusually good and searching knowledge of Shakespeare. When her seventieth birthday had passed, lamenting one day to me that she had never read 'The Decline and Fall,' and could not do so now, she was surprised by my instant reply, "Why not?" She said I took her breath away! However this might be, before that year was out she had read the famous work, and her letters to me, week by week, were full of her enjoyment of it. I am sure that Gibbon was never more keenly appreciated or more wisely judged than by that septuagenarian student. She found that experience of life was of value in studying 'The Decline and Fall,' and ceased to regret that she had not read it earlier. Years bring the philosophic mind.

Both the Brownings she constantly studied, for she considered that they were specially helpful in her work. She said she was much struck with my personal experience as an experimental proof of the educational value of Mrs Browning, knowing the irreparable loss I suffered in early losing a most excellent and devoted Mother. Miss Pipe asked me what influence I had found most helpful in my

girlhood. My reply was—"Between my own Mother and you, I owe most to Mrs Browning and George Eliot,—and most to Mrs Browning.

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I pause here to dwell for a moment on the refined yet vigorous English habitually used by Miss Pipe both in speaking and in writing. An instance occurs to me illustrating her anxious care over the English of her pupils. She detested slang; and misuse of words she much disliked, particularly the too common misuse of the word "awful" and its relatives. One day Professor S. R. Gardiner had been lecturing, and was so unwise as to use the word "awfully."

The lecture over, Miss Pipe reproached the culprit seriously. "What weight can my injunction carry if you actually in a lecture use improperly the word—*awful*?"

"I'm awfully sorry," said the professor.

"Mr Gardiner!" exclaimed she in a tone of increased reproach.

"I really am,—*awfully* sorry,"—repeated he, and with emphasis.

Then each catching the other's eye the "awful" incident closed in laughter.

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Although not an artist, Miss Pipe so loved art and had such sympathy with those devoting themselves to it, that her enjoyment of pictures was great and her criticism of them illuminating. Her power as a critic in art matters rested on fine intuitive feeling for the beautiful, and on love of Nature. Visiting Italy for the first time,—at a date prior to the general appreciation of Luini,—she returned home deeply impressed by his lovely creations. But she could equally appreciate the creations of William Blake.

How much she herself and her many pupils were influenced by Smetham's striking and beautiful little picture of "The Husbandman hath long patience," which hung in her private sitting-room, cannot be told. There was a

mystical quality in much of James Smetham's work which strongly appealed to Miss Pipe. He had the gift of seeing and seizing the suggestive in the commonplace.

In her last years my Madre and I looked at many pictures together. The very last she saw were some sea and shore views taken near Dieppe in twilight, moonlight, sunrise, and sunset, by Marguerite Verboeckhoven. I was most anxious she should see these lovely pictures, and she assured me she should never forget them. The artist who painted them was akin to Miss Pipe in her deep insight into the divineness of mystery.

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I might dwell on Miss Pipe's love of music; I might say much about her love of plants and of gardens; I might enlarge upon her own charming garden. I might say much, too, about her love of languages,—especially of Italian; but indeed these notes on the many-sidedness of Miss Pipe's richly endowed mind are meant to serve one purpose only,—to show how much as a Friend *she had to give*.

One minor matter, however, it is possible may have escaped notice, and I therefore venture to draw attention to it. It is a talent for translating. That she was very happy often in her renderings of Dante, I know, but I am not aware that she has left any record of them. A rendering of hers of a little early French chanson by Thibault, "Conte de Champagne et Roi de Navarre" (1201-53), struck me much; and also a rendering of a curious old inscription in the church at St Beatenberg. This last I give as it was thrown off,—quite at the close of my Madre's life. Both original and translation are given to show how well the style no less than the meaning has been caught.

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I turn now to an aspect of Friendship hardly sufficiently considered in these over-busy days, it seems to me. We usually think of Friendship in connection with persons, although Maurice has pressed home the friendship of books.

I allude to the vast possibilities which lie in cultivating Friendship with Nature. The importance of such friendship is worth dwelling on, because it is more lasting, more to be depended on than even the best of human friendships, and therefore may be counted on as a support and resource in times of bereavement, of anxiety, of care, and of distress. Miss Pipe knew well the importance and value of such Friendship with Nature, and often discussed with me how it might best be promoted in the young.

The doctrine of evolution and the extraordinary developments of natural science in our own time have wrought vast changes in the domains of mind and of material things.

These changes were intensely interesting to Miss Pipe. She never wearied of the tales of science I was able to bring her fresh from observatory or laboratory. She loved to mark and follow each fresh step, and to consider whether the new knowledge was taking us nearer the Presence in and behind Nature. For interest in Nature is not Friendship with her. Nature is regarded by Wordsworth and Emerson differently to the way in which she is regarded by Thoreau or Jefferies, for instance. On the one side there are nature-poets; on the other poet-naturalists. The tendency at present is certainly to go more and more in the poet-naturalist direction; there is more and more of the naturalist and less of the poet.

It was Friendship with Nature that Miss Pipe valued for herself as one of the most precious things in life; and such friendship she strove to induce and cultivate in her pupils. Her means were simple. Remembering her own child-experiences, and helped by close study of "The Prelude," and the divinely beautiful Tintern Abbey lines, she led her pupils from simple, single observations of Nature, to collected observations and general conclusions, and from these to a feeling of purpose—of intelligence. Such a feeling once grasped, and the way is open for a gradual growth of real Friendship with Nature.

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Two incidents showing Miss Pipe's beautiful consideration for others, and her perfect self-control, are of interest.

In the first case, to gratify my intense interest in historic houses, she had arranged to take me to a fine old place dowered with memories of part of the captivity of Charles, Duke of Orleans; and later, with memories of original Fellows of the Royal Society. A striking feature of this stately home is a grand, broad, oak staircase in two flights, —each flight being fairly long.

I had descended the first flight and paused on the landing for my Madre to follow, she having slightly lingered. There was a curious *swish* sound in the air, and then,—a *thud*. My dear Madre had somehow fallen from the top to the bottom of those stairs.

For an awful second I was in an agony. I realised in a flash that the form beside me on the ground might never again move,—or move only in pain. But a second it was,—and the words came faintly but absolutely calmly,—“Don't be anxious, I am not hurt.”

On the second occasion, in the last year of her life, we had had a happy forenoon together examining the gems in the British Museum, had lunched there, and then after “a shilling's worth of danger” in a hansom, were walking quietly up the Haymarket. Suddenly, there was a terrific crash immediately behind us. We stopped, and turned, and saw on the very flags our feet had just trodden, an enormous bar of iron. Glancing up, I saw a workman leaning over the parapet of the house, his face white with fright. Probably he had been careless. My Madre and I looked at each other, and she said quietly but with deep feeling —“My dear, Death was very near to us,” and at once drew me on. She was perfectly calm.

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Although Miss Pipe loved it all her life, I am sure that in her later years she loved more and more this Nature in which we live and move and have our being, and found herself ever nearer to the Presence behind it and in it.

Many talks, many letters showed me her deepening feeling. Questions concerning observation interested her much; and she often discussed with me the power of landscape to impress and influence the mind and spirit. Mountains, valleys, the sea, desert places, rivers, lakes,—she felt deeply the influence of them all. I truly sympathised with her love of Nature. I had found it mysteriously potent to inform, inspire, and heal; and I know it interested her to find in me a primitive joy in the constant wonder of day and night, and in the majestic influence of the starry sky.

Photography is superseding eye observation in astronomy; but we who, while helping forward photographic methods, can look back upon long hours spent in the study of the heavenly hosts in the brooding darkness and hush of night,—extraordinarily impressive here, from the comparative nearness of the greatest city our world has ever seen,—have had an experience which I, for one, feel to be priceless. Astronomy, the most ancient of the sciences,—the one which has given the conception of law to all the others,—has renewed her youth by the methods of spectroscopy, and stands to-day, literally on mountain tops, looking forward to fresh triumphs. For, what has been once, may be again. All achievement carries with it prophecy and promise.

Such thoughts were constantly in Miss Pipe's mind, and her interest in science in general, and in astronomy in particular, was always keen. The marvels of radium quite excited her.

The aspects of Nature which most concerned Miss Pipe in her later life were the landscape surrounding her dear Surrey home at Limpsfield; the charming garden she had made there; and London as it struck her on occasional visits.

She loved her country home, as well she might; and she loved Surrey. I found for her a copy of the county map from John Speed's 'Theatre of the Empire of Great Britain' [A.D. 1611], which pleased her much. She loved to drive her many guests (about 365 to the year!) in all directions;

and in a letter I had from her during a visit from Mrs Bishop, she told me that among all her visitors not one had been so impressed by the wonderful and varied beauty and charm of Surrey as that far-travelled traveller. Surely a most interesting praise of Surrey!

The growing beauty of London and the pageantry of its skies I think she only began to appreciate thoroughly when no longer living in Clapham Park. Fresh from the country, aspects of the city and of the atmosphere it creates struck her as never before, and very much she enjoyed them.

In connection with art and seeing, I think it should be remembered how greatly Miss Pipe suffered from astigmatism, and what heroic pains she must have taken to become capable of singularly accurate ideas of form as she did; and how patient and uncomplaining she was about her sight troubles. Once only, she showed strong feeling to me on the subject. We were talking of astronomical observing, and I was describing to her some of the difficulties in such work. "Oh!" she said with intense feeling, "be thankful for your normal sight!" In her case there was little doubt, I think, that the astigmatism was congenital, and in her early life the subject was not sufficiently understood for her to be afforded the relief she must have needed. How bad her case was (it probably grew worse) is proved by this story. Consulting a good oculist in her later years, he gave her written data to take to a certain optician, with the remark, "When he reads that he will not believe it; he will insist there is some mistake." And what the oculist foresaw actually happened.

These details suggest a word upon a subject always interesting to Miss Pipe, namely, the importance of the body in connection with Nature, and Nature-study. That through our civilisation we have lost much intimacy with Nature, is certain. Human beings whom in our pride we speak of as savages, see, hear, and feel much to which we are blind, deaf, and insensitive. The highest mission of the body is to enable us to interpret and use Nature and her

vast forces, and we must awake fully to this truth. The human beings of the future may, and I believe will, unite beauty and reasonable physical strength with exquisite sense sensitiveness, supplemented by wise use of instruments unknown in the past. In this sense a kingdom of man of unspeakable importance and joy is at hand.

\* \* \* \*

In the last year of my Madre's life I paid a long-looked-forward-to visit to Iona, and I was much influenced by a strong wish that her memories of that historic isle might be renewed, and that we might have in common thoughts of the isle, and of its glorious saint, himself an intimate lover of Nature, as his poems show. Apart from my own intense satisfaction and joy in my visit, I was greatly enriched by Miss Pipe's delight in it. I believe that no spot on earth except, perhaps, Assisi (always excepting of course the Holy Land), so profoundly moved her as Iona. She went first, as early in her life as she could, and she stayed for a week.

My visit was brief, and made with the ordinary shackles of tourist circumstances. But it was redeemed from the commonplace by being the outcome of the passionate longings and dreamings, and much reading, of nigh on forty years.

Changed indeed are our times from those of St Columba! But the surroundings of Iona have not changed. Sky, sea, shore, and Iona itself, remain as he saw them; and more impressive surroundings, or fuller of contrasting and varying effects, cannot easily be imagined.

St Columba has been described by the ablest and most suggestive of recent writers on Iona, Fiona Macleod, as,—“at once a saint, a warrior, a soldier of Christ, a great abbot, a dauntless explorer, and militant prince of the Church; and a student, a man of great learning, a poet, an artist, a visionary, an architect, administrator, law-maker, judge, arbiter.” Surely a comprehensive list! Yet, I venture to add to it, and to claim St Columba as a scientist,—as a great early meteorologist. For there can be no reasonable doubt that



his weather prophecies were based on long-continued and minute observations of sky, sea, and earth and its creatures.

But when all is said, it is things which are not seen, which give to Iona its undying interest. The story of St Columba and of Iona repeat themselves in many a life, and those who go as real pilgrims to the island-shrine in spirit, cannot fail to be touched to finer issues.

\* \* \* \*

It was in perfect harmony with her early love of Nature to wish to spend the later part of her life in the country, —where she could be ever near Nature. The child was mother of the woman.

Beautiful in all its parts, my Madre's precious life was lovely and pleasant to the very end. I close these notes with beautiful lines from a sonnet by one of her pupils:—

“ Man measures life in this wise ; first the morn,  
And secondly the noontide's perfect prime,  
And lastly night, when all things fade away :  
But God, ere yet the sons of men were born,  
Showed forth a better way of marking time—  
The evening and the morning were the day.”

HON. E. T. FELKIN.

(*Verses, Wise and Otherwise.*)

\* \* \* \*

### ENVOY.

Farewell, Belov'd ! And how belov'd  
Knows many an aching heart !  
To see thee pass from with us here  
Is not from thee to part.

No ! Passionate thought shall keep thee near,  
A blessed influence !  
Till we, too, pass to be with thee  
Beyond the veil of sense.

M. L. HUGGINS.

MARGARET LINDSAY HUGGINS.

S. BEATUS.

“ An dieses Berges festem Fuss  
Sieht man noch eine Höhl und Klus,  
An welchem Ort vor Zeiten hat  
Gewohnt der selig Sankt Beat.

Sein Geburt hoch adelich  
Aus Engelland dem Königrich,  
An seinem jungen, zarten Leben  
Ward ihm der Name Suetonius gegeben.

Da er hernach Christum anerkannt  
Für seinen Erlöser und Heiland,  
Ward ihm in Tauf und neuem Leben  
Der Name Beatus gegeben.

Und weil er zunahm in der Lehr',  
So hat ihn auch Gott der Herr  
Als ein Apostel ausgesandt  
Dem hoch befreiten Schweizerland.

Wo er täglich mit Beten und Lehren  
Viel Volk zu Christo thät bekehren,  
Und predigt das Göttlich Wort  
Lange Zeit an diesem Ort.

Den Armen theilt er reichlich aus,  
Was er mit sich gebracht von Haus.  
Endlich starb der selige Beat  
Im hohen Alter lebenssatt.

Im Jahr, da auch verschieden ist,  
Johannes der Evangelist,  
Welches Jahr des Herrn war  
Das hundert und zehnte Jahr.

O Herr! dein Volk und Kirch bewahr!”

---

## ST BEATUS.

At firm-set foot of this high hill  
A cleft and cave one may see still,  
Which St Beatus long ago  
Chose for his dwelling here below.

Of noble birth and high estate,  
And nurture soft and delicate,  
From realm of Engelland he came—  
Suetonius his worldly name.

But when he turned to Christ the Lord—  
Redeemer, Saviour, Him adored—  
At holy font he left that name:  
New-born, Beatus he became.

In sacred lore he quickly grew,  
Till God, as His Apostle true,  
This man sent forth, with staff in hand,  
To freedom's home, our Switzerland.

Thus daily here he prayed and taught,  
And many folk to Christ he brought.  
The holy man they gladly heard,  
And long he preached the godly word.

He spent upon the poor his wealth,  
Nor grudged in service, strength, and health.  
At last, with long life satisfied,  
The blessed saint all peaceful died.

In the hundred and tenth of the years of grace  
St Beatus is called from his earthly place.  
In the very same year do the people weep  
St John the Evangelist fallen on sleep.

O Lord, Thy Church and people keep !

(Translated from inscription in church built 1534 at St Beatenberg.)

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